FOREST AND STREAM.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF THE ROD AND GUN.

TERMS, $4 A YEAR. 10 CTS. A COPY. SIX MONTHS, $2.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1896.

VOL. XLVII.—No. 5. No. 346 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

For Prospectus and Advertising Rates see Page x.

Forest and Stream Water Colors

We have prepared as premiums a series of four artistic and beautiful reproductions of original water colors, painted expressly for the FOREST AND STREAM. The subjects are outdoor scenes:

Jacksnipe Coming In. "He's Got Them" (Quail Shooting). Vigilant and Valkyrie. Bass Fishing at Block Island.

The plates are for frames 14 x 19 in. They are done in twelve colors, and are rich in effect. They are furnished to old or new subscribers on the following terms:

Forest and Stream *one year and the set of four pictures*, **$5.**
Forest and Stream *6 months and any two of the pictures*, **$3.**
Price of the pictures alone, $1.50 each; $5 for the set.

Remit by express money order or postal money order. Make orders payable to

FOREST AND STREAM PUB. CO., New York.

Readers accustomed to buying the FOREST AND STREAM *at news stands, and who are going out of town to points where they cannot purchase from newsdealers, may have the paper mailed from this office for any length of time at the rate of forty cents per month.*

CITIES AND VAGRANT DOGS.

Dogs and cats experience the unfortunate vicissitudes of city life to a pitiful degree. The permanent vagrant class constantly receives accessions to its numbers from the semi-vagrant and from the better class of dogs, or those accustomed to good homes, which from misfortune have become homeless and masterless. Man, if homeless from any cause, has powers of prompt readjustment; the dog, once he loses his home and master, perforce drifts into vagrancy and outlawry, for in law the vagrant dog is an outlaw, and, except that he be claimed, is doomed to destruction under certain legal restrictions as to the manner in which he shall be destroyed.

At the best, the dog's claim to a home is precarious, as it depends on the caprice, affection or tolerance of his master. Not infrequently his master's financial resources may directly result in the loss of home to the dog, for in the life of laboring men, whose earnings of to-day buy the food and pay the rent of to-morrow, a very slight break in financial returns may seriously disrupt the home life; and the wage-earners are by far the most numerous class of people and owners of countless thousands of dogs, mostly curs of low degree. Thus it comes that in the great cities, where there are so many dogs and cats associated all their lives with poverty, many trivial circumstances will detach them from all claims to home and owner, and launch them into vagrancy.

There is an incessant overflow of such vagrant animal life in the great cities, ever silently coming to the surface, and imperatively requiring constant and organized effort to keep it in check both by the destruction of vagrant dogs and the placing of such restrictions on ownership as shall largely check the source of the vagrant supply and discourage the perpetuation of worthless curs. The necessity of destroying so much animal life on the score of public policy, from a sentimental point may be a deplorable feature of civilization, but the health, peace and well being of the public being of paramount importance and consideration, no argument is necessary to justify the measures founded on necessity.

The destruction of dogs and cats being a necessity, it should be as painlessly and decently done as the best available means at hand will permit. Nothing can be said to justify the infliction of unnecessary suffering on the poor animals; first, because such suffering would be an act of inhumanity in itself; and second, because inhumanity tends to debase the minds of a certain part of the community and disturbs profoundly the larger and sympathetic part of it. Any spectacular method or such as suggests intense suffering should never be adopted.

Baltimore is now seriously considering, though not entirely of her own volition, the adoption of the more improved method of disposing of vagrant dogs—that is, by the use of gas, as practiced in New York, Philadelphia, etc. The old system of drowning a lot of dogs at once in an iron cage, still adhered to in Baltimore, is actively opposed by the Maryland Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Society's Secretary, Mr. John R. Duval, has recently proposed taking legal action against the keeper of the dog pound, Mr. Philip Kimmel, on the charge of cruelty to animals. This would in effect be an arraignment of the methods in use by the city and a test of their legality. As there is no doubt that fright and suffering are inflicted by immersion in water, and that neither is inflicted by the use of gas, the Maryland Society should win its case easily. It should have the support and approval of all who are for the progress of greater humanity.

The Maryland Society is endeavoring to widen its mission on the lines of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of New York; that is, to have charge of the licensing of dogs and the capturing of stray and vagrant dogs and cats, and the destruction in the most humane manner of such as are worthless or unclaimed. For the greater progress of the humanities, their success is heartily to be desired if they will be as efficient as their admirable fellow Society in New York.

SNAP SHOTS.

Many years ago there was printed in the FOREST AND STREAM a story of a Danish fisherman who had tamed a herring and made a pet of it, the fish following its master about on dry land like a dog, until one unlucky day it fell from a bridge into the water and was drowned. The story was extensively copied, and soon thereafter it began to appear in our exchanges as localized in various places in America. Now it was told of a Maine guide, with a trout in place of a herring; again of a Michigan farmer, with a whitefish in place of the trout, and again of a Missouri man and a sucker; and so it has traveled over the land with a vitality as remarkable as that of the original herring. It is still passing along. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* gave a new version the other day in a letter from Marietta, dated July 20, 1896. This report comes from one Henry Wilson, from up near the head of Middle Island Creek, in West Virginia, where Squire Spencer some months ago caught a large catfish, which he incarcerated in a water hole in the back yard; then by abstracting some of the water from time to time he reduced the supply until in the end the catfish learned to worry along with nothing but air. The creature did very well until on one occasion it attempted to cross a creek on a log, fell into the water, and having forgotten how to swim was drowned. Herring, trout, whitefish, sucker, catfish, they always drown, but the story never dies. There is always found for it a new fish tamer and a new fish. It is one of those tales which, if told impersonally in a crowd, always evokes from some one of the hearers the indorsement of "Yes, I knew the man."

Sportsmen of the United States, hardly less than those of Canada, are to be congratulated upon the action of the Legislature of Quebec in setting aside for a forest, fish and game preserve the magnificent domain of the Laurentides National Park. It is a territory generous in extent and offering rare attractions to the hunter and the fisherman, while the conditions prescribed for enjoyment of its privileges are by no means burdensome. In the great Laurentides reservation Quebec has made permanent provision of an abundant game and fish supply; it is to the Province what the Adirondack Park is to New York, and to the Dominion what the Yellowstone is to the United States.

While we in North America are thus making provision by the establishment of parks for the preservation of our game animals, similar projects are engaging attention in other parts of the world, notably in countries where game has in the past been so abundant that the stories now told of its dimunition are received with incredulity. Even in Southern Africa, where the first British hunters found such a game supply that their true accounts of it were not accepted as possible, the provision of a game park is now proposed as the only expedient for saving the remainder of the herds. A correspondent of the London *Times* makes a plea for the African elephant, which is declared to be in peril of extermination; and the way in which it is proposed that this shall be done is to constitute a portion of Somaliland a game preserve in which the elephant shall find safe refuge from pursuit. The necessity of a more rigid conservation of the game supply of the world is now recognized in the most remote quarters. With our own buffalo extinct, we may well be humbled by noting the greater wisdom of far-off Ceylon whose stock of buffalo is preserved by rigid laws. The game may be taken only by special permission of the Government, and no one person is licensed to take more than two buffalo. Under these restrictions the supply promises to be maintained indefinitely.

Experience teaches the sportsman to keep to himself knowledge of a favored fishing stream or shooting ground, and yet one of the most pronounced satisfactions of field sports is to share with another one's own opportunities. He was made of the true material who said to the FOREST AND STREAM the other day, "I'd like to know of some fellow who loves shooting, and who has only two or three days or a week to get away, and cannot afford to buy a dog or to go far. I'd spend the time seeing to it that he should have just the best chance in the world, if he could shoot a bird when it was within range." Such a wish as that is an index of character; when you happen on a man whose ambition is to help some less favored individual to a day's shooting you may safely trust him with your all. Even one's conduct in the field is a searching test of character, for a man is true to his nature in small things as well as in large.

Men waste precious hours talking politics and then complain that they have no time to go fishing. The talk amounts to nothing after all, but the fishing might be worth while. The outlook is for political talk from now until November, steady, incessant and strident. To escape it one must take to the woods. It is always understood, or should be, that politics are barred in camp. We question whether even the Kingfishers could get through without disruption if they permitted political discussion around the camp-fire. If a man in camp will persist in talking politics, there are only two courses open to the rest of the company, either to put him out or to go home and leave him.

Has not the time come for prohibiting altogether the taking of the Florida manatees? There are extremely few of those interesting creatures left; and while killing them is forbidden, they may be captured for supply to showmen as curiosities. We should think that seaside resorts like Asbury Park might better do without manatees in tanks than that the species should be exterminated, as it will be if the showmen hunters continue to enjoy their present license. Here is one harmless wild creature which should be permitted to survive the extinction which is overtaking everything that can be shot at in Florida, even to the alligator.

It is a curious manifestation under existing conditions, but there are some fishermen who affect to look on angling as they usually do on poker playing for high stakes, something to keep mum about. And so we encounter business and professional men who have been off fishing, but are mortally afraid lest the public shall find them out in it. They reason perhaps that to associates and clients who do not know the charm of angling their fishing trips may be accounted as lapses of virtue, unworthy and unbusinesslike, and calculated to hurt them in their standing.

Our observation is that there is more of this feeling in New York than in Boston, and perhaps more than in Chicago. Certainly we hear less of the fishing experiences of New York business men than of those of Boston, and this is altogether because of greater reticence on the part of the New York anglers. Is it perhaps true that New Yorkers are mistaken in their apprehension that it is prudent to cover up their angling proclivities? Would they be any the less esteemed were they to publish on the exchanges and in business circles their fishing luck? We believe that the time has long gone by when anything of discredit was likely to be attached to a business man who went fishing. For twenty years and more this journal has been preaching the gospel of rational outdoor recreation and woods life, and during that period there has been a decided change in the popular feeling toward angling. If it be true, as has been suggested, that fishing vacations are more favorably regarded in Boston than in some other cities, that fact must be accepted as one of the manifestations of Boston culture.

The Sportsman Tourist.

ON THE SAN GABRIEL.

It was an imposing cavalcade, I am told, that rattled through the quiet streets of Azusa, Cal., soon after the arrival of the train from Pasadena, early in the morning of May 5, bound for a two weeks' trip to the West Fork of the San Gabriel River.

Five men had racked their brains for a month in order that no article of necessity, comfort or luxury might be overlooked, and the result of the combined memoranda made loads for eleven burros, which were started ahead in charge of a driver loaded with eleven kinds of oaths for each burro for every half mile of the eighteen miles between Azusa and the upper cabin of the Pasadena Bait Club.

Following this outfit came Judge Rose mounted upon a young horse never before in a mountain cañon, that made a point of stumbling over every boulder in the trail and making tremendous plunges when he struck those under water at the frequent fords *en route*.

From the back of a large rock-scarred roan L. C. Torrance watched the gyrations of the Judge with an equanimity only obtained after years of buffeting at the head of Pasadena's electric light system.

H. L. Storey, the youngest man of the party (although we accidentally discovered later, when speaking of the discovery of America, or perhaps it was some other event of long ago in which he had participated, that his age was sixty-five), followed upon a snow-white charger which did not make a false step upon the trip.

But don't for a moment think because I mention A. H. Conger, cashier of the First National, at the tail end of the expedition, that he occupied that position permanently or more than in body, for his masterly mind ever came to the front with suggestions that swept away difficulties which hung over us like a cloud, leaving us standing under a clear sky. It was he who nerved the Judge to re-establish the prestige of our camp: a camp that prided itself upon the belief that no wandering philistine could lay over us in any line.

If a party passed our way and felt inclined to sing during the festivities that followed such occasions, we immediately called upon our home talent and gave them a soul-lifter.

If they thought for a moment that a respectable-sized fish had ever become attached to their lines, and dared mention it in our presence, we immediately showed evidence of one that could swallow their fish, fish line and sinker.

If they advanced some particular method of camp cookery, we simply looked benignly upon our specialist in that line, who immediately proceeded to paralyze the embryonic *chef;* all this until we had begun to think our camp well nigh invincible. This particular evening of which I write, however, was one of gloom. Great oak logs in the mammoth fireplace sent out a genial warmth and cheerful glow, but it had no effect upon our spirits, for at sundown our camp had been invaded by one who excelled in a line far beyond the tried powers of any member of our party. Perhaps you have never heard a genuine burro-train driver confidentially discourse upon the events of the day. He had led a string of five saddled horses and ridden a sixth over the rocky trail eighteen miles, forded the stream fifty-four times, and after making nose bags of the gunny sacks, which contained rolled barley rations sufficient to last each animal for the trip, he was seated at the table outside, crowding down the food and relating the incidents of the trip to our camp-keeper; at least a word of such incidents sandwiched between numerous oaths. Our attention was called to it at a point in the narrative wherein a couple of the steeds had turned on the trail, necessitating a run over the boulders for several miles before being overtaken. Such a string of oaths came flying through the chinks of the cabin that the logs seemed to fairly smoke (although we afterward discovered that it came from the fireplace). For half an hour we sat in silence; a feeling of dejection coming over us, which gradually gave place to one of indignation. Should we sit passively by our own fireside and endure this complete overthrow of our supremacy? We looked from one to another, and finally with one accord all eyes rested upon the Judge. Here the masterly mind of our retiring friend came into play. There was no hesitation, no "we ought to do this" or "we ought to do that," but a direct "Judge, go out and give that fellow a whirl." A moment's hesitation gave us all a chance to repeat, "Yes, give him a twister," and that man was already squelched. The Judge disappeared through the door and entered the circle of light from the table. No guilty wretch ever fixed a more helpless gaze upon a judge at the bar than did our veteran burro driver after the first outburst of five minutes, followed by three other distinct utterances of equal length which exhausted all the Judge's knowledge of Scriptural quotations, ending up with the query, "What are you swearing about?" Then he retired with dignity within the cabin, where the seat of honor awaited him. Five minutes later we heard coming through the chinks of the cabin the simple, forcible "Gee!" as the driver came back to earth and resumed his meal. That ended swearing about camp, and our party resumed their cheerful feeling of supremacy. No, Conger was no tail-ender; that position rather fell to the writer. Being detained by unexpected illness in the family, and compelled to follow alone three days later—perhaps not alone, for one is rarely alone in these cañons, especially if he has a burro to direct and admire. This ill-shaped and ill-smelling animal, from the most abused and despised creature about the settlements, gradually rises in one's estimation until you feel like sharing your rations with him after a day's hard work. Then other things come up which interest as they develop, for I remember I rode half a day before it occurred to me that the freshly fallen boulders and fragments of rocks along both sides of the cañon must have been started by some recent earthquake which had not been felt in the valley beyond the mountains. Then another pleasant occupation was noting the different varieties of birds recognised, which in this case was sixty-seven. Then after following a trail whenever there was one to follow, and keeping along in the general direction when there was not, fording the stream until just as you record the fifty-fourth time a ringing shout is heard ahead, and four hearty handshakes greet you at the top of the bank, and one forgets his sore and stiff joints in the welcome of tried friends.

The second day we had two callers from below, one sporting a fish pole and the other a shotgun. The latter fired twice at a fox in the brush not 30ft. back of the cabin and missed both times. Then excitement reigned in camp, and before dark we were boys again eager to try conclusions with the wariest of animals; but how about traps? Of course eleven burro loads of outfit included two traps, which we carefully concealed under leaves, hanging fragments of fish to the bush directly over the pan. Hardly had we gathered about the evening fire when a snarl and rattle of chain brought us all out of doors with a rush, where we soon found ourselves wound up in the brush. One of us hunted up a candle which wouldn't shed light, and right here Conger came to the rescue again with a brand new dishpan, which held behind the candle not only sheltered it from the wind, but sent a flash of light ahead like a small locomotive headlight. We quickly formed in line and soon worked our way to where the shining eyes located the fox. While dispatching this one another snarl and rattle from the hillside beyond indicated another catch, which proved to be fox number two, which soon joined its mate, hanging to the limb of a tree. The two traps were reset, and about 10 o'clock when every one was asleep we were awakened by a snarl. The candle was quickly lighted, the dishpan procured, and five bare-footed men in all stages of dress, or rather undress, felt their way through the brush to victim number three; and what a flashing of limbs and scattering when the chain was suddenly drawn forward toward the light by the wag of the party. Skins obtained under such circumstances will always be valuable souvenirs.

After midnight the fourth and last fox met with on the trip sprang one of the traps, but we were all too drowsy to venture out after our experience with the last one, and when the Judge appeared before him at the first streak of dawn he loosened his toes from the trap by a powerful spring and escaped.

In order to get good fishing one must travel at least a day's journey into the mountains from any of the southern California towns, and the Pasadena Bait Club, with its twenty-five members (all of whom are not active), have located their upper cabin as far up as the journey can be comfortably made in one day. From this point the fishing is always good, and a catch of 125 trout per rod during the morning's fishing can be easily made; but it is rarely done, except, for instance, when our mail was brought in at the end of a week. That day we all fished steadily, and sent out by our courier about 100 each to our friends at home. Then a week later we spent the last day fishing, taking out as many more with us on horseback.

Mr. Torrance showed up on that day with the largest, some 16in. long, which he avers was caught like a sucker by tying a stone to the line and sinking the hook to the bottom of the deep pool. However, the sucker simile went no further, for the fish when hooked acted like any other trout, only decidedly more so. It was agreed that the unkind hint that he fell asleep and allowed his line to sink should not be made a matter of record, so I won't mention it.

During the stay the camp easily consumed forty fish per day, requiring but little fishing by those so disposed each morning and evening. It will be readily seen that the total catch amounted to over 1,500, not one of which was wasted. I give these statistics freely, in spite of the fact that the securing of that number by a Northern party of fishermen recently brought out some unfavorable comments, and if such an one bobs up after perusing this article I have reserved for his especial benefit statistics showing how many pounds of fish are required per day to keep the brain of half a ton of enthusiastic humanity in normal condition; for the supremacy of the camp must be maintained even on this question.

Frank S. Daggett.

Pasadena, Cal.

LABRADOR SKETCHES.

VI.—A Caribou Hunt.

[Written for Forest and Stream by Count H. de Puyjalon, and translated by Crawford Lindsay.]

I was provided with a tent, stove and cooking apparatus, likewise a *traine* or toboggan and a strong dog rejoicing in the dissipated name of Brandy. I then looked for a guide and companion, for to go out hunting alone is most imprudent, as an accident, which would not entail serious consequences where one is near the settlements, might result in death when one is alone and helpless in the bush.

I was fortunate enough to secure the services of a half-breed hunter named Paul, who owned a dog which, unlike mine, bore the temperance name of Coffee; a muzzle-loading gun, No. 10 caliber, of wonderful length and weight, concerning which he told the most astonishing yarns.

The night before our departure there had been a heavy fall of snow and our progress was slow, as we had to beat a road for our dogs and frequently help them in hauling the sleighs which bore our tent, provisions and camp equipage.

We walked in Indian file, the better to harden the snow and make the work easier for our four-footed companions. Late in the afternoon we reached a hunter's log camp on the bank of a river, where we found two whites and three Indians who had been fishing in the lakes in the vicinity. We hung our moccasins on a spruce branch, stuck our guns and snowshoes in the nearest snowdrift and entered the hut, which was so full of tobacco smoke and so crowded that we had hard work to find room for our dogs and ourselves.

We smoked in self-defense, and while inquiring as to our chances for hunting we boiled our tea and fried some slices of pork, which we ate with a good appetite. We then picked out a soft plank, and with our dogs for pillows soon dropped asleep.

The following morning we set out an hour before daylight, at about 6 o'clock, and the weather being cold and bright, we walked briskly on the frozen surface of the river. The sun made its appearance over the tops of the trees as we got on the discharge of a lake, and at noon, a few miles from the first falls we had seen, we struck the fresh tracks of three caribou; they were going in a westerly direction and could not be very far off. We thought of following them, but were compelled to give up the idea. We had the wind in our backs and it would have been impossible to get close enough to them, so we resumed our journey, grumbling at our luck.

A little further on we came across more tracks, not so fresh as the others, but much more numerous. Caribou seemed to be plentiful about there, so we decided to camp on the spot, as the animals seemed to be migrating toward some large barrens, called *déserts* or *jardins* by the French-Canadians and half-breeds, and which we knew to be some distance away.

After having cleared out the snow down to the ground, with our snowshoes as shovels, holding the lower end in the right hand and the thong in the left, we set up our tent in a clump of spruce and sapins or balsam fir, which sheltered us from the cold winds, and in which we were safe from falling trees, a danger ever to be avoided in the woods.

We spread a thick layer of sapin boughs on the frozen ground, and while Paul was putting up the stove and arranging our things in the tent I went down to the river, cut some holes in the ice and soon returned with a pail of delicious water and seventeen splendid trout. I also set up about a dozen snares for hares.

Paul was delighted to see the trout, which he soon had in the pan with some slices of pork, and we made an excellent meal.

The sun set as we finished our dinner and it was time to turn in. We filled our stove with pieces of half-dried birch, lit our pipes and stretched ourselves on our bed of fir boughs with our feet to the fire, enjoying a feeling of blissful rest.

The reader is of course aware that on an expedition such as that which I am describing one does not burden himself with many candles, so that, as a rule, his active life begins with the day and ends at dark. If one returns late he must be satisfied with the light from the stove or with a torch of birch bark, and a candle is lighted only when a valuable skin has to be put on a stretcher.

When we awoke next day the sky was overcast and the weather much milder. This meant snow, perhaps rain. This was a bad prospect for us and prevented our moving away. We therefore resolved to take advantage of this to catch more trout, set new snares, kill some partridges if possible and lay in a sufficient stock of fuel to last us while there.

I undertook the first part of the programme, leaving Paul to cut the wood and pile it near the tent, and went to the snares I had set the previous evening, where I found three hares. The Labrador hare is the same as that found elsewhere in Canada, the *Lepus americanus* or *hudsonicus*, brown in summer, white in winter. In some years it is found in great numbers, at other times it disappears entirely without any apparent reason. Finally, the hunters here say that it can change its sex. This of course is absurd, but it is nevertheless a fact that at certain seasons you catch only males and at other seasons only females.

Leaving my lines and snares, I went into the woods to look for partridges. After walking about three-quarters of an hour I flushed a covey of spruce partridges on the shore of a small lake and treed them not very far off. I had left my gun behind me for fear of frightening the caribou, so I determined to noose them. I cut a long pole of white birch, fastened a piece of wire with a slip-knot at the end of it, and carefully approaching the partridges, which were looking at me with curiosity, I slipped the noose over the neck of the lowest one. I then took the nearest and so on until I got seven out of the eleven on the tree, the others being too high for me to reach them without alarming them. These stupid birds are shot in the same manner; the report of the gun does not alarm them, but they are frightened by anything falling from above.

I got some more trout on my way back, so that, adding the trout, hares and partridges to the pork and butter we had brought with us, we had a supply of excellent provisions for several days, and were at liberty to look after the caribou.

Just as we finished cleaning our guns the snow began to fall in heavy flakes, and we knew we were in for a three days' storm. We were not mistaken, and for two days and three nights we did nothing but turn out to remove the weight of snow from the tent and to get water. After the storm there was a light thaw, and then it froze hard, which was just what we wanted. We began to get ready at 3 in the morning, and two hours before day we were on our way, followed by our dogs, which ran easily on the crust, over which we skimmed with our snowshoes.

We went in a westerly direction, and, as we expected, we soon came upon a *ravage* of caribou; that is, a place of several acres in extent where these animals had pawed the snow, crossed and recrossed each other, browsing on the lower twigs of the birch trees and on the spruce and older sapins.

The gang or herd must have consisted of at least thirty individuals, among which were several fawns. They evidently had quitted the spot quite recently, and by circling around it we found fresh tracks where they had left it.

We followed, keeping our dogs behind us and taking advantage of the wind. An hour's march brought us to the edge of a small and narrow lake, in the middle of which were our caribou, about twenty-seven in all, some lying in the snow, while the young fawns played about. They were 200yds. away, just the range for my Marlin, but a great deal too far for my companion's heavy, slug-loaded gun. This was too bad. I had brought my rifle, relying upon my man for shots at close range. With my rifle I could not expect to hit more than one, while with his he could hit three or four. It was impossible to get closer without being discovered. I therefore fired and hit one, which, although mortally wounded, ran away with the others, while we started in pursuit. Near the wood we came upon the one I had shot, we gralloched it, stuck a small fir tree near it to mark the spot, and continued on, the hard crust giving us an advantage over the caribou. About 3 in the afternoon we saw seven in a glade and got two, a large buck and a doe. It was then getting late and we had to give up the pursuit, as we had to gralloch the dead animals to reduce their weight, which we could not have done had they become frozen, and to make arrangements for camping before it got quite dark. We shoveled out the snow with our snowshows, piling it up to windward, made a lean-to with poles covered with fir and spruce boughs, strewed a thick layer of the same for a floor, and crawled under shelter.

Although we kept up the fire, we could not sleep for the cold. We smoked, dozed, chatted, drank lots of tea.

and took an occasional sip of whisky; then at daybreak we ate a bite, harnessed the dogs and ourselves to the caribou and hauled them with great difficulty to the tent, which we reached two hours after sunset.

As the weather continued fine and we were in good trim, we decided to remain. I am never so happy as when in the solitude of the forest, and then I had no home attractions. We accordingly buried our caribou under the snow and set out in different directions to look for tracks of other herds, as the one we had fired at must have fled to a great distance. I walked all morning without being able to find anything besides hare and partridge tracks, when I came to the edge of a small lake. There was nothing on its surface except a small track, which I took to be that of a lynx; so I went on to the stream which fed the lake, looking for open water to wash down my homely meal of bread and frozen pork. In a few minutes I reached the foot of a small cascade, where I got some water and began my lunch. While I was so engaged I heard a noise, caused by the fall of a large lump of snow, which started from the top of the falls and rolled down near my feet. One of the edges of the lump showed the marks of a caribou's foot, while the excitement displayed by my dog Brandy indicated the presence of something. I checked him, got my rifle ready and carefully crawled up the slope. When I reached the top I saw a large buck with magnificent antlers browsing and unconscious of danger. Brandy gave a growl, the caribou turned suddenly, giving me a splendid opportunity, and I got in a shot behind the shoulder which laid him low. Of course, my taking the body to the tent alone was out of the question, so I gralloched him, to the great delight of Brandy, who feasted to his heart's content. Then I covered up the carcass with snow and made my way back to the camp, as this caribou seemed to be a bachelor and without any following.

It was almost dark when I reached the camp and Paul had not returned, so I lit the stove and set my kettle to boil, while in a tin plate I put some slices of caribou tongue on a layer of onions and butter, making a delicious dish, and lay down awaiting the arrival of my companion. I waited patiently for several hours, and had fallen into a deep sleep when I awoke on hearing him coming with his dog. I jumped up and asked him what made him so late. "Don't ask me," he replied, "I think I have walked a hundred miles. I have seen plenty of caribou tracks, but they are far away and not very fresh; the animals seem to expect a heavy storm and are moving away. There are plenty of hares and partridges. I have a dozen at the door. For goodness sake, give me a cup of tea and something to eat."

While he was eating I told him of my luck, and we decided to return to the same spot on the morrow to get the buck I had killed and try our luck again. We did so, following my snowshoe tracks, which showed clearly; I had also taken the precaution to blaze my path through the woods.

We looked around carefully, but could find no fresh tracks, so we set to work to bring our quarry home. We harnessed the dogs in tandem fashion to the antlers and then fastened our own pack straps to them, and in this way we made good time over the crust.

Two days afterward we struck our tent and moved a day's march from the spot. When we had settled down we started off, found a *ravage*, and in a short time came upon two caribou standing on a slight eminence which sloped down to the river. I climbed up the slope to stalk them in that direction, while Paul went toward the river, which was covered with an accumulation of snow and ice 10ft. deep. When we got within range the caribou were facing in my direction, while exposing their flanks to Paul. I made a sign to him to fire and saw him raise his gun to his shoulder and press the trigger. The report was so loud that it made me jump on my snowshoes. I ran in, found one animal dead and the other badly wounded. I put an end to its sufferings and then looked toward the river. Paul had disappeared; I could only see his dog Coffee stretching his head over a considerable excavation and howling piteously. I ran to the river, and lying down near the dog I saw at the bottom of a deep hole, in which the water of the torrent rushed past, my man hanging on to his long gun, which, luckily for him, had fallen across the excavation and was retained in position by two pieces of ice jutting out from the sides. His head and shoulders alone were above water, while his legs and body were carried under the ice by the current. There was not a moment to lose. Calling out to him to hold on, I tied our pack straps together, and descending very carefully into the hole I tied the straps under his arms. Then I climbed up and hauled with all my might, but in vain.

"Help yourself!" I yelled. "You are heavier than two caribou."

"I can't, sir; my clothes are frozen and stuck underneath the ice. You will have hard work to get me out of here."

"Don't be afraid," I replied, "I have a good hold of you. Here is my axe. Cut away the ice and free yourself."

While doing so I harnessed the dogs to the rope, and when he was free we hauled away and pulled him out of the hole.

He did not look like a man, but like an icicle. His clothes were frozen solid and we had to drag him to the bank to thaw him out by means of a huge fire, which I started at once.

After he had taken a good drink of whisky and had thawed a little he began swearing at the ice, but I told him it was due to his own stupidity.

"You heard the reports of the trees cracking last night with the frost, and you might have known that ice does the same and cracks from one bank to the other. You might also have known that the heavy detonation of your gun would break the ice under you, and you should have waited till you were ashore. If I had not been with you it would have been all up with you. You would have turned into an icicle, and in the spring you would have gone over the falls.

"Ah, sir, one gets so excited at the sight of game that one does not always stop to reflect."

This was the last of our adventures worth relating on this trip. We hunted for some time longer with varying success, and I returned to the settlements well pleased with my outing. H. DE PUYJALON.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at latest by Monday noon as much earlier as practicable.

THE FROGS OF WINDHAM.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The following recountal of the great historical battle of the bullfrogs is taken from the histories of Windham, Windham county, Conn. Miss Larned's history does not agree as to the destruction being the result of the great fight, as there were no marks of violence on the frogs, but this is not necessarily a proof of the absence of violence, as death could have resulted from strangulation. If it had been a plague among the frogs, it is strange that there never was one before nor since, and it is stranger still that all the mortality took place in one night. This is the story as told in Larned's "History of Windham County, Conn."

This memorable incident occurred in June, 1754. Though war was not formally declared, hostilities had begun. A Virginia regiment, led by Col. George Washington, was already in the field laboring to repel the French from possessions claimed by the Ohio Company. Delegates from many of the Colonies were in session at Albany, endeavoring to concert a scheme of common defense.

The public mind was disturbed and apprehensive. Windham's prominence in the recently formed Susquehanna Company gave her especial cause for anxiety. This attempt to rescue from the Indians a large tract of land bordering on the disputed territory might have aroused suspicion and hostility, and exposed them to the vengeance of the enemy. The feverish enthusiasm with which they had hailed that attractive scheme gave place to doubts and misgivings, and premonitory croakings were heard on every side. Thus troubled and perturbed, the residents of Windham Green were aroused from their slumbers one sultry summer night by sounds wholly unlike anything ever before heard or reported—even by the oldest inhabitant. Mr. White's negro man, returning from some nocturnal rendezvous, was the first to hear these sounds and give the alarm to his master and the neighbors. Rushing out from their beds, they listened with horror and amazement. A din, a roar, an indescribable hubbub and tumult seemed to fill the heavens and shake the earth beneath their feet.

The night was still, cloudy and intensely dark. Sky, village and surrounding country were shrouded in thickest blackness, and thus the terrified listeners were thrown wholly upon conjecture and imagination. Some feared that the day of judgment was at hand and that these unearthly sounds were but the prelude to the Trump of Doom. Others seized upon the more natural, but scarcely less appalling, explanation that an army of French and Indians were marching upon the devoted village. Distinct articulations, detected amid the general Babel, made this conjecture more probable, and ere long the name of Windham's most honored citizen, most prominently connected with the Susquehanna Purchase, was clearly eliminated. "We'll have Colonel Dyer! we'll have Colonel Dyer!" was vociferated in deep guttural tones.

"Elderkin too! Elderkin too!" responded a shrill tenor.

Yes, both these noble young men were demanded by the insatiate savages. The words "tete, tete," next detected, inspired some hope. It was possible that even then a treaty might be effected. Thus in fear, terror and conjecture passed the night, the astounding clamor continuing till the breaking of day. That any terrified Windhite was so demented as to sally out with gun and pitchfork to meet an army of famished frogs *en route* for the Willimantic is extremely doubtful.

The morning brought a solution of the mystery from the families near the mill pond. Windham's own amphibious population had broken her peace and made all the disturbance. The family of Mr. Follet, who owned the mill privilege and lived adjacent, were awakened by a most extraordinary clamor among the frogs. They filled the air with cries of distress, described by the hearers as continuous and thunderlike, making their beds shake under them.

Those who went to the pond found the frogs in great apparent agitation and commotion, but from the extreme darkness of the night could see nothing of what was passing. In the morning many dead frogs were found about the pond, yet without any visible wounds or marks of violence. There was no evidence that they had been engaged in battle.

Some mysterious malarial malady, some deadly epizootic, had probably broken out among them and caused the outcries and havoc. The report of their attempted migration in search of water is positively denied by trustworthy witnesses. There had been no drought, and the pond was abundantly supplied with water, being fed by a never-failing stream. The mortification of the Windham people upon this unexpected and humiliating revelation is quite beyond the power of description—

"Some were pleased and some were mad,
Some turned it off with laughter,
And some would never hear a word
About the thing thereafter;
Some vowed that if the devil himself
Should come, they would not flee him,
And if a frog they ever met,
Pretended not to see him."

Even without the aid of newspapers and pictorial illustrations, the account of it was borne to every part of the land. It was sung in song and ballad; it was related in histories; it served as a standing joke in all circles and seasons. Few incidents occurring in America have been so widely circulated. Let a son of Windham penetrate to the uttermost parts of the earth, he would find that the story of the frog fright had preceded him.

The Windham bullfrogs have achieved a world-wide reputation, and with Rome's goose, Putnam's wolf and a few other favored animals, will ever hold a place in popular memory and favor.

"The direst fray in all that war,
To shake King George's crown,
Was when the bullfrogs marched at night
Against old Windham town."

A few years since, while traveling in the Northwest, I met a party of English tourists at the falls of St. Anthony. Among them was our honored historian, George Bancroft. After a pleasant introduction he exclaimed, "From Windham, Connecticut! A bullfrog!" "Yes," I said, "I acknowledge the frog! Here is one perched on one of our bank notes. It is the Windham coat-of-arms;" and the note was handed around with much merriment.

The simplest and probably most truthful account is this: A mile away to the east of the town was a marshy pond, the home of thousands of batrachians: large greenbackers and mottled little peepers, such as often make night hideous. A drought had reduced their pond to a narrow rill, and for this the poor thirsty creatures had fought and died like Greeks at the pass of Thermopylæ. Tradition says thousands of the dead frogs were found the next morning on the sides of the rill, and terror-stricken Windhamites turned their prayers to praises for so gracious a deliverance.

Of all the exaggerated accounts of the above, the most marvelous and untruthful is that of the Rev. Samuel Peters in his "General History of Connecticut." He stated: "One night in July the frogs of an artificial pond three miles square and five miles from Windham, finding the water dried up, left in a body and marched or hopped for the Willimantic River. Taking the road through the town, which they entered at midnight, bullfrogs leading, pipers following without number, they filled a road 40yds. wide for four miles in length, and were several hours in passing through the place."

I think he could tell a fish story nearly as well as Mr. Hough. P.

THE LAURENTIDES NATIONAL PARK.

QUEBEC, Canada, July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you description of our Canadian public reservation, the Laurentides National Park. As an old sportsman I should think that many of your readers would be glad to know that they can get fishing and shooting here at such reasonable rates (and without imposition, it being under Government supervision), without having to belong to a club. Several gentlemen from the United States are members of the club to which I belong, Les Laurentides, and of various others; but it may not suit every one to belong to a club, especially if he gets an outing only at long intervals, and does not care to incur the expense of membership in a club. CRAWFORD LINDSAY.

The description sent by Mr. Lindsay is embodied in the act of establishment: "*Whereas*, it is in the public interest that a forest reservation and national park be established in this Province so as to preserve its forests, fish and game, to maintain an even water supply, and to encourage the study and culture of forest trees; therefore, Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislature of Quebec, enacts as follows:

"The territory lying near and inclosing the headwaters of the rivers Montmorenci, Jacques Cartier, Ste. Anne de la Pérade, Batiscan, Metabetchouan, Upikauba, Upica, Chicoutimi, Boisvert, à Mars, Ha! Ha!, Murray and Ste. Anne's, described as follows: All that part of the vacant Crown Lands of the Province of Quebec situate in the counties of Montmorenci, Quebec and Charlevoix."

"Doubtless a large number of the sportsmen from abroad who annually visit Quebec, as well as Canadians, will avail themselves of the privilege of fishing and shooting in the park, which the reader will observe is permitted on the unleased portions, the basin of the River Jacques Cartier being especially reserved for this purpose together with the northeastern part of the park. As regards river fishing, there is no finer brook trout stream than the Jacques Cartier, the fish running up to 5lbs. in weight on the main river and tributaries, such as the Sautoriski. Respecting lake fishing, we may say that Lake Jacques Cartier is fully equal, if not superior, to any other sheet of water in the Province, brook trout considerably over 5lbs. in weight taking the fly readily. As regards deer hunting (caribou), the famous hunting ground known as Les Jardins is altogether within the park boundaries, and here the deer stalker can pursue his favorite pastime with certainty of success. For those who prefer smaller game, the southern part of the park offers exceptional facilities for first-class ruffed grouse (partridge) shooting in the hardwood groves of Tewkesbury township.

"It being out of the question to enter into details as regards the many and various rivers, lakes, etc., and general sport obtainable in the park, the most salient features are merely touched upon. Intending tourists, sportsmen and fishermen can obtain particulars on application to the Department of Crown Lands at any time."

We quote from Mr. G. M. Fairchild, Jr.'s, "Rod and Canoe, Rifle and Snowshoe in Quebec's Adirondacks," this spirited description of the park and its attractions:

"And through its midst there ran a crystal flood
With many a murmuring song and elfin shout,
In whose clear pools the crimson spotted trout
Would turn his tawny side to sun and sky,
Or sparkling upward catch the summer fly."

The Laurentides National Park in the Province of Quebec is the largest forest and game preserve in the world. By the act of the Provincial Legislature creating it, some 2,500 square miles of the public domain was set aside for this purpose, and proper laws for its government were adopted. A committee of the executive council recommended that the general management of the park should be vested in the Hon. Commissioner of Crown Lands and the Superintendent and such other officers as the Hon. Commissioner may appoint to carry out the intention of the legislative act.

The park is the result of the direct and unceasing efforts of the present Minister of Crown Lands, the Hon. E. J. Flynn. His name is now forever linked with one of the wisest and most beneficent measures ever passed by a legislative body. It means the preservation of the great forests on the water sheds of some of the most important rivers in the Province. The bearing of this upon the future water supply to these rivers, and upon the rainfall, is now too well understood to require further explanation. The protection to fish and game, which is incidental to the main object, is of sufficient importance, however, to receive the careful attention that it deserves, and to futurity is conserved a vast breeding ground for the fish that now swarm its waters, the game that haunts its forests.

The southerly boundary of the park reaches down to within twenty-five miles of the city of Quebec at some points; that to the north is the Chicoutimi Grande Ligne; to the west the River Batiscan and the Lake St. John R.

R., to which I have before alluded; to the east the River Saguenay and the St. Urbain Road.

The more important rivers taking their source within the park, and flowing through it, are the Jacques Cartier, St. Anne, Tourilli, Metabetchouan, Upikauba, Boisvert, Mars, Murray, Montmorenci, and their tributaries, also some of the larger tributaries of the Batiscan.

The great divide, from which flow waters to the four cardinal points of the compass, is literally peppered with lakes, big and little. In one expedition to this country, on snowshoes many years ago, in eleven days' journeying we were never off a lake more than twenty minutes. This will give the reader some idea of the immense number which dot the surface of this plateau. Great Lake Jacques Cartier, the source of the river which bears its name, has a shore line of some twenty-five miles, and is justly celebrated for the abundance and size of its trout. I shall have occasion further on to say more of this lake, as well as of Snow Lake, the head of the Montmorenci River, another famous sheet of water. To the west a few miles from Lake Jacques Cartier is Lake Noah.

Lakes des Roches, Vert, Long, à Noël, à la Coupe Fraser, à Regis, à l'Epaule, all discharge into the Jacques Cartier River, and are easily accessible by the colonization road.

Why attempt to further name the lakes in this section, it would only confuse the reader, and the subject is far too vast for the scope of a chapter. I would refer those who seek for more detailed information in this direction to a little pamphlet recently published in Quebec under the auspices of the Department of Crown Lands, entitled "Our Rivers and Lakes." The southwest, west, northwest and north edges of the park have been leased to angling clubs, and this is a wise measure for the greater protection of the fish and game within the park limits. These organizations are all directly interested in the increase of fish and game, and jealous guardians of their own leaseholds. It has drawn a cordon of keen watchfulness around the park, and poaching or killing game out of season is rendered almost impossible without instant detection.

The whole of the unleased territory within the park, some 1,500 or 1,600 square miles, is to be thrown open to the American and Canadian angler-sportsman upon conditions that every true lover of sport will be only too ready to subscribe to. At present only one section is readily accessible, but as this is to be the highway into the greater domain, and as it embraces some of the best fishing waters and caribou country, I shall describe it more fully, with suggestions to intending visitors.

The last house on the Jacques Cartier River is Bayard's, a famous little resort for those of the angling fraternity who have been initiated into the comfort and good fare provided by mine hostess, Madame Bayard, and the exceptionally fine fishing in the river hard by. Both are destined to become more widely known in the near future. The Bayards are already adding a wing to their house to provide more ample accommodations. It is twenty-seven miles from Quebec over a fairly good road, and may be reached in a four and a half hours' drive.

Mr. George Colvin, the guardian of that section of the park known as the Jacques Cartier Basin, resides here, and under his superintendence parties going into the park can be supplied with guides, canoes and tents. I know the guides on this upper section of the river, and they are all capital river men and thoroughly familiar with the country, trails and lakes.

The Jacques Cartier is canoeable to the Grand Portage, after which it becomes too turbulent, broken by falls and heavy rapids. To this point, however, there are numbers of famous pools from which trout of 7lbs. and over are not infrequently taken. At the mouth of the Sautoriski River, and for some distance up that stream, trout are particularly abundant and of good size, and this statement applies as well to the River à l'Epaule, both tributaries of the Jacques Cartier. The scenery is magnificently wild, the mountains broken into every conceivable form, a great chaotic upheaval, through which the river winds its noisy, fretful course. With Bayard's as headquarters, trips may be made either up or down the river, with as much or as little camping as the angler cares for.

To him who seeks the wilderness "far from the madding crowd," and prefers the shelter of his little tent or bark lean-to, with the bush and the waters as his foraging ground, a trip to Grand Lake Jacques Cartier will afford a variety of experiences and adventure, and the record breaking big brook trout may be lured by his fly and fall a victim to his skill. Monstrous fish lurk in these waters. A 9-pounder has already been placed in the scales, but better than this may be expected.

The long disused colonization road from Quebec to Lake St. John passes close to Lake Jacques Cartier, which is distant about thirty miles from Bayard's. An effort will be made to have this road reopened for the passage of buckboards this season, and canoes and boats placed permanently upon the lake, besides a substantial log camp at the discharge.

The Department of Crown Lands charges a small fee to sportsmen fishing or hunting within the park limits, and a permit must be taken out either in person at the Department in Quebec, or by letter to Mr. W. C. J. Hall, the superintendent, Parliament House, Quebec, who will supply all necessary information and secure guides and canoes if wanted.

This schedule is in force of charges for visitors to the park: For angling, $1 per day; hunting, $1 per day; angling and hunting, $1.50 per day. A nominal charge of $1 per diem will be made to parties for the use of canoes and camp equipment.

Tourists merely desirous of making a visit to the park (and not intending to fish or hunt) may, at the discretion of the Commissioner, be granted a permit for that purpose without charge; if camp equipment be used the usual charge for same will, of course, be made.

FOREST AND STREAM OFFICE
346 Broadway
NEW YORK LIFE BUILDING
Present Entrance on Leonard Street

Natural History.

SOME TENNESSEE MAMMALS.

In Part I. of the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Academy of Natural Sciences, which covers the months of January, February and March, 1896, Mr. Samuel N. Rhoads has an interesting paper on the Mammals of Tennessee. The material on which this list is based was collected during the months of May and June, 1895, and the present paper is the third of "Contributions to the Zoölogy of Tennessee," by the same author. Mr. Rhoads's list comprehends all the species known to belong to the Tennessee fauna, including not only the wild mammals which are found in the State at present, but also those which have been exterminated since the advent of the white man.

Mr. Rhoads calls attention to the infrequency of references to the mammals of Tennessee in scientific literature and adds that in popular literature the hunting stories of David Crockett form the most voluminous "source of early information on this topic, and these have been supplemented in later times by occasional papers and notes published in Forest and Stream."

Mr. Rhoads expresses especial thanks for and appreciation of the close observation and generous assistance of Mr. B. C. Miles, of Brownsville, Tenn., whose assistance in ornithological matters he has acknowledged in an earlier paper.

The opossum (*Didelphis marsupialis virginiana*) is common all over the State below the elevation of 2,000ft. Some of the negroes believe that there are two species here, one with black, the other with white feet, and the author suggests a possible tendency in the opossums of southwestern Tennessee toward the Texas form.

As shown by Dr. Allen in his "Monograph of the American Bisons," the buffalo (*Bison bison*) was once abundant in Tennessee, but it is believed that this species was for the most part confined to the Cumberland Valley and its tributaries, in middle Tennessee. The point of their greatest abundance was probably in the Blue Grass region near Nashville, and about the salt and sulphur springs in Davidson county. Buffalo River, and towns called Buffalo in the southern portion of the State, would seem to point to the former existence of the species in that locality, and there are other geographical names in Putnam, Washington and Cocke counties. There are many historical accounts which go to show that the central basin of Tennessee and the Blue Grass region of Kentucky were a sort of neutral hunting ground or debatable land, to which the hostile tribes of Chickasaws, Natchez, Creeks, Cherokees and Shawnees resorted at certain seasons to hunt the buffalo and, if they met, to fight one another. In the forests and canebrakes which covered much of this land the buffalo had a home where food was abundant and they were infrequently disturbed. Nor were buffalo the only or perhaps even the most numerous game found here, since an account of a hunting excursion by twenty men in 1780 says that they killed "105 bears, 75 buffalo and more than 80 deer." Mr. Rhoads is told that the last buffalo in Fentress county was killed by an old resident, now dead, named John Young, but the date of the capture is not known.

The Virginia deer (*Dorcelaphus virginianus*) is still found in Tennessee, but in surprisingly small numbers. Mr. Rhoads believes this to be due to the large number of negroes and poor whites who spend their lives in hunting instead of working. Mr. Miles, who made careful inquiry in Heywood county, says: "As far as I can gather there are about twenty now alive—one buck was killed in February and a doe in August." Efforts are being made to protect, and so to restore, this species; and recently the Tennessee Legislature passed a law forbidding the killing of deer in certain counties in the State for a period of five years.

At the beginning of the present century the elk (*Cervus canadensis*) was probably found at times in every county in the State. It was abundant in the mountains, it frequented the licks near the present site of Nashville, and was more or less abundant in the glades and canebrakes of the Mississippi bottom. Mr. Miles, who made careful inquiry about the elk in this section of the State, wrote to Mr. Rhoads, saying: "The last elk killed in west Tennessee that I can learn of was at Reelfoot Lake in 1849. The late David Merriwether, of Madison county, Tenn., killed it. In 1865 I heard that an elk was killed in Obion county." Putnam's history of middle Tennessee speaks of a park on the famous Belle Meade Farm, south of Nashville, where Gen. Wm. G. Harding had "200 deer, twenty buffalo and half a dozen elk in captivity." This reference is to a period anterior to 1859. It is not known whether any of these animals are still kept there.

Mr. Rhoads's notes on the swamp hare (*Lepus aquaticus*) will prove so interesting to Northern readers that we quote them entire:

"On the borders of Reelfoot Lake, in the closest proximity to the water, I found this large hare. It preferred hiding among the half-submerged vegetation and piles of driftwood, and when it broke cover would run with bold high leaps from log to log for so great a distance that it was difficult to find it again.

"The following, relating to its habits in the vicinity of Brownsville, is from the pen of Mr. Miles: 'Though resembling the cottontail closely in color and in diet, as well as in movements, there the similarity of the swamp rabbit, as we term him, ends. Never seen on the hills and seldom in the open, he is at home in canebrakes and deep woods, far from the homes of man. The more desolate the situation the more certain he is to be found, ever wide awake and ready to test his speed and cunning with that of any enemy; and he has no friends. In the overflow (spring freshets) I have seen him for hours seated on a floating log, as much at home as a raccoon, and when disturbed take the water for a 300yds. swim as readily as any land animal that I know. When hotly pursued he always takes the water, and once there I have never seen him caught. Twice only, while hunting at night, have I seen him take a hollow tree, seeming generally not to resort to such a refuge in the day. The young are born with eyes closed and without hair, and fewer in number than the cottontail. I have only seen one nest, that in an old root. The swamp rabbit has fully held his own in numbers in my day, though nothing more, and I see about one specimen a day when hunting in our deepest bottoms. The largest specimen I ever weighed was 13lbs., and would say 19in. at the shoulders. Negroes think him good eating, and, if properly prepared, I agree with them.'

"In another letter Mr. Miles refers to this hare as follows: 'As to the aquatic habits of the swamp rabbit, they are very pronounced, and he will take to water as readily as the raccoon. I have seen him when not pursued swim a slough 30yds. wide and shake himself when on the other side, hopping off as though it was all right. * * * I saw one swim several hundred yards down and across current when pursued by my pointer, and the dog did not gain on him, but was the most exhausted of the two when he gave up the chase. The rabbit makes the 'dog lick' when in the water, the rump rising and falling as in the swimming horse.'"

The contrast in the condition of the young of the swamp hare with those of the cottontail rabbit at birth is interesting, the young of the last-named species being born with their eyes open and fully haired, according to Mr. Miles.

At Reelfoot Lake Mr. Rhoads visited a beaver house situated in a cypress swamp west of Sanburg. It was not then tenanted, but there were signs of fresh beaver work near at hand. There are a few beaver (*Castor fiber canadensis*) left in this neighborhood, and a resident of Sanburg contracted with Mr. Rhoads to furnish the gardens of the Zoölogical Society of Philadelphia with some young during the coming winter. Mr. Miles is quoted as saying that the beaver is more numerous now than forty years ago, because less hunted. Within nine miles of Brownsville he knows a house which is inhabited now and has been for twenty-five years. Beaver were formerly abundant all over the State.

Squirrels of several species are abundant in Tennessee, as is also the raccoon. The otter is a rare but constant inhabitant of all the larger streams. The fisher is probably long ago exterminated.

The black bear is now very scarce even in the wildest parts of the State, though formerly so abundant. In many sections they have all been killed off. Mr. Miles writes: "A bear was killed in the west border of Haywood county in 1865—the last one, I think—though in Lauderdale county one is occasionally killed now.

But the gray fox and the red fox are abundant in the State.

In middle Tennessee the wolf seems to be extinct, but a few may exist in the southern Alleghany Mountains. About the year 1883 one was seen near Cloudland Hotel, and in 1887 Dr. Merriam found the wolf still existing in the Smoky Mountains.

Mr. Rhoads says: "Their status in the lowlands of west Tennessee may be gathered from the following quotations from letters sent me by Mr. Miles, the first of which was the result of a publication as to the specific identity of black and gray wolves made in Forest and Stream for Aug. 31, 1895. 'Since the article for Forest and Stream was written Major Shaw, an old hunter of this county, tells me that many years since he captured a litter of seven wolf whelps, three of which were gray and four black. * * * Our present wolf is larger and very much fiercer than those of my childhood, at least those specimens were which came under my observation. I suppose our present big gray wolf has always been here and some favorable circumstance must have developed his numbers.' In a more recent note Mr. Miles announces the killing of two wolves by poison about Dec. 10, 1895, within seven miles of Brownsville by a man who had killed hogs and heard the wolves howling near, when he put out poison with the above result.'"

The wild cat (*Lynx rufus*) is abundant in all the wilder parts of the country, and Mr. Rhoads, with a query, includes the Canada lynx in his list, on the authority of Prof. E. D. Cope, but especially states that he has found no evidence of the existence there of this species.

The panther (*Felis concolor*) seems to have been exterminated in all parts of the State except in the impassable brakes of the bottoms of Lauderdale county, where Mr. Miles feels confident that a few still exist.

Range of the Blackfooted Ferret.

Editor Forest and Stream:

In Dr. Merriam's interesting Synopsis of the Weasels of North America the geographical range of the blackfooted ferret (*Putorius nigripes*) is given as "Great plains, from western North Dakota and northern Montana to Texas; not known west of eastern base of Rocky Mountains."

As the blackfooted ferret is usually regarded as rather a rare animal, and, owing to its nocturnal and secretive habits, is seldom viewed by the non-scientific observer, I venture a word or two on what I have seen of its range. I have found it as far north as Milk River in Montana, quite close to the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and have a specimen given me by an Indian from that region. The man who secured it did not appear to be familiar with it, and from the fact that he called it a spotted mink I concluded either that the animal was rare there or else that it was seldom seen by the Indians. Further south, on the great plains, the animal is well known by the Pawnee Indians, who give it the name of "ground dog." They recognize its secretive habits, and in one of their mythical stories, in which the animals talk and generally act like human beings, the ground dog is made to speak of itself as "staying hid all the time." The Pawnees have some quite curious beliefs with regard to this species, many of which I have noted in my book "Pawnee Hero Stories and Folk Tales" (p. 113), as well as in my later book, "The Story of the Indian" (p. 175).

I do not clearly know what Dr. Merriam means by the statement that the blackfooted ferret is not found west of the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. I do not know of its ever being found on waters flowing into the Pacific, but it is not uncommon in some parts of the great central plateau, for example in the Shirley Basin on streams forming the head of Muddy Creek, which is the tributary of the Medicine Bow River from the north. The Shirley Basin is about thirty miles east of north of the town of Carbon on the Union Pacific Railroad in Wyoming, and is about 7,500ft. above the sea level.

At least one family of blackfooted ferrets had their home one year in some deserted sheep sheds near a ranch in this basin, and on more than one occasion they were routed out from their hiding place by men who were pulling down the walls of the shed, and two or three of them were killed, and were afterward seen by me. The man who destroyed them spoke of them as ferocious little creatures, ready to turn and fight if too closely pursued, and as not especially swift of foot.

George Bird Grinnell.

The Copperhead.

OAKLAND, Cal., July 16.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The results of my inquiries through the FOREST AND STREAM in regard to the habits, habitat and appearance of the copperhead demonstrated the profound sagacity of the move. The snake editor came promptly to my aid with a more minute and lucid description of the reptile than I had obtained from any other source. Then Coahoma, whose special field I am aware I was exploiting and from whom I hoped to hear, followed a close second with a lot of interesting information. Antler a little later added his mite, and lastly our old friend Aztec gives us some very important personal experience, which in some particulars is more satisfactory than anything I have yet received.

That the first two and the last describe the serpent whose identity I sought to establish, there is, I think, but little doubt; but for this reason and from my own experience I am inclined to think that Antler is barking up the wrong tree and has mistaken some other, probably harmless snake, for the deadly copperhead.

I was born in New England and spent the first twenty years of my life before the war in Rhode Island and Massachusetts. I have caught trout and all or nearly all the other fresh-water fish indigenous to that section, and believe I am familiar with most of its reptile productions, but I never saw any copperheads there.

I know that many people are apt to consider every snake with which they are not perfectly familiar as venomous and I have even heard the common garter snake called a copperhead because of its yellow stripes. If there is any venomous snake in New England except the rattlesnake, which I believe is not quite extinct there, it will be news to me to learn it. We used to think that the horribly ugly flat-headed adder was as deadly as the rattlesnake, but like the horned toad its appearance was what created the impression, as all authorities now declare both to be perfectly harmless.

The FOREST AND STREAM describes the copperhead as an upland snake with a bright, copper-colored head. Antler's article speaks of its having a "horseshoe-shaped spot on its head which takes on a metallic coppery color" when he is mad, an entirely new feature, and leads us to infer that he lives in or about the trout streams.

That the copperhead "does exist" I can no longer doubt, but I am not yet prepared to believe that it is found in New England, or to any extent west of the Mississippi, and it fortunately must be very rare in all but a few localities, or there would not be so many who, although born and reared in the States where it is said to exist, still know so little about it save from hearsay.

FORKED DEER.

[The copperhead is rare in Connecticut, but becomes more abundant further South.]

Game Bag and Gun.

HOW SPORTSMEN ORIGINATED?

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has occurred to me that, notwithstanding the pride which we feel in our sportsmanship of to-day, we are not the sportsmen that our ancestors were in the early days of our Republic. It is true that we claim we are better, and that we truly believe we are so is also true; but I greatly fear that if one were called upon to give the evidence in support of that belief, he would encounter no little difficulty in producing any worthy of credence. We are disposed to magnify the men of our own day because they are of our day. Men whom we know seem better than men who are far away, as do the affairs of our own people seem more important than the affairs of a distant people.

The sportsman of the early American days had no effeminacy, nor was there any lamentable inefficiency in his efforts. He plunged into the forests with that calm assurance which came from a knowledge of woodcraft, and a heedlessness of consequences which came from a spirit inured to dangers. Travel he ever so far, he was never lost. He could return on a true course at any time by his knowledge of the lore of the woods, for he could tell the points of the compass by the moss on the trees and rocks, the direction that the grass pointed and occasionally by the moon and stars. He felt neither pain nor hardship. Were he chased by Indians, he ran on and on, day after day and night after night, without any nervous perturbation or timorous apprehension of danger that might befall him were he captured. He quaffed a draught out of the crystal springs and rivulets, tarrying for a moment only as he ran onward in his tireless flight. A week or more, night and day, he ran on till the Indians were left far in the rear and safety was reached. Were he hungry, he killed a deer with one shot from his unerring rifle and gave the steak an added relish from his own cooking of it, if he bothered cooking it all. In chasing the Indian he was relentless and sagacious. A few pieces of bark served for an ample shelter, and a few branches or old leaves served for a couch. One suit of clothing served for a lifetime, and history fails to chronicle his discovery of any laundries.

Observe the modern sportsman. He carries with him to his week's or month's camping ground nearly a duplicate of everything which he has in his every-day life. A cot which would do well enough to sleep in the year round at home, blankets of the warmest make, rugs to keep his feet off the ground, camp chairs designed for the greatest enjoyment of indolence, and a cooking outfit on which anything can be cooked which can be duplicated by the greatest *chef* in Paris in his exclusive kitchen. He has a tent which is as large and comfortable as a house, and the commissary would be a revelation to an epicure. But the camper himself—a dream of beauty in a creation of the tailor's art—is the crowning glory of the many glories of the venture into the wilderness from two to ten miles from town. Compare this specimen of woodsman and woodsmanship with the hardy man who, with rifle on his shoulder, plunged into the trackless wilderness where dwelt the tiger, the wild bear, the wolf, and the dreadful Indian. He was ever restless, and if he found another man of his kind within a thousand miles of him, forthwith he denounced the place as being too thickly settled, and he sped on to the true wilderness; that is, where there was no white man other than himself. Even when his home surroundings became too familiar to him—that is, the wilderness for a few thousand miles about—the spirit of unrest and the spell of the forest impelled him to seek diversion and adventure a few thousand miles further; and when he felt the need of a real vacation he just started out and never came back at all. There were true woodsmen in those days. Alas! either the days are different or the men have changed more than the passage of the years doth warrant. Our poor attempts at woodsmanship, when set up side by side with the sterling stuff of our daddies, would in a way resemble a comparison between an Indian war canoe and a modern battle ship. And this brings me to think that perhaps if we have lost in some things we have gained in others, though of course that does not in the least affect the question as it is herein raised.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

A WEEK AT COBB'S ISLAND.

TWO WEEKS ago I was showing the series of beautiful and interesting "Shooting Pictures" by A. B. Frost to a friend of mine. When we came to the "Bay Snipe Shooting" Dave had a "point"; his eyes bulged out; he seemed to be living in the past or having a gunner's dream. He was; but a slap on his back awoke him. "Jay," he said, "that reminds me of Cobb's Island; that was my blind on Curlew Bar fifteen years ago." He told me of his trip there and how often he had wanted to go back. We were not inoculated against the shooting fever, and besides, "it was a long time between hunts" for both of us. In a few minutes our plans were made to spend a week at Cobb's Island.

We met in Philadelphia, and at 11 P. M. got aboard the Cape Charles sleeper. After cautioning "Old Virginia" to get us up at 5, as we were going to get off at Cobb's Station, we turned in. It was raining hard when we found ourselves and our *impedimenta* in the midst of a sweet potato patch; but after the train had pulled out we saw on the other side of the track a cube 10ft. on a side labeled "Cobb's Station." We were just about enough awake to have sense to "come in out of the rain" and hold a consultation to find out where we were "at."

When Davy had been there before he had come around the cape, but now an oyster shell ballasted railroad (quite a curiosity to us, accustomed to the Pennsylvania) puts you off at Cobb's. In a few minutes a young jehu appeared with a carryall and informed us that if we were the young gentlemen who were going over to the island we were to go to "ma's" for breakfast and the launch would come over for us at 11. You may be very sure that after our two-mile drive in the rain we were glad to see "ma," but gladder to see the breakfast Auntie prepared for us. After breakfast we walked down to the shore to look around and see what the prospects were. We were delighted to see quite a number of curlew and graybacks out on the mud bars. Finally the naphtha launch appeared, and we were soon winding our way in and out of "creeks," as they call them there, but in reality channels between the mud bars, as it was ebb tide. In about an hour we were approaching this little island, ten miles out at sea, containing only fifty-four acres, one acre more in number than the handful of men with whom Sir Francis Drake "picked the lock of the new world."

We were welcomed at Cobb's and soon found ourselves quartered in the Baltimore House, our bodily wants to be attended to by Preston, a genuine Virginia darky than whom there could be none better. We were a little crestfallen when we asked Arthur, our guide, what the prospects for shooting were. He said: "You are just between seasons; May and August are the best months for birds." But we were not easily discouraged and made up our minds that we would keep everlastingly at it and get all there was out of it.

It is always cool there, with only ocean breezes and, better still, no mosquitoes. You shoot on either the rising or falling tide, not between tides, and it depends on the tide what time you have to get up in the morning to shoot. Between Cobb's and the mainland is Broadwater Bay, nine miles wide and fifty miles long, which at high tide is a beautiful sheet of water, while at low tide thousands of acres of mud and marshy flats, bars, creeks and channels are exposed.

Our first morning's shoot was to be at Cove Creek and Preston had us up and our breakfast ready at 4. It was nearing low tide when we sailed away in our 20ft. English-rigged boat. An hour's sail brought us near our blind, to which we waded with our guns and shells. Our guide, after anchoring his boat, set out the decoys, snipe and curlew, thirty-six in all, some in a little pond in front of the blind and others on the shore in the mud. He then took up his place back of us and we were ready for the first incomer. The blind is about 6ft. in diameter, made by sticking branches of trees in the mud and covering them with dried grass. While waiting for the birds to come in we ask our guide innumerable questions. We find out that he is not married, that he made the decoys in winter, that he had never been off the island except for two years' schooling on the mainland, that the shooting is not so good as it used to be, that the island is gradually being washed away, and while we were talking the selfsame tide had been rising and must have covered some bar where the snipe had been roosting, driving them off to seek higher ground and their breakfast, for our guide said: "Mark—front; get down." When Arthur said "Mark" there was never a doubt in our minds but that the birds were coming in; it was like seeing a dog point. He began to whistle and soon we saw two birds flying low, turn and come toward our decoys. They came in, circled above the false lights, and would have lit among them, but Dave said: "You take the one on your side and I'll take the other." Dave got his bird with the first barrel, while I went "bang! bang!" and saw my bird just get out of range for Dave's second shot. Thus it was the birds came in and for an hour we had plenty of chances and picked up twenty-three graybacks. We could have had half a dozen shots at willet, but they were protected by law until Aug. 1. Hungry and tired, we returned to the island perfectly satisfied with our first shoot.

Thirty yards from our house was the ocean and a great surprise was in store for me, who had only bathed on the Long Island and Jersey coasts, to find absolutely no undertow and yet a magnificent surf. You can go out as far as you please on either the rising or falling tide and yet encounter no undertow. It was the grandest bathing we ever had, and daily, sometimes twice, we enjoyed the Atlantic main.

Our next shoot was on a falling tide on Curlew Bar. In addition to our sailboat we took along an 8ft. shooting boat. Anchoring the sailboat, we paddled about a quarter of a mile and ran the boat into the blind. When the water got down to about a foot from the bar we put out the decoys and waited and watched the receding waters. In half an hour one bare spot appeared in front of us and in ten more minutes probably an acre of ground was bare. The birds flew thick and fast and, as around our blind was their only feeding ground at present, we had some very nice shooting. It was over only too soon—a few minutes more and there were miles of mud bars exposed teeming with small crabs, food for the snipe. After a few shots at an occasional bird flying past us on the way to some feeding place our guide pulled our little boat, now high and dry on the mud bar, into a small creek and then a paddle back to our large boat. Eleven curlew was our bag, more than enough to satisfy two city chaps who had traveled 600 miles to get them. Curlew are nice birds to shoot at; I say "at" because you don't always get them. While they do not decoy so well as graybacks, they are much larger and make a better target.

In one week we shot five tides, never getting over two dozen birds at one shoot and never an empty bag. Fishing is very good there, but the way they do it does not offer the sport or attraction to one whose good fortune it has been to have spent a month on the Nipigon River—the finest trout stream in the world. A hook, a line, a bait, a bite, a fish, a surfeit; they don't fish with rods and reel and never play the fish, and yet they call it sport.

November and December are the best months for shooting ducks and geese at Cobb's. The guides leave their blinds stay in the water and mud from season to season, as they say and believe that the birds get accustomed to seeing them there and are not so shy as they would be if the blinds were set up new each season.

The guides are courteous, good-natured fellows, their services expert, their compensation moderate. In shooting without a guide one would be very apt to find one's self high and dry on a mud bank with the pleasant prospect of waiting twelve hours for the tide to float him off. In fact, you must know how, or you can't do it. Shooting without a guide reminds me of the story of a man who shot over a dog for the first time. He was a Westerner and a great hunter, but he had never used a dog, and had only a faint sort of an idea that in some way a dog was of some assistance to a hunter. The dog was sent to him from the East, and the next day he took the pointer out quail shooting. That night he came home without a bird, and so disgusted was he that he gave him away to a friend of his, telling him that he was the worst dog he ever saw. His friend asked him what was the matter with the dog, and he replied: "He has fits. He was trotting along ahead of me all right when he got his first fit and stopped right in his tracks. He stuck his tail straight out behind as stiff as a poker, drew up one foot and stretched his neck out till his eyes nearly popped out of his head. There he stood like a stone dog, and I couldn't make him move. I whistled at him and called him, and then I walked around in front of him to see if he had gone mad. Just then a whole flock of quail flew up under my feet. If that dog hadn't got that fit right there I'd have got about half a dozen birds out of that flock. If you want him, you take him; I wouldn't have such a cur to hunt with."

Our week passed altogether too quickly, but we promised ourselves to go back soon again to this "sportsmen's paradise."

JAY EIGHTY-SIX.

PITTSBURG, July, 1896.

CARIBOU AND CALIBERS.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The article in your issue of July 4 by Mr. J. W. Davis, "On Newfoundland Marshes," brought up pleasant memories; for I spent three weeks last season at the same camp with L. Buffe and Martin Williams, and hunted over the same marshes and hills. And it was the kindness and courtesy of Dr. S. T. Davis that enabled me to make arrangements for the trip.

On our way in from West Pond and just at the edge of the Barrens we met a party of Micmacs coming out. Old Harriet, she of the long gun, reported "Plenty deer—thousands." The next morning, Oct. 19, I secured a good stag and a barren doe out of a herd of sixteen at Hannah's Lookout. This doe's head is here by me at present writing. The antlers are the finest of all I have seen, having seventeen points. In my three weeks' stay in camp I counted 120 caribou. Perhaps half a dozen of these were so far off that we could not make out the head clearly. All the others, both male and female, except fawns, had horns. Fawns were very scarce.

It was a disappointment not to see the large heads of caribou, such as were seen by Mr. Davis and his party the year before, but we were too late. Martin Williams was in on Wolf Hill and Grandfather's Lookout about two weeks before I reached camp. Deer were plentiful enough then. From Oct. 19 to 23, inclusive, we counted sixty, but after that fewer were seen, and when we broke camp, Nov. 9, they were about gone. While waiting at Pilley's Island for the steamer, John Paul came down from the White Hills and said there were no deer at all. The so-called migration through that country seems to have been about two weeks earlier in '95 than it was in '94.

Let me say here to A. H. that I have watched the caliber controversy with much interest, and that his conclusions are about correct. Only it doesn't need a herculean hunter to handle a .45, because the gun need not weigh over 7½lbs. I used a Winchester extra light .45 70, and found it an admirable gun. Any other make of same weight would no doubt shoot as well. As my tramping weight is about 130lbs., heavy ordnance is avoided as much as possible. In getting a light .45 you do not necessarily dispense with accuracy. While testing this gun on the range at German ring target, 200yds., thirty-nine shots in all were fired one afternoon, and it placed all but four of them in the black. The shooting was from a rest, of course. Lyman hunting sights; charge, 75grs. Hazard F. G. powder, and the Gould 380 hollow point bullet and 350gr. solid bullet, about an equal number of each. That afternoon there was one run of eight shots scoring each 21 or better. The charges mentioned are what I used on caribou, but the Gould bullets were soon given up on account of their lack of penetration. They did not mushroom, but the sides broke off and you would find nothing except the butt piece. The first stag shot was hit in the shoulder with one, but he did not go down. After receiving the next shot, a solid 350gr., he ran some distance

before going down. The Gould 330 passed through shoulder, ribs, a little point of the lung, and stopped against the windpipe. The piece left in is in the form of a crescent and weighs about 104grs. The other bullet broke the bone below the shoulder blade, passed through ribs, heart case, ribs on the left side, and lodged under the skin. This butt has only 174 of the original 350grs. left. From the battered up condition of these bullets one would think that the projectiles had all the propelling power behind them they could stand. The .45-70 seems preferable to the .45-90. There was a Lee-Metford sporting rifle, using the English service cartridge, owned by a gentleman who camped near us. I fired a shot from it through the shoulder of a caribou doe that had been dressed out. It was hard to find the holes in the skin, but where it entered and left the chest cavity it smashed the ribs about as much as a .45 would. Most of the guns used, however, are sealing guns or old muskets loaded with slugs. I am now flirting with a .50-100-450, and if it can be persuaded to shoot straight enough shall use it on caribou or other equally large game the next opportunity. It is of same pattern as the .45-70 and weighs less than 8lbs. STEWART.

AN INCIDENT OF OLD BALDY.

In Dr. J. A. Beebe's communication from Portland, Ore., in the issue of July 11, is a sorrowful story regarding the destruction of deer in a certain section of the Cascade range of mountains, which recalled to mind an incident connected with one of my own trips into the mountains northeast of Spokane, Wash., in days long gone.

Deer were then fairly plentiful on the foothills of Old Baldy, some twenty miles from the bustling little village of Spokane, but it was already growing apparent that we were to have trouble with hounds, and much indignation was expressed among the still-hunters concerning certain parties who had introduced a number of the slab-sided, howling brutes to assist the two-legged brutes in their butchery of the graceful creatures which they seemed powerless to kill by legitimate still-hunting.

We were a jolly party of four—rifle cranks, enthusiasts and devoted lovers of the great primeval woods—housed for a time in the little circular tepee which in the years agone was long famous in the mountains, and which has overshadowed cheerier camp-fires and more square fun to the given surface than has any similar amount of canvas ever stitched together; and as just the right depth of snow lay on the ground, all were jubilant.

A single shadow drifted across our trail. Away to the north, on the hills which rose beyond the creek on which we were camped, was heard on several occasions the baying of hounds; and threatenings dire began to be heard around the camp-fire.

All my own prejudices in the matter were aroused, and I recollect dooming to sudden death the first hound that came in sight. However, the days passed and they troubled us not.

The sport was grand, and the day at length arrived when we began dragging into camp our slaughtered game, preparatory to an early start for home on the morrow.

We had finished an excellent dinner, in the preparation of which the hunter, detailed as cook, had fairly broken the record, and as I rose up from the bountiful repast, at peace with all the world and void of malice toward any of God's creatures, just as I turned to the fire for an ember with which to light my pipe, my eye fell upon a large black hound bitch, starved to emaciation—the very picture of famine on its last legs—crouching and turning, in a deprecatory, sidewise fashion, as she slowly advanced toward our camp-fire.

Here at last stood one of the culprits against which we had for days breathed out only threatenings and slaughter. Now for the vengeance long promised to this disturber of our peace! A single thing had not been reckoned on in our previous calculations—the appealing look with which the famished brute first met my astonished gaze.

"What did I do?"

My dear sir, what would any member of the great Forest and Stream family have done other than just as did I, when, turning to the dinner table, I took a large kettle which, thanks to the generous preparations of the cook, was still half full of bouillon, well thickened with bits of venison, potatoes and crusts of bread, and set out the whole bountiful repast for the pitiable skeleton instanter?

"Ain't you afraid you will kill her giving her all that mess at once?" asked one of the hunters.

"She shall have one square meal if she dies for it," I replied.

The plentiful ration quickly disappeared, and licking her sunken chops she looked round in search of more worlds to conquer.

We really dared not give her more, and a few minutes later, in the bustle of preparation for another trip after our game still left in the woods, she disappeared. I took my pony and started up a long hill to the eastward of camp, on the crest of which I had cached in a thicket as fine a doe as had been secured in the hunt. I had not hung her up, for there was no convenient sapling, and as she was so completely hidden by the bushes, I had chanced leaving her on the ground.

Nearing the top of the hill, I was hailed by one of the boys, who had left camp a few minutes before me, and who, gaining the summit of the hill 100yds. south of me, called out, asking if I didn't have a deer hidden near by.

"Certainly," I replied, "why?"

"That black hound has just run away from those bushes in front of you and gone over the hill," he answered.

I hurried on, my wrath rising. There lay my deer—that is, some of it. I am morally certain that that hound had not preceded me twenty minutes. Nearly every bit of one whole ham (save the bone) was gone completely.

I stood and stared stupidly. Slowly my scattered wits returned, and I stepped forward to see if some other brute had not assisted in the wreck. Only her tracks and my own showed a print on the otherwise unbroken surface of white. Neither bird nor beast had shared the guilt of this gastronomic prodigy.

In a somewhat varied hunting career, a few things have been encountered which have proved fairly paralyzing. When on the old buffalo range I saw where those ungainly-looking creatures had clambered up the almost perpendicular walls of deep ravines, I concluded there were probably some few facts which I had not yet acquired. And now, as I stood over the mangled carcass of my beautiful doe, I tried to figure out where in all her varied anatomy this dropsical bass drum of a hound had stowed away something less than 87lbs. of good, nutritious food in one short half hour. Another fact dawned at length upon my mental horizon: that here at length stood a hunter with his "dander riz!" And didn't the boys enjoy their smile at my expense?

Fourteen years have vanished since that day, but nothing at all resembling a black hound bitch has ever again appeared.

And now, when once again the subject of deer-dogging is reviewed by the good doctor near the shore of the far Pacific, I rise to make my confession to the sportsmen of America, that among my other mental possessions I have for fourteen years carried a very deep-seated article of the kind which my old friend, Jim Ralph, used to style a "prejudy!" A single soothing reflection mitigates its pang: the fancy, which at times rises almost to conviction, that the utterly unconscionable gorge of venison must have, in the very nature of things, long since proved a Nemesis. ORIN BELKNAP.

THE HUNTING RIFLE.

A Rifle to Fit the Ability to Use It.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Mr. Cecil Clay's opinion, as an expert shot and hunter, cannot help but influence a good many tenderfeet who intend to hunt big game this fall to get a rifle that would be efficient in the hands of a man like Clay, but which in the hands of an excitable tenderfoot will maim a good deal of game which will escape, but which would have died quickly had the rifle been of a caliber according to the user's skill.

Now, Mr. Clay is a man who can shoot a deer or moose with no more buck fever than I would have shooting a woodchuck; but how many of the tenderfeet will coolly draw down on a moose at even 40yds. and plunk it in the heart? If the tenderfoot hits it at all, where will the bullet land? Say it hits in the paunch or in the hips. Will Mr. Clay say that his .44-40-200 rifle will be as deadly as a .45-90-300 or .45 70-405 under such circumstances?

I never saw a moose nor a caribou in the woods, but I have killed deer with .32, .38 and .45cal. rifles. I started in with the .32, but when I found that expert guides, men who killed many deer, advocated a .38-40, I used one of those for a while. I have followed a number of deer that had been wounded with .38-40 and .44-40 rifles, but I never had to follow one hurt by a .45-90 a hundred yards, and that only when the .45 bullet hit the deer through the paunch.

As for Mr. Clay's .44-40, when used on Virginia deer it is a sad weapon save in the hands of a Cecil Clay. A well-known woodsman, Will Light, whom a number of New Yorkers know to be a fine shot, having seen him up in the Adirondacks at the Bisby lakes, used a .44-40 for years. He killed lots of deer with it, but he tells about emptying the magazine full of bullets into the shoulders of a big deer and then the deer got up on the bank and went back in the woods some distance before it died.

Fred Jones and Will Miller, of Northwood, followed a big buck five miles, then didn't get it, one fall that I went into the woods with them. They had knocked the buck to its knees with their .38 and .44-cal. rifles, and both admitted that if either had had my .45-90 the big buck's horns would have gone over a mantelpiece.

It is all right for Mr. Clay to talk about practice and knowing how to shoot a head of game in those parts where the bullet will cause the quickest death, and about "Mr. Risteen and others hankering after a weapon that will not let game get away," but there are a whole lot of tenderfeet—as compared with Mr. Clay—who, when they hit their game, want something besides bloody leaves to show for it. RAYMOND S. SPEARS.

NEW YORK.

A New Club Ground in Illinois.

JERSEYVILLE, Ill., July 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* A party of gentlemen, comprising G. R. Smith, Al Tack, Hugh Snell, Robert and James Kirkpatrick and James Wedding, have leased a tract of land along the Illinois River in Rosedale township, Jersey county, comprising about 800 acres and including several small lakes and the slashes locally known as the Glades.

This territory comprises some of the most noted mallard country in this vicinity, and the intention is to fence the ground and plant rice, etc., in the lakes to entice the fowl to remain as long as possible.

At present, owing to the wet spring, there is so much water on the ground that the mosquitoes and bullfrogs have complete control. The lakes, of which there are several, generally afford good bass and croppie fishing if one can stand the mosquitoes and the mud, regular Illinois River mud. I have an idea that this mud would afford an opportunity for the culture of clams, and think I shall call the attention of the gentlemen to the clam correspondence of Messrs. Hough, Cheney, etc.

Quail wintered well with us and indications point to a good supply for this fall, although many coveys will be late hatched. This will give the fellows who like to shoot half-grown birds a chance, as our excellent (?) game law makes the season begin Oct. 1. L. S. HAUSELL.

About Summer Woodcock Shooters.

UPPER MONTCLAIR, N. J., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have always been a summer woodcock shooter. I have always thought, and still do think, that the birds are all well grown by July 1, and that if the New Jersey boys didn't get them in July some fool legislative act would put off the fall shooting till after the fall flight.

This past season I have been able to get out a good deal more than usual, and have observed the people who shoot and what they shoot a good deal more than ever before; and I am of the opinion that the Jersey woodcock law should not open before Oct. 1, and this is the reason: Everybody who shoots is not a gentleman. Now a gentleman may be a man with $100,000 or 10 cents; but the real man, the real sportsman, when he goes out in July kills woodcock and nothing else. But there are a lot of men who shoot in July who kill everything that gets up; and I know of several broods of young partridges that would have made good shooting in the fall that have been killed as summer woodcock. Of course this is all wrong, but unless you stop all July shooting or have the game inspectors examine the bags of such sportsmen as they may find in the woods, how are we to tell? With friends I put out three dozen quail in our vicinity. I have heard them calling all through the summer, but I presume that a great many of them will be killed, cooked and eaten as summer woodcock.

I say stop summer shooting. Make the law on everything in these States, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Rhode Island, to Oct. 1, and I am sure fewer small birds will be killed, less damage done and we who obey the laws and shoot as we live—decently and in order—will find more game when we come to get a day or so in the fall.

Another thing we want is a 20-gauge repeater for small game and light work. The game is so scarce in or around the big cities and in the East that it's a good deal of work and a great deal of nonsense to carry a 7lb. 12-gauge around. Let the Winchester Co. get out a 4½lb. 20-gauge at the same price as their 12-gauge, lots of them, 26in. barrels, shotgun stock, and see if they don't sell.

COCKER.

Woodcock near Washington.

The bird is as peculiar in his habits as an ortolan almost. He is as nomadic as a gypsy. A swamp or a marshy place in the wooded thicket may show from a dozen to twenty woodcock one day, when the next would not discover a single bird if the cover was cut down and raked over. Some sportsmen believe that woodcock travel in a circle, visiting the same places over and over again at intervals during the season, but there are numerous localities in the vicinity of Washington where they may be found with reasonable certainty during all the summer and autumn. One of the best grounds for woodcock is Whistle Wing Cove, on the Potomac River, below Marshall Hall. The property is owned by Mr. J. E. Jones, and is posted, but many good shots are given the shooting privileges over it, and always with excellent results. Maj. L. L. Blake is one of the most devoted sportsmen when woodcock are in question, and has made some excellent bags at Whistle Wing Cove.

On the Virginia side of the river, nearly opposite Whistle Wing Cove, and below Gunston Hall, is Pohick Creek, and a short ways up this stream woodcock can be found in plentiful numbers. Down on the Patuxent River in Maryland, and in the Magnolia swamps of Prince George's county, the birds can usually be found in numbers to assure good shots plentiful remuneration for the trouble they may take in getting there. Last week Mr. John Sydney Webb and a friend bagged twelve fine birds in one afternoon down on the Patuxent. Those who desire to hunt nearer at home can feel nearly certain of finding woodcock along Paint Branch, on the main line of the B. & O. Road. It is a good idea to leave the train at Branchville and hunt the stream up to Beltsville, a distance of about five miles. Out on the eastern branch, below Bladensburg, there are a number of places where springheads abound under thick undergrowth, and the sport has been successfully prosecuted there.

Up the Potomac one can always be certain of finding plenty of woodcock in the vicinity of old George Pennefield's place. It is a somewhat difficult place to get to, and the shooting there is difficult also, but woodcock hunters are not supposed to allow obstacles to deter them, and in the vicinity of Pennefield's, in the slashes that skirt the canal, woodcock are continually found in plentiful numbers.—*Washington Star, July 25.*

Hounds and the Deer Supply.

BOSTON, Mass., July 21.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I noticed Mr. W. W. Mosher's article in your July 18 number, in which he makes a statement to which I must take exceptions. He says, "But just so sure as hounding is stopped deer will be entirely wiped out. Hounding keeps them wild and not so easily approached by the still-hunter."

Either Mr. Mosher has given the subject very little attention or he has made up his mind that he is right and will not change his opinion.

Hounding certainly tends to exterminate deer wherever it is allowed, and if it was not for the protection that deer are getting on private preserves in the Adirondacks they would be practically exterminated before this time. I know that on my own property before I protected it (although it is situated in St. Lawrence county, where there is no hounding allowed) parties went in with their dogs and stayed there all summer and killed deer constantly, and the deer were practically exterminated from the property, but now they are becoming very plenty indeed. My man saw eighteen deer in the space of three days.

In the State of Maine no hounding is allowed in any part of the State at any time of the year, and since hounding has been done away with, notwithstanding the fact that more hunters are going to Maine every year, the deer are increasing right along and there are more deer now than there have been in years past. If doing away with hounding exterminates deer, why are they not exterminated in Maine instead of increasing?

Would a man who was trying to raise cattle and sheep put dogs in his pastures to worry and kill them? A man would be looked upon as crazy who did such a thing.

I believe that deer should be protected and no hounding allowed at any time of the year. They will not get so tame that anybody can kill them who likes. When the deer flies have ceased to worry the deer and the weather has become cool and the law is off, no matter how tame they may be, they are perfectly able to take care of themselves, and it takes a good, smart still-hunter to hunt a deer to its death.

I hope to see the time when we will go one step further and not even allow hounding for fifteen days, but prohibit hounding in all parts of New York State at all times.

FRANK A. CUTTING.

Maine Moose and Deer.

KIBBY (VIA EUSTIS), Me., July 24.—This morning I started from Kibby Camp at 8 o'clock to look after my boat at Hurricane Pond, four miles away. When I got to the pond I counted four large moose and twenty deer. Three of the moose were bulls with nice sets of horns. Going and returning I saw four large flocks of birds.

OTIS R. WITHAM.

The Forest and Stream is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.

Sea and River Fishing.

MEN I HAVE FISHED WITH.

IV.—Porter Tyler.

At first Old Port Tyler was a far-off and almost mythical person. He appeared vaguely in the stories of older boys who had really seen him, always in connection with fish and game. Garry Van O'Linda had seen him cross the ferry to Albany with a lot of rabbits and partridges, and Charley Melius saw him with a great load of wild pigeons, but to me he was a mysterious person who lived by fishing, shooting and trapping. A man rowed a light boat around Dow's Point and John Atwood said, "That's Old Port, he's been down the dead crick after snipe," and here was the real live man at last, but his mysterious and poetical life seemed as far off as ever. A most ideal life to me, and he was at once enthroned among my collection of idols, which then included Davy Crockett, Daniel Boone, Baron Trenck, Natty Bumpo and Charles XII., of Sweden. These men I had not seen, but Port Tyler had passed Dow's Point before my eyes, and his boat may have contained untold numbers of snipe and countless fish.

Gradually it was learned that he was a bachelor and lived alone near the red mill, "Mechanic street" they call it now; then it was "up by Fred Aiken's woods," and they said that he had huts and caves all over the country and lived in them when he pleased. These stories, and the fact that a lunatic named Asher Cone had a hut back of Harrongate Spring and chased the boys with a club when he saw them, added mystery and perhaps a bit of awe to the personality of Old Port. In my own case this was true, and at the age of twelve I never even hoped for personal acquaintance with a man whom I placed higher than the rulers of kingdoms, for he was my ideal of the highest form of manhood. I may as well say right here that this was my ideal fifteen years later, and was lived up to as closely as possible; personal freedom from dictation by others, a love of nature, and above all a sense of perfect independence caused me to cast civilization aside, and—whisper it—after six years return, not a prodigal, but like him with a flag of truce, which the small boy terms "a letter in the post office." If this is an unpardonable digression charge it to Old Port; he caused it.

The pigeons were flying well one October day and I had about twenty. They were in scattered flocks seeking mast and my neck was stiff from looking upward for them. Often a dozen would start from a tree where none were seen and a wing shot was not possible, if I had been capable of it. Resting on a log and watching the open for a flight to come, and, like Irving's skipper who guided his craft up the Hudson, "thinking of nothing in the past, the present or the future," I suddenly became aware that a man stood beside me. The leaves were damp from a two days' rain, a high-hole was drumming away on an old stub near by and a couple of bluejays were scolding about something, perhaps about men, and being intent on watching for pigeons to come my way the whole combination favored a silent approach that a falling shadow was the first intimation of. The stranger said:

"There's a big flock feedin' on beechnuts over there in Teller's woods an' they may come this way; there's somebody just south of 'em 'cause the crows all left there a hollerin'."

He was a small man, rather thin, but wiry, clothing not noticeable except a little faded, a keen gray eye and a light double gun were the first impressions made by the speaker. For young men it might be well to say that all guns in those days were muzzleloaders and that the use of single-barreled guns was so common that the exception was a matter of remark, therefore the fact that he carried a "double-barreled gun" was duly noted. I told him that I had been through Teller's woods an hour before, but only found a few pigeons there and got but three of them.

"The big flock was down to the crick for water then," said he, "and I saw 'em rise and go into the woods, about three or four hundred of 'em in the flock, and they haven't left yet. You can stay here and get a few shots if they come this way, as they will be likely to if that man over south of 'em gets among 'em. I'll work off to the east'ard and get beyond 'em if that man don't start 'em first," and he moved off and was soon lost in the underbrush. He was a man I had never seen before, and the incident was only called to mind when, out after rabbits in the winter, on Crehan's farm above the mill pond, in jumping a little stream I landed near a man who was skinning a mink. It was the stranger of the pigeon hunt, and instinctively came the knowledge that this was the mysterious woodsman of whom so much had been heard. To my surprise he knew who I was, and said: "O, yes, I've often seen you down the crick and in the woods, and when I saw the gun you carried I knew it belonged to your brother Harleigh, for he told me that you had it most ev'ry day when you were out of school."

This was the first mink I had ever seen, and I watched the skinning, which went very well until the tail was reached, and this could not be skinned far because the skin was so tight. We talked until he had finished, set his steel trap, and gathered his skins and went on with the hides of two minks and six muskrats, a very good morning's work. Truly he was not now "mysterious," he was no longer a half mythical person, but a real live man, and to me a most interesting one, whom I hoped to know much better.

In the spring, perhaps of 1848 or '49, just after the ice had left the river and the creeks, a party of us boys went down the island creek, as we called it, Popakinny, or Popequinea, as it appears on maps, to fish. It was merely an arm of the river which crooked out and in again, making an island some four or five miles long, beginning a couple of miles below Greenbush. The water was cold yet, but the hardy yellow perch were astir and the creek was full of them. A railroad has filled the creek in where it crosses and the water is shallow to-day and but few fish go in it now. There had been a few perch and bullheads taken when Old Port came rowing a light scow down the creek. Some one said that he had gill nets for herring set further down and this was a way of taking fish that I wanted to see, so when he stopped to ask "what luck" I got permission to get in his boat and go with him. Two nets, each about 100ft. long and 4ft. deep, were stretched across the creek and had been there all night. I helped raise them and it was such fun! To-day it would not be fun; we take such different views of a thing at different times of life. He took perhaps a bushel of perch, half as many suckers and some 200 "herrin'," as the alewife is called up the Hudson. "The perch an' herrin' ain't worth much," said he, "about 10 cents a string of a dozen or fifteen, accordin' to size, but the herrin' fetches $3 per 100 as early as this; when they begin to catch them in the river they drop to half that price, and by May 1 they are so plenty and cheap that I don't bother with 'em. At this time, you see, the people want to eat them fresh and they're fine, but later they are spawning and are only fit for saltin' down." This was the financial part of Port's herring fishing. I went in his boat with him to the nets many times, even as late as 1868, when he was a man of fifty-eight and I of thirty-five, for he asked me to his house and I became intimate with him from that first trip to the nets.

"It's a cur'us thing," he said on one of these trips, "to know how the herrin' get past these gill nets that reach from shore to shore and from top to bottom, but they do; last night I set my two about 100yds. above two of Cutty Carson's, and when I got through settin' them there was Lou Crandell settin' his above mine; but I'll get about as many herrin' as they will, yet I can't see how the fish get past the first net. They don't jump 'em, for I have watched all night to see if they jump the cork-line. As far as that is concerned, I'd just as soon have my nets in the middle as anywhere else." This is a puzzle, a greater one even than how the shad got up the Hudson past drifting gill nets and staked ones, to be caught by the seiners of the upper river; but these do not reach from bank to bank and from surface to bottom, as the nets in the Popsquinea did.

He it was who first attracted my attention to the breeding habits of fish. We were trolling minnows for pike down this creek, the water had fallen and left strings of perch eggs hanging to the bushes above water. "Porter," said I, for the days were getting long and permitted the occasional use of his proper name, "there must be millions of perch eggs left to die that way every year; I should suppose instinct would teach the fish not to spawn high up during a freshet."

"Well, a yellow perch is a dull kind of a fish, and don't know as much as a herrin'. When a flood comes and covers all these bottom lands the herrin' go all over them, but the minute the water begins to fall they scoot for the creek and seem to find the ditches leading to it, and they don't spawn on the flats, but among drift stuff; their eggs are separate, and stick fast to what they touch. These strings of perch eggs are not fast to the limbs, but are just hung over 'em with both ends down. I have put lots of 'em back in the water. Maybe it's of no use, for there's plenty of 'em and they ain't o' much account. It's cur'us, though, to watch 'em spawn. I've seen 'em spawn in my nets when I've been watching at night with a lantern. When they are first laid they come out small and there's nothin' in 'em until the he one goes over 'em, and then they swell up as big a mass as the fish that laid 'em."

When we came to his net he showed me perch nearly ripe, and stripped a ripe male. I took perch eggs that day—in 1867—and hatched them in the State Geological rooms on State street, Albany, by permission of Dr. Hall, the curator, and through my intimacy with this observant field naturalist I became a fishculturist and made it a life work.

There was a gap of some nine years in my intercourse with Porter, as I spent the years 1854-60 in the West and parts of 1862-65 in the army, but the old man gave me a warm welcome, "For," said he, "I liked you because you took so much interest in all the live things, even if they were no-account things." I never saw him after 1868. He died at his home, which he owned, in 1882, aged seventy-two years. Some of the Albany shooting men thought him an old poacher because he sold much of his game and they said that he snared partridges (ruffed grouse) and it may be that he did, I can't say, but to me he was a kind friend and instructor of my boyhood in things of interest, if not of usefulness. He was one of those real outdoor observers and the kind of naturalist with whom the modes of feeding and habits of birds, beasts and fishes take the first place, while of their structure he knew little more than an outside view of fur, fin and feather gave him, yet his knowledge of many things was far beyond what a scientific education could have given him. Not that I wish to underrate such an education, or to speak slightingly of it, for it is of very great value, but it is a fact that with most of our biologists structure and comparative anatomy are the beginning and end of their knowledge of animal life, and a day spent with Port Tyler would have opened up a new chapter to them. Such a day might also have been of use to that class of sportsmen who are mere butchers and measure the pleasures of an outing by the amount of slaughter they have done, and whose only knowledge of nature is where certain kinds of game could be found at certain seasons.

A man who when out shooting would stop, lean his gun against a tree and spend half an hour watching a little chipmunk dig his hole, has higher tastes than a mere game butcher, and Port Tyler did that one day when I ran across him in the Indian Orchard. "It's cur'us how he does it," he remarked, "and because you don't find the dirt piled up about the hole they say he begins to dig at the bottom; your brother Harleigh told me that, but I think he was joking." This last by way of apology, for his sense of humor was not keen, and he did not always realize the fact that some people would trifle with such questions, and that innocent and unsuspecting nature invited just such remarks as the above. "That little cuss is cute," he said, "he leaves a clean hole between two roots, with no sign that he has been diggin', but Harleigh is wrong; he begins at the top and carries the dirt away in his cheeks and drops it when he gets far enough, so that it will not attract attention. Maybe when he gets down he can pack it one side into some hollow and save labor. He ran off when you came, and there he is on that fence there by Cassin's house, jerkin' his tail, because he is mad at you for coming here to stop his work." He knew that the little ground squirrel was a "chipmunk" and stored its food under the protecting roots of trees, and by observation had learned how it dug a hole without leaving outside evidence of it, even though he knew nothing of its anatomy.

Port's great fur harvest sometimes came in midwinter, but always in early spring, by a "January thaw," and surely in April. The ice never melts in the Hudson about Albany, but is broken up by floods when the snow melts in the upper country or in the Mohawk Valley, and often goes out in great fields, nearly 2ft. thick, which crown on top of each other and break by the overhanging weight. Grounding on shallows just above Castleton, which bar in the river the Dutch knew as the "Overslaugh," the water is dammed and floods the lower parts of Albany so that boats can often float up Broadway as far as State street, and all the flats and bottom lands on both sides of the river are several feet under water, often for weeks or until the ice dam breaks. The muskrats of that region have been so accustomed to this state of things that they rarely build houses, as in other parts of the country, although I have seen an occasional house there; but houses being of no use in such events, the instinct to build has been nearly lost. When the freshet comes the musquash is drowned out of the holes in the bank and seeks the piles of flotsam to hide among. Every gun in Greenbush and on the hills below is brought out and everything in the shape of a boat that can be had is put into commission for the slaughter, and the roar of successive guns reminds a veteran of a skirmish line. Many men are shooting for profit, Old Port among them, but a larger number are out for fun and pile the rodents in their boat to give to some one who will want them. In the early 50s there would be found a number who were shooting for fun and saving the animals for Porter. Among these were Col. David A. Teller, James Miller, Reuben and Ira Wood, Harleigh Mather, Godfrey Rhodes, Bill Fairchild, myself and about a dozen others. The result was that Port had to hire help to skin the animals, while he would stretch the hides.

At this late day, with a memory hardly worth a hill of beans, it is not safe to make an estimate of the slaughter of muskrats during a freshet on the eastern shore of the Hudson River, between Dow's Point, which is less than two miles below Albany, and Castleton, which is nearly ten miles from the city. I had to go to school, sure, for my father well knew that only an iron hand could keep me there, and he had it; but two days in the week I claimed for rest and recreation. The latter I had, while the former was not needed. With this explanation, I will say that it was poor shooting when I did not pick up thirty muskrats in a day during a freshet, and men have killed as high as 200 in a day. Perhaps with about fifty gunners there was an average of thirty musquash each, which would count up to over 10,000 in a week! It seems too big a figure for eight miles on one side of a river, but the flats, or bottoms, were from a half to three-quarters of a mile wide, rich with alluvial deposit from each overflow and rank with vegatation along the river, the island creek and the ditches which drained the bottoms into the creek; also our sociable little mammal is largely a vegetable feeder. With donations from his friends in addition to his own gun Port Tyler one year marketed over 2,000 muskrat skins, a few obtained by winter trapping, but mainly shot during the freshets. Just what these were worth at that time is forgotten; all were not "prime" because of the shot holes, but they brought enough to keep this man of simple tastes until the fall season, even if the spring run of "herring" were not considered, and in addition to the winter's fur there was always a few mink and other skins, for he was not above taking in a prowling cat, as he said: "A common cat skin is not worth much, but when I've killed her the skin might as well be saved, and I kill 'em on principle, for they kill nesting partridges, rabbits and every young song bird they can get hold of."

Port once said to me that a game dealer, hotel keeper, or some other man, wanted him to shoot reedbirds in the fall. "Now, what do you suppose he called reedbirds?" he asked, "they're bobolinks in their fall gray coat—and that's goin' too far. I've shot blackbirds and snowbirds for market, and while I was a-shootin' 'em I thought it was small business compared to shootin' quail, pa'tridge an' rabbits; but when it comes to shootin' bobolinks, which makes the medders ring with song in the spring, I'll be durned ef I'll do it! You've often seen a he bobolink fly toward his mate an' then set his wings all a-tremble as he told her that she was the best she bobolink he ever see—and the music! I've often sot and listened to him when I ought to be goin' on to my herrin' nets in the spring. Of course the bobolink gets gray in the fall, an' he looks just like a she one, but that's his natur', an' I ain't a-goin' to shoot him for market. I'd rather hear him sing, an' besides he's too small to eat." I have always held this opinion, that it is a sin to kill this songster for the morsel of meat it has, and have consistently refused to touch "reedbirds" when they have been served at dinners. The bird is nearly extinct in the meadows which it once enlivened, and during a life of thirteen years on Long Island I have not seen a bobolink. Guns, guns, guns! I sometimes think it would be well if gunpowder had never been made. The true game birds hold their own in many places fairly well—only men of intelligence can find them—but in the older settled regions the redheaded woodpecker has gone and the brown thrasher and bobolink have almost disappeared. The reason is a combination of gun and boy.

Game that Port didn't sell he cooked for small parties at his house. He was a good cook, and when it was known that he had a few ruffed grouse on hand a supper party would be organized at once, and he would furnish everything but the liquors. He was a very temperate man and seldom used either wines or stronger stuff, and said that he did not care to sell it even if he had license to do so, but the jolly old cocks who were fond of his game suppers did not allow themselves to suffer on this account. I attended only one of these affairs, as I was rather young for that sort of thing, but I had been out after grouse and had three, which I gave to Porter, whom I met when near home. The cause of this generosity was because I did not dare to take them home, having surreptitiously borrowed a fine double gun from my father which I was forbidden to take or handle, but as he never used it he often loaned it to me without his knowledge. Under these conditions Porter got the birds and I was invited to the feast. General Martin Miller, of the State militia, presided; in times when Greenbush was at peace with all foreign countries he kept a grocery store and was commonly known as Mat. Miller; Tobias Teller, Bill Fairchild, Godfrey Rhodes, Port and I; fourteen of us in all, six men and eight grouse. After the last bone had been polished Bill Fairchild was thoughtful, and as he was sucking away on the backbone of a grouse, trying to extract the very last of the bitter that is so dear to the lover of all kinds of grouse, he asked:

"Porter, did you ever eat a muskrat?"

"Yes, I've eat 'em many times, an' they're right good too, if you know how to dress an' cook 'em, an' I'll tell you what else is good, but you may not believe it; that's young quawks; the old ones are fishy, but the young ones are not, though they are fed on fish, an' I'll get you up a——'

"But about the muskrat, Porter; I've eaten him, and I don't want any more."

"Wa'n't it good?"

"I'll tell you," said Bill; "you know old Dandaraw, the Canuck Frenchman who keeps the little drunkery just north of the B. & A. passenger houses, of course you do. Well, after the spring freshet I dropped into Dandaraw's, and we were talking about shooting muskrats. Dandaraw said: 'You shoot-a da mus'rat, hey, Bill?' 'Oh, yes,' said I, 'sometimes just for fun, and I give 'em to Port Tyler, and he skins 'em for market.'

"'You doan' eat-a da mus'rat, hey, Bill?'

"'No, I don't eat 'em; they smell a little too musky for me.'

"'Oh, Bill, you mus' eat-a heem; you doan' know how good-a he ees.'

"I asked him how he cooked 'em, just for curiosity, for I had no idea that the things were eatable, and I only wanted to hear him chirp. He said:

"'First you skeen da mus'rat an' clean him fine; den you bile him a leetle; den you fry him an' you eat him, an' [smack] o-o-o!'

"Well," said Bill, "I skeen-a da mus'rat an' I clean him fine; den I bile him a leetle; den I fry him an' I eat him. I could do the whole trick except the [smack] an' the o-o-o. I could eat a muskrat on a pinch, but for choice would prefer one of these partridges that Port serves up so good."

Port thought that he could serve up some nice fat young muskrats, so they would fill Dandaraw's description, and even Bill Fairchild would smack his lips loudly and say "O-o-o," and it was agreed to try it a few weeks later, but I missed the feast.

Tyler was the only man I ever knew who could successfully hunt woodcock without a dog. He seemed to know just where to look for them and how to find them, and said that he did not want to be bothered with a dog. An English gunner and dog fancier lived in that lower end of Albany called Bethlehem, perhaps the same district now known as Kenwood. They called him Ken King, his front name being Kenneth, and I bought a bitch puppy from him, the mother being a pointer of famous stock and the father the then celebrated setter Dash, owned by Mr. James Bleecker, the crack setter of the time. By the way, this Nell of mine never showed the slightest trace of setter blood, and she went to Michigan afterward, and was the mother of many good pointers with never a sign of setter blood.

This was in 1853, and my people having moved to Albany there was no place for Nell, and Port agreed to take care of her. I wanted him to work her on snipe and woodcock, but he said: "A dog is all right for men who can't find birds without one, but they are little use to me; I like to find 'em myself; and on the old grounds that I've hunted for years I know the best feedin' spots in every marsh or cornfield, and if the birds are there they'll not be far from these spots." This is a strange statement, but the fact that this man lived up to it and shot both snipe and woodcock for market without a dog can be attested by men now living in Albany and Greenbush. Surely a most strange and interesting character was Old Port Tyler.

FRED MATHER.

FLY-FISHING

On the North Shore of Lake Superior.

[Continued from page 50.]

THE next morning we broke camp about 6 o'clock and sailed away to Jackson's Cove, which place we reached in less than three hours.

As we anticipated, we found that a large party of anglers had but recently left here. Kenosh said that the fresh balsam beds which were here and on the mainland opposite showed at least a party of twelve. A table 12ft. long, and very permanently made of sound boards, was left behind, while strewn around were divers odds and ends that attach to an angler's paraphernalia.

"Here," says Ned, picking up a tabulated card, "is the number of fish they have taken, and here again is their ice box where they kept their trout."

"Nonsense. That card simply gives the score of Pedro games and there are others lying around; there again are some small pieces of boards upon which their tally was also kept daily, indicative of a famine in paper."

"But what of the box, it certainly smells fishy?"

"That doubtless, as you say, was their storehouse for the trout."

"I don't believe they left a trout behind."

"I'll soon ascertain." And in a short time I had my rod ready, and, on going to the outside of the granite mass where we had always caught some fine trout, I cast and cast until my arm wearied, and then returned to Ned with a dejected air and a dismal report. He then insisted upon my going down to a point some distance below the camp and there try. I did so, but not a break in the water took place, and again disappointed I returned with report number two. This was demoralizing to the entire camp, but the shore above and below was still left for trial, and if they failed to develop the quarry it would simply be evidence that the early birds had gathered in all the spoils.

While the boys were putting up the tents Kenosh found a lady's garter, and a fine one too, and holding it aloft for our eager scrutiny, smilingly said:

"Women here too."

"Then," said Ned, "two parties have been here.

"How so?"

"No ladies went with the Detroit party and here is the card I've just found of H. V. Whittaker."

"Yes, but two of the Grand Rapids party had their wives with them."

"That accounts for it, and that makes fully twenty trout fishermen that have invaded and impoverished these trouting grounds."

"Nothing left for us."

"Nothing?"

"You wait," says Kenosh, "we git some, bet you."

We caught at the hopeful straw the half-breed held out and concluded to first give the place a thorough trial before losing all heart. We were anxious to learn whether the advance anglers here had bagged all the trout, and just as soon as the camp was in order we started for the bay immediately below the camp. Being determined to thoroughly investigate, we commenced delivering our flies as soon as we were about 100yds. beyond the camp. The lake was evidently higher this year than last, and the shore line in consequence in fine condition, there being just the proper depth of water for fishing.

I had selected a red-ibis for my stretcher and a professor for my dropper, while Ned clung to his "dusting brush" as leader and a spider for dropper. These selections by Ned were not in accord with high art or in consonance with what Charles Dudley Warner has said, for he declares: "The trout fly is a 'conventionalized' creation, as we say of ornamentation." The theory is that fly-fishing being a high art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of nature, but an artistic suggestion of it.

I reminded Ned of this when I saw him break the surface with his outre flies, but he declared there was no originality among high art anglers, for they would sooner have a delicately and handsomely made fly than anything else. "If one of these professionals were seen using a fly like that red-headed terror of mine he would undoubtedly imagine a blackballing by the select coterie of the brotherhood. I am an innovator—originator, you might say—for I don't believe any trout was ever attracted by the beauty of any fly.

"I have given you evidence after evidence of it, and though I may have occasionally failed, I more frequently succeed. This new fancy of mine is a perfect decoy, as you see. Ah, there!" and then the delighted angler was in a paroxysm of joy on striking and finding a gamy trout battling with him. Ned had a glorious fight on hand, and when his reel was not singing his rod was bending, and when the trout was pausing for breath the little windlass was drawing him to his fate. Once he broke water, and then his loveliness shone out in the bright sun, with every spot flashing, every hue gleaming and every curving line a picture of grace and beauty. As Ned brought him to net he remarked:

"That's one the anglers left."

"And here," I cried, "is another," as I sent the cruel hook into the tough jaw of the beautiful fish that had endeavored to cultivate friendship with the professor. It was a fair battle in a fair field, and won simply on its merits by the upper foeman with the willowy wand and the tempting deceit. He was a 2½-pounder, and as rich in rosy tints as if from the fount of beauty.

This was the last trout we could deceive here, and then it was on to the big rock where we had slain many a royal beauty of the tinted dots. We reach it in a few minutes, mount its smooth and rounded top and flog its waters from end to end, and not a response is received.

"They have got the last trout here," says Ned, and so I thought. It is again aboard and on to other shores. A ragged crag with its watery base one vast field of broken stone shows up, and then like cobwebs our flies drop and dance around and about the seductive lairs, but no tenant of the deep springs forth for the counterfeited morsel. We at last tire of delivering the feathers, and as the brilliant sunshine falls o'er us and the placid air fans us we steal along like midnight plunderers looking for the spangled booty. Once more we strike a bulwark of savage aspect that is riven and defaced, hacked and shattered, where a fanciful network of sunbeams crosses its distorted front as if to hide the sad havoc the elements had created.

Here we are again on the cruel war path reaching out for the finny spoils, and the earnest work we did should have met merited reward, but not a nurseling or matured one of the scarlet and silver draped and dotted family made recognition of either our fiery or fanciful flies.

"What the matter with trout?" says Kenosh in a despairing tone.

"The recent visitation of twenty anglers," says Ned.

"A stern reality of the early bird theory," I remarked.

"Exactly."

Such failure in such magnificent and tempting waters was quite disappointing, but we had two trout the late piscators had failed in securing, and the wonder was that we had them after such a thorough and constant thrashing that had evidently taken place here.

"We git 'em yet," said the half-breed consolingly, but nevertheless we had deep misgivings about it, and concluding to seek other parts of the coast line ordered the boat on the return. We continued beating the balmy air and lightly disturbing the water with our dropping lures till we reached the crumbling spurs and low battlements at the old point where we had captured our first two, and where again fortune smiled on us by adding two more to the sum total. This put us all in good humor, for it presaged much pleasure in store for us.

It was for camp and dinner and then more trouting late in the afternoon. The morning was an ideal one, and just to the fancy of a poetic dreamer. The sky was ravishingly charming in a roseate glow and warm and fair as the roses of an early May. The ripples rose and fell with the rhythmic modulation of silver bells, while the gentle breeze stirred the foliage into a grand whispering gallery. The white pinions of a solitary gull coursing along the shore shone out like glittering silver, and in strong contrast to the idling butterfly warming his velvet wings in the bright rays of a meridian sun that so lovingly added beauty to a few stray violets struggling for life in a pinched crevice. Mr. French, the English poet and theologian, tells us of the ample dower of nature when he declares:

"Morn has been—and lo! how soon
Has arrived the middle noon,
And the broad sun's rays do rest
On some naked mountain's breast,
Where alone relieves the eye
Massive shadows as they lie
In the hollows motionless;
Still our boat doth onward press,
Now a peaceful current wide
Bears it on an ample tide;
Now the hills retire, and then
Their broad fronts advance again
Till the rocks have closed us round,
And would seem our course to bound;
But anon a path appears
And our vessel onward steers,
Darting rapidly between
Narrow walls of a ravine."

The shade of the camp we found very agreeable, for the morn had been quite warm, though the waters gave up their coolness, which in a measure tempered the scorching rays of the sun. We therefore determined to do our angling after supper, when the deep shadows were on the water and the trout looking for their evening meal. The idle hours in the meantime we could spend in some diversion or some exploration where we could find the gold and red and purple of the rare wild flowers that spring from slender crevice or run riot among the wild grasses and delicate ferns. The golden notes of some woodland warbler may perchance fall upon our ears, or the antics of the little ground squirrels delight the eye. There is much here to interest a lover of nature, but of all the "sweet things there is none so sweet as fresh air; one great flower it is, drawn round about, over, and inclosing you, like Aphrodite's arms, as if the dome of the sky were a bell-flower drooping down over us, and the magical essence of it filling all the room of the earth."

The noon so full of agreeable diversions soon passed, and then on supper being served we at once paid our attentions to the trout family, going over the same course we had fished in the morning, and by the same walls of granite, boulders, and rain-scooped, tempest-worn crags and pinnacles. As we glided along over the haunts of the spangled beauties, not a murmur came from the spell-bound trees. The vast boughs hung motionless in the silent air. Sometimes the upper branches stirred, but while the shadow-haunted plumes ruffled as with a passing breath it was a slow, solemn, soundless rhythm.

"Two quiet for the angle," says Ned.

"The deep shade and cooling air removes that objection," I replied.

"I hope so."

"It does, and here is proof of it," for just then some purloining beauty made off with my fresh Parmachenee-belle which I had attached as my stretcher before leaving camp. You all know how the trout battles, what vaulting, dashing and subtlety he brings to his aid to escape captivity. This one showed the same tactics, gave the same delight, and with his sad fate the same reward to the patient angler. He was fully above the 2lb. notch on the scale and of course gleaming in the matchless colors of a dying sunset. Nothing more coming to our lures, we hasten along and ere we had gone a few rods another came at Ned's fiery "dusting brush" like a barnyard hawk pouncing on a young chicken. He was a terrible fighter, and for a few minutes gave the venerable angler a world of trouble in answering his demands for a little more line. Reel and line sang and hummed quite lively and the rod looked several times as if it would snap in twain as butt and tip were showing a desire to kiss each other. The originator of the scarlet flambeau held him with a master hand, and when he at last saw him duly boated drew a long breath and exclaimed:

"That trout came within an ace of getting the best of it."

"It was that red-headed devil of yours that made him caper so lively."

"How so?"

"He thought it one of old Lucifer's imps."

"Even so. He is first a tempter and then a destroyer, and that's why he is a dead terror."

"Abandon hope all ye that toy with me, should be the imprint on that fiery and feathery dead fall of yours."

"It's a killer every time."

"Also a monstrosity."

"Also an originality."

"A shameful tribute to the profession."

"An unparalleled deceit."

And thus the badinage continued. I would deny it, he would praise it, and, like the contest between two disciples of Buckstone, neither would retreat an inch in support of his case. The practical illustration of that famous fly was chiefly in favor of its originator, but it was so directly antagonistic to all known rules governing fly making that I began to lose faith in the artistic beauties as they come from a master in the art. It is common sense to think that with such wonderful vision as a trout possesses he would rather take a small fly than a large one, but Ned even set that theory aside and used a No. 1 and 2 sprout, and with such bushment of feathers and wool as to make the appellation "dusting brush" the correct one.

His faith in Sir Izaak, I regret to state, is greatly disturbed, because that accomplished master of the gentle pastime says: "Doubt not but that angling is an art—an art worth learning," and his "jury of twelve flies" can be tested "to betray and condemn all the trout." Ned should read "Favorite Flies," by Mary Orvis Marbury, and he will then see a very large panel of expert anglers who in the aggregate give their experience with fully 300 favorite flies, while he affirms that a half dozen at most, and of his own make, are all he desires for an outing. While I do not acquiesce in his vagaries, I must honestly confess that he always secured an equal share of the trout when angling with me in either Lake Superior or the famed Nipigon. His ingenious fancies in the feathery art have been a source of great pleasure to me, but, I will also add, of much profit to him.

As we have followed this subject for the present far enough, we will revert once more to its practical part and cast our flies for the loveliest fish that swims. We had fished the pointed headland that leads to the bay till the radiant family evinced by their non-responses that they were not just then receiving company. Ned suggested a trial of the big rock below and to it we went. He took one end and I the other, and never were waters so completely showered and danced and skittered with flies as those which encompassed the gigantic rock of a hundred yards or more.

As the day was fast sinking and scrolls of pearly clouds were drawing themselves around the mountain crests and being wafted into the distant air, we concluded to start for camp with our two trout without further delay. The return trip was one of positive delight, the pictures of fading tints, the embodiment of lustrous light and most tender of shade, being really indescribable.

"See where the falling day
In silence steals away,
Behind the western hills withdrawn,
Her fires are quenched, her beauty fled,
While blushes all her face o'erspread,
As conscious she had ill fulfilled
The promise of the dawn."

Reaching the point where we had caught our trophies we made a brief halt, and it was an earnest test between

us who should coax and hang the first trout. Ned's flies went whizzing around quite lively, while mine were kissing the shady surface with the same intent. Alas, alas, that infernal bandit of red-headed and red-bodied notoriety received the first response, which came with a thunderbolt splash that slightly disturbed my equanimity. Ned sent the curved poniard into the lovely pilferer with a vengeance and after that played him like a master of the art, and then boated him, with his heart in a tumult of delight.

"Another knock down for the 'dusting brush,' the brush of deep dyed red, the brush that tempts and then devours," cried out Ned when he had taken in the loveliness of his victims.

"Say, boys, pull ahead for home. We want no more trout," I solemnly replied.

Ned triumphantly looked at me, and on seeing my somewhat disappointed air like a generous foe abstained from any reference to the success of his red-headed devil or the excess of his spoils. I was a little in the sulks, just a little, but determined if that flaming monstrosity of his excelled in our next outing it would necessitate some very fine and hard work on his part. I carried the silken banners of the artistic fly-makers, and would survive or perish in their behalf.

As we pushed along to our quarters, a delightful freshness, redolent with spruce and balsam, was in the air; the cool waters purled like a gentle streamlet, kind, quiet, soothing, but melancholy, while above a few faint stars looked from the unfathomed blue. Even

> "The sunbeams dropped
> Their gold, and passing in porch and niche,
> Softened to shadows, silvery, pale and dim,
> As if the very day paused and grew eve."

Reaching camp, we felt the need of a fire, and soon the half-breeds had the white smoke and golden sparks curving upward. There is nothing so pleasing as to gather around a camp-fire and while away the hours. In sweet mood we fight our battles o'er again and renew the pleasures of the past strife; stories of adventure are related, songs are sung, jokes are cracked and plans for the morrow consummated. Our half-breeds always added to such entertainments, and many an Indian story with its superstitious tendency has Kenosh related. That evening he was unusually talkative and interesting, for he was really, notwithstanding his pigeon-toed English, an excellent and impressive narrator. After he had told a very absurd and fabulous story of the creation of the Indian, he turned to us for our share of the programme. Ned's bear story was still ringing in his ears and he insisted that he was a "big story man." He tried to draw Ned into another recital, but his *el principe* was not half smoked yet and so he would not yarn just then.

"Well, you tell something then," he said, turning to me.

"You don't want any more bear stories," I replied.

"No, no, no burnt bears; they too much for me," he answered.

"I could tell a story of a man that killed a bear and then took to a tree to get away from it," put in Ned.

This created quite a laugh at Kenosh's expense, and one in which he did not join. It was a *quid pro quo* for Ned and completely silenced the dusky hero in the affair, who concluded that he was no match for the pale-faced angler of the snowy locks.

"Well," says I, turning to Kenosh, to relieve him as much from the embarrassment he was thrown into by Ned's piercing arrow as aught else, "I will tell you a story on one condition."

"What be it?"

"That you ask me no questions about it after I am through."

"All right, go ahead."

After the boys fixed the fire and had taken seats on the ground, with their backs against the flinty wall and their eyes and ears opened wide, I started the story in the old formula by stating that:

"Once upon a time a cunning fox came to a meadow where a flock of fine fat geese were feeding, and he said with a grin, 'I am come just as if I had been invited; you sit together so charmingly, I can eat you one after the other!' The geese cackled for terror, and sprang on their feet, and began to groan and beg pitifully for their lives; but the fox would hear nothing and said, 'There is no mercy—you must die!' At length one of them took heart and said, 'If we poor geese must at once give our young lives, show us yet one single grace, and permit us to say our prayers, that we may not die in our sins. Afterward we will all stand in a row, and you can pick out the fattest as you want us.' 'Well,' said the fox, 'that is a just and pious request. Pray away; I will wait for you.'

"So the first one began a long prayer and it would not cease; the second also commenced before his time and cried 'Ga, ga, ga!' the third and fourth soon followed, and in a few minutes they were all cackling together their prayers.

"When they have done praying this tale shall be continued, but meanwhile, I suppose, they are praying still."

"When will they stop praying?" inquired Kenosh, with a queer look on his face.

"You were to ask me no questions after I had concluded the story."

"Oh, I see, you fool me. White man too much for half-breed."

Ned at this finale having smoked sufficiently tossed away his unfinished cigar and, leaning back, laughed heartily at Kenosh being so cleverly tricked. The half-breed felt much embarrassed over the *contre coup*, and sat for quite a while holding his head with one hand, as if endeavoring to solve the riddle of "The Geese and the Fox." At last, having partly returned to his normal condition, he turned to me and said,

"You tell me when they done praying what the fox did?"

"Kenosh, you must keep the compact; ask me no questions."

"Me —— fool, that all."

Ned and I had to roar at his confusion, with his son Jo adding to the merry shouts.

The wily half-breed now threw up the sponge and never again reverted to the subject, but he kept in a deep study the remainder of the evening, doubtless trying to evolve some scheme wherein he could even up matters with the pale-face joker.

ALEX. STARBUCK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN NORTHERN WISCONSIN.

CHICAGO, July 17.—Five weeks ago a friend and myself left hot and dusty Chicago for a month's fishing trip among the lakes of northern Wisconsin.

Taking the 5 P. M. train on Chicago & Northwestern R. R. for State Line, Wis., at which place we arrived at 5.30 A. M. next day. After a good country breakfast, prepared by a comely woman of evident Irish descent named Sullivan, we started on our twelve miles ride through the woods to our destination, Bent's Resort, Lake Mamie, Vilas county, Wis.

The conveyance was a good strong buckboard, made expressly to stand the daily trip over this rough road. It was a typical backwoods wagon, as were the horses, harness and driver, the latter being a character. He wore a broad-rimmed gray felt hat, on which braid and gold embroidery were prominent. Around the hat, serving as a band, was a strip of black cloth on which were embroidered the words "Camp Assiniboine." The balance of his make-up was in conformity with his hat. Our first impression of the rig was that it was entirely too cumbersome, heavy and unwieldy, but before we had gone very far we changed our opinion. We sat in the middle seat and found the "board" rode very easily. This driver knew his business, as by talking to his team, saying, "Back, Colonel," "Steady, Nellie," "Easy there, beauties," he avoided the ruts, stumps and rough places exceedingly well.

About five miles from State Line our trials and tribulations commenced. Mosquitoes made their appearance, and in the language of my friend "they didn't do a thing to us." They were not your city mosquitoes, but big, cadaverous, hungry, hump-backed fellows with bills half an inch long. They were aggressive and no respecters of person.

When we arrived at Camp Assiniboine we were sad sights. The first lake we came to was the Saw Mill Lake, which contains no fish now; the next was Black Oak, named for the many black oak trees growing on its shores —a beautiful sheet of clear water with fine beaches.

In the early spring and during the fall landlocked salmon and pike are plentiful in this lake. We next came to Mirror Lake, very small, which contains nothing but carp, the fry having been put in by a half-witted homesteader who formerly lived on its shore.

Here we were halfway to our destination, and our ride was then through the virgin forest. After being out from State Line three hours we first got our glimpse of Lake Mamie and the camp. In five minutes we were at our journey's end, where we received a hearty welcome from the boys. After a thorough clean up, a good refreshing drink, we sat down to a black bass dinner, excellently cooked by Mrs. Chas. Bent. We had our appetites with us and did full justice to the meal.

We took a day's rest to get our bearings and ascertain about the different lakes.

It is an indisputable fact that with the aid of a guide one can fish for thirty days and fish in a different lake each day, and not be away from Camp Assiniboine over night.

We concluded to go to Wild Cat Lake, twelve miles distant, as it was getting late in the season to catch muskalonge.

We were informed it was a hard journey to go there on account of the portages, and that as we were the first to go there this summer we might encounter difficulties in getting through the connecting streams between lakes, but as we were determined to go preparations were made, such as packing provisions, tent, cooking utensils, blankets, etc.

Two guides were assigned us, and very good fellows they proved to be. One was an Irishman named Wallace, full of Irish wit, song and volubility of speech; the other "Dele" was the younger, of rather quiet disposition and manner.

Everything was made ready and at 9 o'clock we dipped oars and were off for Wild Cat Lake. Many of other fishermen who were at the camp made light of our going, saying that I never could stand the portages, as I was too slightly built, but at all events they gave us a hearty cheer and we were off.

Leaving the camp, we crossed lakes Mamie, Crooked, West Bay, through the thoroughfare to Big Lake, crossing which we came to the portage to Palmer Lake, a distance of 1½ miles, carrying our large boat, provisions, etc. Reaching the shore of Palmer, we again embarked, crossed this lake until we came to the west branch of the Otonagon River, which stream we traversed for two miles until we reached Tenderfoot Lake.

This stream is very picturesque, being very winding, overhung with pine, cedar and birch trees, and covered with the most beautiful and large pond lilies we had ever seen. We could see the ruins of many beaver dams, saw several deer, porcupines, mink, cranes, hawks and eagles.

We reached an island in Tenderfoot at 3 o'clock, where we camped over night. My friend and I took a small boat and we here first wet our lines, the result of which we caught thirty-two small-mouthed black bass in one and a half hours, the smallest of which was not under 2lbs., and ranging to 4lbs. We had a good fish fry for supper that night; the other fish we set free, not wishing to be wasteful.

The next morning we again started on our journey at 5:30 o'clock, dividing the party and taking smaller boats. After crossing Tenderfoot Lake we made a portage into Sanborn Lake, crossing which we then went through Sanborn Creek into Morton Lake, thence across to Morton Creek, through which we went to McCullough Lake. After crossing this lake we made a short portage into Knight Lake, which we crossed, and then commenced on the long portage of two and one-half miles to Wild Cat.

It was quite a severe task, as we made steep ascents, sharp declines, and through marshes; but we went on, and reached the shore of Wild Cat at 11 A. M., being four and one-half hours *en route*. We were all tired and hungry. Dinner was then cooked, after which we felt much refreshed.

We then embarked for the point where we were to pitch camp, and in thirty minutes were on the spot. All hands fell to, and before we had realized it camp was in order, even to making our beds of pine and balsam boughs.

At 4 o'clock we got into our boats and started for the muskalonge grounds. My friend caught the first one, 10lbs. in weight. I was almost envious, but before I could say a word I had one on my hook, and the way he started to swim was something new to me. He made a jump out of water that was a sight and an experience I never had before, this being my first muskalonge fishing. After a good hard fight he was brought to the boat's side; the guide hitting him over the head with a club, he was stunned enough for us to bring in the boat, which was promptly done; we finally killed him by cutting his vertebræ. I now had landed my first "musky" and felt quite proud over the feat.

Wild Cat is the nearest lake to Camp Assiniboine that contains "muskies," its waters flowing into the Mississippi River, the others into Lake Superior.

We remained here for five days, and as far as known were the first fishermen on Wild Cat this spring or summer.

We had a fearful storm one afternoon while here, the wind was high, rain heavy and much thunder and lightning.

We built a large camp-fire, sat around it and tried to make ourselves cheerful by telling yarns and singing songs, but to no purpose. It was too gloomy, so we all went to bed at 6 o'clock.

Deer were very plenty on the shores of this lake. The writer and his guide saw thirteen different ones in one day.

One night we had quite a concert which prevented us from sleeping much, as between the concert of the frogs, owl hooting, loons hallooing, and the howling of wolves sleep was quite impossible.

We had exceedingly good luck during our stay, having caught sixteen muskalonge and ninety-seven bass, the smallest of the latter weighing 2½lbs.; anything smaller we did not count.

Provisions gave out. As we had all the fishing we desired in Wild Cat, we decided to return to Camp Assiniboine.

Starting at 5:30 A. M., we reached our cabin at 4 P. M., after stopping an hour in Tenderfoot to cook dinner. We arrived in good cheer, well sunburned and joyful of our trip.

After a day's rest we again started to fish in the other lakes we had not yet fished in, viz., Crooked, West Bay, Big, Morley, Leo, Lindsay, Poor, Fish Hawk, Thousand Island, Bass, Palmer, McCullough, Knight, Morton and Tenderfoot.

We spent two or three days on some of the larger lakes, such as Big, Morton, Palmer and Tenderfoot, where we caught our largest bass. At times the bass bit so rapidly that after two hours' fishing the novelty wore off, and we seemed to be fishing for market.

After selecting what fish we wanted for our own consumption and remembering our Chicago friends, we released the balance to be again caught by some good angler. It can be safely said we caught 700 fish during our stay.

After having been at the camp "No see um, big feel um" made their appearance. The above quotation is what the Indians call the little black flies that bite so hard. The fishing and deer hunting should be good this fall, as then muskalonge, landlocked salmon and rainbow salmon will resume their biting, and deer should be very plenty, judging from the number we saw every day.

There are trout streams in the neighborhood, but we did not try them, though we met parties who did make good catches.

Not far from Lake Mamie are the Indian reservations of the Pottowatamies and Chippewas. We met several of the families encamped on the different lakes.

The Indian men "shine" for deer at night, a practice which should be stopped, as they do not discriminate between buck and doe, and many fawns are left in the woods to die.

Eagles are not an infrequent sight, as almost every day we would see one or more soaring in the air. We saw several eagles' nests in the limbs of tall pine trees.

During the last half of our stay Horace Bent guided us, from whom we learned much concerning the surrounding country. He entertained us with his fund of experience with different fishermen he has met during the past five years. Charlie Bent is the boniface and a good one he is.

Our stay was of five weeks' duration, and it was with great reluctance we started homeward. We hope to visit this camp again in September next, as we are infatuated with the place.

Plenty of fresh air, pure spring water, good food, accommodating guides, plenty of fish, obliging hosts, we could ask for nothing more. When we returned to our hotel, the Chicago Beach, the manager jestingly refused us admission, saying we were so brown and hair so long that we were Indians. We had a good time, came home refreshed and strong.

WILLIAM K. MCCLINTOCK.

The Nipigon.

NIPIGON, July 20.—The following sportsmen, J. L. Smith, of Minneapolis; Hon. Chas. B. Elliott, Minneapolis; Edward Hazen, of Duluth; Judge Morrison, of St. Paul, and Mr. Clark, of St. Paul, have just returned from a two weeks' trout fishing trip up the Nipigon River. They report trout very plentiful, and they caught some very fine specimens. Mr. Clark caught one 6½lbs., the largest caught. Mr. Smith caught one 5½lbs., and several 4 and 5lbs. each. They had very fine weather and altogether a very enjoyable time.

A party of four lady anglers from Cleveland, O., are at Camp Alexander, on the Nipigon, trout fishing and enjoying themselves.

Mr. John A. Lea, of Independence, and Mr. W. B. Stewart and M. C. Pelkington, of Scotland, have gone up the Nipigon for a three weeks' trout fishing trip.

July 22.—A Mr. Green, of Amsterdam, N. Y., caught a speckled trout that weighed 8lbs., in the Nipigon River, on July 21. This is the largest trout caught this season.

JOHN E. NEWSOME.

Rudyard Kipling's Salmon.

WHEN I went down the late Gov. Russell was on the train and we were together a day and a half. I found him one of the most entertaining companions I have met in a long while. If he had stayed on the river instead of going to the Chicago convention, who knows but what he may have been alive to-day?

Returning home I had the pleasure of traveling a greater part of two days with Rudyard Kipling, who had been down around Gaspe, and was chock full of enthusiasm and joy because he had taken a 15lb. salmon, the first and only one, I believe.

M.

FISHING IN NEW ENGLAND.

BOSTON, July 27.—Codfishing is a source of pleasure to many of the tired merchants and professional men of Boston. They go a-fishing off several points along the south shore, as well as in Buzzard's Bay, where some good hauls of bluefish have lately been made. Several points off Nahant are noted for giving good sport with codfish. Tuesday Mr. J. Hallett, of the *Industrial Record;* John Corbet, the celebrated football halfback; Francis Snow and one or two others went codfishing off the Nahant Ledges. They took in a few hours forty codfish, weighing from 7 to 10lbs. They are much delighted with the sport, and will go again in a day or two.

Wm. F. Gregory, with his wife and boys, is off on a fishing trip that promises to be a good one. They went first to Kineo, Moosehead Lake. From that point they started with the view of canoeing and carrying through to the waters of the St. John, and down this river to the Provinces. They will fish and camp by the way. The party is quite a large one, including also Mr. S. A. Phillips and Walter Balthray. Nine guides also make up the equipment. Mr. Gregory is one of the principals of a leading boot and shoe manufacturing concern and Mr. C. W. Shaw the other. Both have lately become much interested in fishing. Mr. Shaw is an enthusiastic member of the Duck Lake Club, at the Schoodics.

L. M. Crane, with his two sons, L. O. and J. F. Crane, is off for Round Mountain Lake. The two sons are accompanied by their wives. All are earnest fly-fishermen. The trip has long been planned, but put off for unavoidable circumstances till late in the season. A letter, however, from Mrs. Charles L. Bly last week, mentions excellent fly-fishing, and hence the Crane party is more hopeful. If trout are to be had, there is patience and skill enough in the party to take them.

G. N. Smalley and his son, Harry Smalley, are enjoying a fly-fishing trip at Big Island Pond. Late reports from them mention excellent fishing. They went in by way of Canada.

The Maine Editors and Publishers' Association has completed its tour of the Rangeley Lakes. Quartered at the Birches and Bemis, they were also entertained at the Rangeley Lake House and Mountain View House. J. Parker Whitney entertained the gentlemen and their ladies at his beautiful spot on the Upper Richardson. G. S. Rowell, editor of the Portland *Advertiser*, went a-fishing on Thursday, and became the lion of the party by landing a 5½lb. trout. Doubtless that region will now receive the desired boom through the Maine newspapers, a boom that makes the real sportsman tired, and causes him to seek woods and waters more remote.

Mr. James H. Jones has returned from his fishing trip on the brooks in Oxford county, Me. He went without great expectations, since it is midsummer, and generally the streams are low. From Buckfield, accompanied by his father, he fished some of the brooks in Buckfield, in Sumner and in Woodstock. He caught strings of trout that surprised the natives, who are generally too lazy to go a-fishing after the first "go off" in the spring. He caught trout up to ½lb. in weight, and fine strings, out of the very brooks the natives told him it was no use to fish He visited Little Concord Pond, in Woodstock, and found that Portland parties had a camp there, and that they have taken some big hauls of trout in the spring. From a brook in that section he took an elegant creel of trout. Deer are in that section, frequenting Big Concord Pond, Little Concord and Shag ponds. Five were killed there last fall. Mr. Jones, Sr., had a good sight at one deer. Both gentlemen were surprised at the beauty of the scenery of that section. Streaked Mountain hangs over Shag Pond, 2,000ft. above the sea, and 600 to 800ft. above the pond. Little Concord Pond is a jewel among the mountains that it takes a hunter to find. The distance is nearly twenty miles from a railroad, and a mile or two from an old country road that has been but little used for many years. But the curious fact is that such an animal as a deer was almost unknown in that section thirty years ago. Now they are really plenty. SPECIAL.

SUNDRY TOLEDO GOSSIP.

TOLEDO, O. July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream;* It was scarcely a month ago that I made up my mind that FOREST AND STREAM ought to have a bicycle department, and while I was considering whether or not it was my duty to write the editor to that effect, behold! the department blossomed out as it were spontaneously. The relation of the bicycle to the fisherman is perhaps as intimate and direct as in any other line of independent sport. For the past year or two some of our local fishermen have been riding their wheels along the bass rivers adjacent to Toledo, and we have discovered that as a dress for wading our bass streams the sweater, knickerbockers and long stockings make a costume admirably adapted to use with either rubber boots or full-length mackintoshes. Toledo fishermen are notably enterprising and up to date, and they are not only quick to adopt the good ideas of others, but have plenty good ideas of their own. For example, I encountered one of them the other day who had just built a new minnow seine, in the bottom of which, instead of the usual lead weights, he had run a chain. It needs no diagram to explain to the average fisherman that a seine so weighted will adapt itself to every irregularity of the bottom, and thus prevent the escape of the small fry.

And speaking of the bicycle and the fisherman, here was a little trip I took the other day, which illustrates what combinations of cross-country journeying are rendered possible with the aid of the wheel. The route in question was covered by the morning train from Toledo to Dundee, twenty miles, the wheel from Dundee along the banks of the River Raisin to Munroe, twenty-five miles (the same section of that stream that I ran by canoe two months before), thence by coasting steamer along Lake Erie twenty miles more to Toledo. Total of the three sides of the triangle, sixty-five miles; time, twelve hours, with plenty of leisure for a good country dinner in the middle of the day, and for numerous visits and gossip with the fishermen and farmers along the banks. Then too I carried my rod in my hand, my reel and my wallet in my pocket and a pair of waders strapped to the handle bar. I didn't fish, but that was simply because I didn't want to fish. It was pleasanter to lie in the shade and watch the operations of the man with a 20ft. bamboo, and to listen to his explanations of why the fish bit and why they didn't, as well as to hear about some of the fishing they used to have in the river ten or fifteen years ago. (Alas! that some of us should have been born a trifle late to enjoy it.)

Has any one ever said to FOREST AND STREAM that it was Toledo fishermen who discovered this spring that the proper way to take tarpon is to troll for them instead of casting a mullet out into the water and letting it lie there for five or six hours—more or less? That they were eminently successful in this new departure their score shows and the sport was greatly heightened. Possibly there may be others who have used the same method, but so far as I am aware there is no record of it. Perhaps I may be able to send you some notes of their experience later. JAY BEEBE.

Long Island Fishing.

MR. WM. BROWNELL, of New York, who has fished in almost every State in the Union as well as along the coast, went to Amityville, L. I., July 15, accompanied by Mr. Linaker, and securing a catboat went fishing for flounders. The fish were biting well and the two were busy for little more than half an hour, when Mr. Brownell, who was fishing with an 8oz. steel rod, felt a sudden tug at his 200ft. of oiled silk line as it began to run out, making the reel fairly sing.

"That's no flounder. It must be a weakfish. She goes like a harpooned whale," said Mr. Brownell, who has spent many years whaling in the North seas. Nearly 150ft. of line had run out, and knowing that he could not stop the fish with such light tackle, the fisherman called to his companion, "Pull up the anchor and follow the direction of my line; I will land this fish even if it be a shark." The boat was put under motion just as the last yard of line was paying out.

The fish sounded and came to a halt, but quick work on the reel did not let it rest an instant. Away it shot seaward, again making the reel hum, the boat following just fast enough to prevent a sudden parting of the line, which was kept taut, the fisherman never for an instant allowing it to slacken, but keeping the fish constantly on the move. Again the fish sounded and again ran; and it kept this up for one hour and twenty-three minutes, when it came to the surface helpless. Mr. Brownell, who had handled it so skillfully, now helped it into the boat. The fish proved to be a striped bass and weighed 24½lbs.

After the excitement caused by the bass had subsided Mr. Brownell tried trolling for bluefish and caught seven beauties, the smallest of which weighed 7lbs. When he came home on the evening train he had the pleasure of showing his friends a barrel well filled with a choice lot of fish. ANGLER.

New Hampshire Ouananiche.

BOSTON, July 23.—I have been much interested in the discussions as to the origin of the salmon, and repeat what I have stated before, that I believe the "waunanish" to be the original or aboriginal type. That perhaps in the glacial period, perhaps earlier or later, they were driven out of the fresh-water lakes, where they began life, and crowded down into salt water, and liked it so well that they have spent their winters there ever since, returning to their fresh-water homes to spawn and reproduce their species under familiar and natural conditions. But that some of them do remain in fresh water the first winter after spawning I know, for I have seen the kelts taken in the canals on the Merrimac, which they could only have entered from the upper ends, on their way down to the ocean, in the spring.

If the biennial theory of spawning, now generally accepted, is correct, this gives them a full year in salt water to recuperate for another spawning.

I am also very much delighted to see in your reports from the New Hampshire waters of the steady growth of these fish, the "waunanish," in those lakes, and to consider it as an actual "inspiration," which induced my old colleague, A. H. Powers, and myself to make the first plant of them in Squam and Sunapee lakes in 1877. I shall never forget the eight-mile trip through the woods over a tote road with a buckboard, which my son Sam and I took with two cans of fry, into the Connecticut lakes in 1880. New Hampshire has been well repaid for the expenditures which intelligent Legislatures have authorized for restocking her waters, and I am happy to say that I believe every year shows more and more respect for the fish and game laws, and fewer instances of their willful violation, though they still occur, I hope mainly from ignorance, from small boys and "city sportsmen." VON W.

Barnegat Bay and the Jersey Coast.

ASBURY PARK, N. J., July 24.—Surf fishing continues much the same as in my last week's letter, with but little of interest to anglers at any point, the only catch of importance being a 27½lbs. bass by Wm. Skirm, of Trenton, taken Saturday evening. Few people realize what the capture of such a fish means, in point of nerve and skill. While it is readily conceded that the heavy weights are not as swift of fin as those ranging from 5 to 15lbs., still their bulldog propensity for a fight is so pronounced that only the experienced can successfully cope with them. One false move, the fouling of line on guides or tip, and the fish with a respectable portion of the tackle is lost, and the angler has only reflection for his consolation.

In a recent issue of FOREST AND STREAM I took occasion to say to the net men "Don't," in relation to their fishing in Barnegat Bay. I know the feeling of the people in that vicinity, to say nothing of the determination of the Fish Commissioners to enforce the law. The consequence is two of the bold spirits are now languishing in the local jail in default of fines imposed. Not within ten years has that body of water been as prolific of fish life as at present. Everywhere as far as vision can reach may be seen the ripple of innumerable schools of menhaden, and to their presence can be attributed the glorious fishing now to be had. Already the bluefish are inside the inlet following their favorite prey, and while it may not be generally known, still it is a fact that the large weakfish—known as tide runners—feed greedily on the menhaden.

On Tuesday evening, in company with Judge Wm. B. Guild, his son Theodore, and John F. Seger, I paid my respects to old Barnegat, and such glorious sport few have experienced, and I think safe to say none have excelled. We took 142 fine tide runners, all magnificent fish, and it occurred to us that they put on their best fighting garb for our especial benefit.

I have taken black bass from stream and lake, and have caught trout under all conditions; the striped bass and bluefish are familiar captives for the past eighteen years, still never have I had more gloriously game fish to contend with, weight considered, than those of which I am now writing. To the angler who is skeptical I would say, come with me any night when the conditions are right and follow out the instructions I have previously given in relation to line equipment. To me the glory of night fishing is superb. The voice of day vocation is hushed; there is nothing but the gentle rippling of the waters to disturb the quiet grandeur of the bay, save the occasional dash of a shark or porpoise in pursuit of his prey. Far away to the eastward shines Barnegat Light with all that its name implies, to the mariner and the local salts as well. The paying out of line to the tide on the swell of expectancy, to be followed by the strike and glorious rush of the yellow-finned beauty, which, unconscious of the nature of his bondage, puts forth all the powers of his nature for liberty—all these are delights whose enjoyment is alone to be appreciated by the enthusiastic.

If anyone finds a hook, leader, float and about 25ft. of line attached to a weakfish of uncertain size heading toward Barnegat Inlet, the same may be returned to William B. Guild, Avon, N. J., and the finder will receive a generous reward, as the party above mentioned is in a quandary as to how it happened so quick.

LEONARD HULIT.

Fatal Accident at a Fishing Tournament.

PORT HURON, Mich., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The annual fishing tournament of the Port Huron Anglers' Protective Association was engaged in Wednesday afternoon at Stag Island, and was brought to a sudden termination by a distressing accident, in which one of the members, William M. Cline, lost his life.

Mr. Cline started out to fish in a boat in company with J. J. Cronan, Dr. W. S. Henderson and James Boardman. The boat was a small one and the four occupants overloaded it, but this fact was not noticed at the time. The party rowed to the Canadian shore and anchored out in the stream nearly opposite the Haynes cottage on Stag Island. The anchor rope was fastened to a seat near the center of the boat instead of at the bow, as is customary, and the boat swung broadside to the current. Fishing had been in progress but a short time when the trouble began. The boat made a sudden pitch toward the down stream side, probably caused by the swells of some passing steamer, and Mr. Cline threw himself to the opposite side to which the anchor line was fastened. This threw the edge of the boat under the water and in an instant the current carried the boat over, and the action of the anchor was to pull it beneath the surface. Mr. Cronan says that when he reached the surface of the water the boat could not be seen, and he struck out for the shore, which was about 200 or 250ft. away. Mr. Cline started to follow, but after swimming 20 or 30ft. evidently felt that he was unable to go so far and turned back to the boat, which by this time had come to the top of the water again. When within about 15ft. of the boat he was seen to throw up his hands, and as he cried, "Hurry up," went down and was seen no more. Dr. Henderson and Mr. Boardman clung to the boat and were rescued; Boardman, however, losing his hold and going down twice before being saved. Fred Wargowski and Peter Hill, Jr., who were in a boat a short distance below, quickly appreciated the situation and were the first to arrive. They pulled Boardman into their boat just as he was going down for the third time, and towed Dr. Henderson into shallow water. They did not realize that one of the party had been lost till Mr. Cronan came running along the beach and asked what had become of Cline. James Boardman was quickly resuscitated after reaching shore and dry clothes were supplied to the party from the cottages at the island. Dr. Henderson was the only one of the party who could not swim at all. James Boardman could swim some, but the excitement unnerved him and he became entirely helpless.

A Bass Story.

CAMBRIDGE, Mass.—I haven't been fishing as yet this summer, but have been doing the next best thing—reading FOREST AND STREAM. And reading FOREST AND STREAM is apt to make a fellow want to tell something of his own experiences. If ever there was a black bass crank he stands in my shoes, and anything relating to that wary and stubborn finny is hailed with delight by the same. Here is a black bass story which is true, I know, for it came from the lips of James Bradbury, one of the salt of the earth (or perhaps "salt of the water" would be better), who is my fishing companion every summer on Rodger's Lake, Conn. Mr. Bradbury never tells whoppers, though he catches lots of them. One day while fishing for shiners for bass bait in shoal water, and using a stick no larger than a horsewhip to which was attached a black linen thread and a tiny hook, Mr. Bradbury saw an immense fish move under the boat and swallow the bit of worm. At first he was too much surprised to do anything but stare; then he actually pulled into that boat hand over hand a 6½lbs. black bass, which made little or no resistance. If anyone has beaten this I would like to record it.

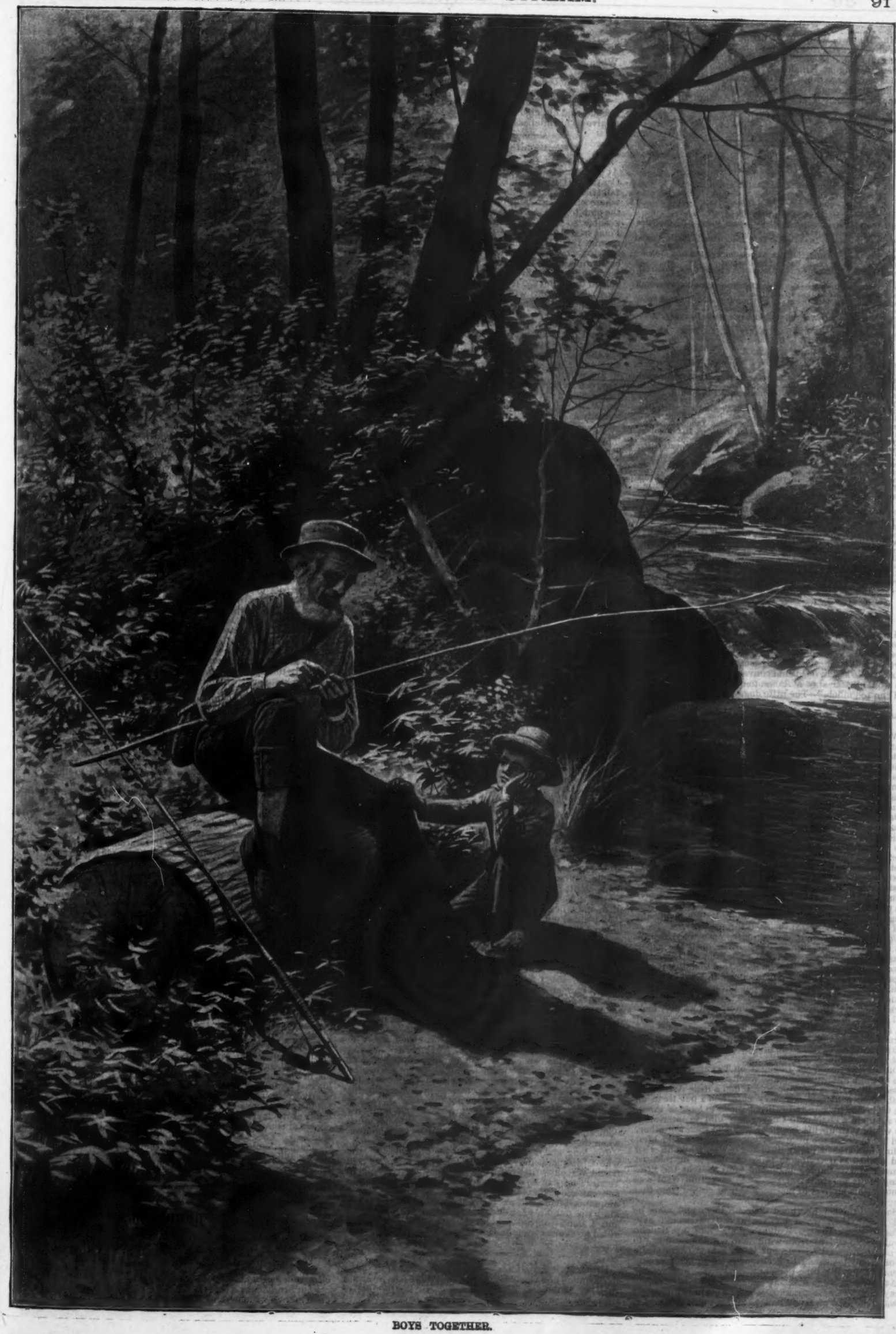
In appearance and disposition Mr. Bradbury resembles Fred Mather's Reuben Wood, only Mr. Bradbury still clings to the old-fashioned fishing gear, and often refers to my split-bamboo as a "first-rate pole for catchin' shiners." By the way, I hope Mr. Mather will continue those enjoyable sketches. JOE CONE.

Montezuma Black Bass.

MONTEZUMA, N. Y., July 20.—I send you photograph of a catch of fifty-eight black bass (largest 5½lbs.) and two pickerel, made here one day last week by Messrs A. P. Milne and A. T. Sansbury. The guide was Phinney Helmer, who knows all there is to know about the Montezuma marshes. S.

Lake Wentworth (N. H.) Bass.

HAVERHILL, Mass., July 24.—I was up on Lake Wentworth (railroad station, Mill Village, N. H.) a short time ago with three brother anglers after black bass. We took, in seven hours' fishing, over 100 fish from ½lb. to 2½lbs. Accommodations are good and guides know their business. Only four hours from Boston, Boston & Maine Railroad C. J. HALPEN.



BOYS TOGETHER.

Killaloe Salmon.

MR. ROBERT W. BROWNE, of the American News Co., this city, suggests that American salmon anglers who are going abroad may profitably avail themselves of the excellent fishing at Killaloe, Ireland, where the Shannon yields some large fish. Mr. Browne himself was present at the record capture of a 46½lb. salmon on Oct. 3, 1894. It took an hour to land this fish. In April of this year a 40lb. salmon was taken. The fishing is in preserved waters, and a fee is required. Mr. Browne will give information on request.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Sept. 1 to 4.—Kingston Kennel Club's bench show. H. C. Bates Cor. Sec'y, Kingston, Ont.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Rhode Island State Fair Association's fourth annual show, Providence, R. I.
Sept. 7 to 11.—Toronto Exhibition Association's eighth annual show, Toronto, Can. C. A. Stone, Sec'y of bench show.
Sept. 14 to 17.—Montreal Kennel Association's bench show, Montreal. G. Lanigan, Sec'y.
Sept. 22 to 24.—Milwaukee Kennel and Pet Stock Association's second annual dog show, Milwaukee. Louis Steffen, Sec'y.
Sept. 23 to 25.—Queens County Agricultural Society's bench show Mineola, L. I. J. Mortimer, Manager, Hempstead, L. I.
Oct. 6 to 8.—Danbury Agricultural Society's show, Danbury, Conn. G. M. Rundle, Sec'y.
Dec. 15 to 18.—Central Michigan Poultry and Pet Stock Association's show, Lansing, Mich. C. H. Crane, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y, Manitou, Man.
Sept. 7.—Kennedy, Minn.—Coutinental Field Trial Club's chicken trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y, Indianapolis, Ind.
Oct. 9.—Brunswick Fur Club's annual meet. Bradford S. Turpin, Sec'y.
Oct. 26.—Hempstead, L. I.—National Beagle Club's trials. Geo. W. Rogers, Sec'y, 250 W. Twenty-second street, New York.
Oct. 26.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.
Nov. 2.—Bicknell, Ind.—Continental Field Trial Club's quail trials. P. T. Madison, Sec'y.
Nov. 2.—Oxford, Mass.—New England Beagle Club's trials. W. S. Clark, Sec'y, Linden, Mass.
Nov. 10.—Columbus, Wis.—Northwestern Beagle Club's trials. Louis Steffen, Sec'y, Milwaukee.
Nov. 10.—Leamington, Ont.—Peninsular Field Trial Club, Leamington, Ont.
Nov. 10.—Central Beagle Club's trials. L. O. Seidel, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—National Fox Hunting Association's third annual trials, Bardstown, Ky. F. J. Hagan, Sec'y.
Nov. 16.—Newton, N. C.—E. F. T. Club's trials. S. C. Bradley, Sec'y, Greenfield Hill, Conn.
Nov. 17.—Chatham, Ont.—International Field Trial Club's trials. W. B. Wells, Sec'y, Chatham, Ont.
Nov. 23.—Newton, N. C.—U. S. F. T. Club's fall trials. W. B. Stafford, Sec'y.
Dec. 14.—Athens, Ala.—Dixie Red Fox Club's second annual trials J. H. Wallace, Sec'y, Huntsville, Ala.

CAN A DOG REASON?

MAPLE CORNER, Wellington, Conn.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Well, really, I must have my say. Of course, dogs reason. What other conclusion can be drawn! We start out to drive. Sancho expects to go as a matter of course. We say in our usual conversational voice: "Sancho would better stay at home to-day. It is hot and he will run too much." The little dog, apparently asleep on the lounge, gets up, goes out quietly and hides in the shrubbery; this not once, but many times. When nothing is said, he stays around and starts when we do.

We drive the two miles to the station for the mail nearly every morning—the mail stage not coming to our hilltop until afternoon. Often on our return we drive a little way up a crossroad to the cemetery. When Sancho gets to the turn he sits down and waits to see if we are going to make the diversion or are coming directly home. This not once, but dozens of times. There is another cemetery on this drive; there he never stops.

One day some one gave us a life-size picture of a famous actor. Having often heard that a dog would not notice a picture, I pinned it up in the bay window. Sancho was in another room. Presently the door was opened and he came in, noticed the picture immediately, mistook it for a man looking in at the window, went almost frantic barking at it—and he was a dog who never wasted a bark—rushed for the door, and when let out ran around the house to the bay window, looked up and saw the paper, and came back and went under the Glenwood range, a very much mortified dog indeed. We could not fool him that way again; we tried it repeatedly.

One day I threw a paper bag in the open wood fire in the old-fashioned chimney. It burned until the paper turned white, inflated, and the draught took it up the throat of the chimney. Sancho happened to notice it and began to prance and bark as if at a bird in a tree, and he would not be quieted. He was put out of the room, but came back and looked at the picture over the mantle and barked again. His master held him up and let him look and smell behind the picture; but he would not give it up, and behaved so badly that I got more paper bags and burned them in the same way. At the first one he barked a little, soon he ceased to be interested, and I could never fool him again in that way.

One day in New York I bought on Twenty-third street one of those absurd little white woolly dogs that when inflated will walk a yard or so. I had a little Astrachan cloth black penwiper dog, very cute, and I put them on the table side by side and called Sancho to look at them. He sat up in a chair, and I never saw him so interested. He would turn up his head one way and then the other, and try to get at the little toy; but his master held him, telling him what a pretty little dog it was, while he cried and whined as if trying to talk. At length he released himself and, springing upon the table, caught the little thing in his mouth. But one taste of cotton wool was enough—his interest in mechanical dogs ceased from that moment.

Some of the neighborhood dogs he liked and some he did not. Often when he was asleep we would say, "There comes George Knight's dog," and up Sancho would jump and fly from window to window, and beg to go out to meet his friend; but if we said, "There is the Lyons dog," he would look out with no show of excitement and never asking to go out.

At one time we had an invalid niece with us, and her pony Lightfoot was afraid of dogs, so a shepherd dog that always runs out at teams had to be kept chained, and it was amusing to see Sancho's exultation over this dog's discomfiture.

Sancho often for months went with me to call on a sick friend. After awhile she was taken to the hospital. When Sancho went next time he looked for her all about the house, then went to her room and, putting his forepaws on the bedstead, stretched himself up to see if her white face was among the pillows.

I thank Mr. Adams for his defense of our canine friends, and am glad that there is a FOREST AND STREAM to give us his interesting articles. ANNIE A. PRESTON.

Continental Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., July 24.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* At the request of many owners and handlers of dogs, the Continental Field Trials Club has decided to transfer its fall trials from Bicknell, Ind., to some point in the South where suitable grounds can be had. It is the intention of the club to hold the trials as near to West Point, Miss., as possible, so as to accommodate the patrons of the West Point trials. The date of the trials has not yet been determined, but will probably be about Feb. 1. There will be two stakes run, a Derby and an All-Age Stake. The breeds in each will be run together. The purse in each stake will be $500, divided $200 to first, $150 to second, $100 to third and $50 to fourth, with $10 forfeit and $10 to start. The Derby will be reopened and the entries will close Sept. 1. The entries to the All-Age Stake will close Oct. 1.

I am instructed to say to those who made entries in the Bicknell Derby that their entries can stand and be transferred to the Southern meeting without their having to pay the second forfeit, as the second forfeit is done away with under this new arrangement, only the starting fee of $10 will be further required. To those who prefer they can withdraw their forfeits now and have their dogs declared out of the stake. Mr. Royal Robinson and Mr. W. S. Bell will judge both stakes. Entry blanks will be ready as soon as the location has been determined.

CHICKEN DERBY ENTRIES.

Jas. S. Crane's Firefly, liv. and w. pointer bitch (Rip-Rap—Clipaway II.).
A. C. Peterson's Minnie P., o. and w. English setter bitch (Antonio—Hunter's Nellie Bly).
Dr. L. C. Bacon's Mollie Pitcher, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).
Dr. C. I. Shoop's Aloysia, lem. and w. pointer bitch (Rip-Rap—Dolly D.).
Ernest C. Johnson's Queen of Morocco, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Spot B.—Miss Monk).
W. R. Holliday's Billy T., b. and w. English setter dog (Revenue—Daisy Bondhu).
Del Monte Kennels' Tick's Kid, b. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).
Del Monte Kennels' Tony Works, liv. and w. pointer dog (Tick Boy—Lulu K.).
John Wootton's Bill Bondhu, b. and w. English setter dog (Dick Bondhu—Maud).
John Wootton's Rosa Bondhu, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Dick Bondhu—Maud).
Col. Jas. D. Poston's Florence Gladstone II., b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Antonio—Florence Gladstone).
Thos. H. Terry's Hempstead Druid, —— pointer dog (—— — ——).
D. E. Rose's (Agt.) Guenn, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Blue Ridge Marse—Lou R.).
D. E. Rose's (Agt.) Christina, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Blue Ridge Marse—Lou R.).
D. E. Rose's (Agt.) Count Odean, o. and w. English setter dog (Count Gladstone—Topsy Avent).
L. W. O'Byrone's Moerlein, b. and w. pointer dog (Rip-Rap—Bell of Ossian).
L. W. O'Byrone's Red Skin, liv. and w. pointer dog (Louis Kent—Fleety's Fay).
Geo. E. Gray's (Agt.) Rod's Pell, b., w. and t. English setter bitch (Rodfield—Opel).

P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas.

How, Who, Which, Why, What?

HORNELLSVILLE, July 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I'm a little like the man who didn't know who he was, after getting over typhoid fever, and went around asking people "Who am I?" and when they told him he was John Smith, he wanted to know, "But who's John Smith?" You see, the boys chaffed me for being disqualified, and when I wanted to know how, when and why, they pointed out that on May 14 the Advisory Committee ordered the Bull Terrier Club to apologize to Dr. Foote and Mr. Schellhass, giving the club fifteen days to eat crow, or it would be disqualified with "its officers," and on May 21 the A. K. C. backed the Advisory Committee up and that the Bull Terrier Club hadn't put crow on the plate yet.

Now I am an officer, as I am one of the executive committee, and the executive committee passed the sassy resolutions; so it looked as clear as a hole through a ladder that I was bounced, and as I hadn't any more to do with passing that resolution than Mr. Chauncey Depew, I couldn't see what I was disqualified for. Then Mr. Vredenburgh, as secretary of the A. K. C., writes me and publishes in the papers that I am not disqualified, and of course that settles it that I am all right yet. Then he hauls me over the coals for making such an "unfounded statement." But, as the executive committee did the sassing, I can't see why they are not "the officers," and as they order the president, vice-president and secretary what to do, it strikes me that they are mighty much "officers," and I don't see that the boys were "unfounded" when they chaffed me.

The long and short of it is, "Who are officers," and who is disqualified? "Who is John Smith?" My old friend Watson writes me that the members of the Bull Terrier Club can be disqualified if they don't get together and eat crow for what "the officers" did. Well, being disqualified don't suit me worth a cent, but when I was a kid I was taught, "Let every fellow skin his own skunks," and I don't propose to skin any but my own. I have killed no skunks lately, as I dislike to skin them.

J. OTIS FELLOWS.

Mr. G. Muss-Arnolt has accepted an invitation to judge dachshunde and Great Danes at Montreal. It is probable that Mr. Arnolt and Mr. Mason will do all the judging at that show.

ESQUIMAUX DOGS AT THE ZOÖLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE deposit of eight typical specimens of Esquimaux sledge dogs in the Zoölogical Gardens, where they will remain until September, affords a valuable opportunity of studying the form and to some extent the habits of this most useful variety. To naturalists the Esquimaux dog is exceedingly interesting, inasmuch as it throws great light upon the origin of the domestic animal—breeding freely and being habitually crossed with the wolf in order to obtain greater strength and endurance. I have much pleasure in calling attention to the very correct drawing of specimens of these animals by the well-known canine artist Mr. Wardle. The specimens in the gardens have been employed in sleigh drawing, and several of them are valuable as being experienced and well-trained animals that can be trusted as the leaders of the teams, and are most obedient to the voice of the occupants of the sleighs.

The origin of these dogs has been carefully considered by that extremely practical naturalist, Mr. Bartlett, the superintendent of the gardens. In a contribution to the proceedings of the Zoölogical Society in 1890, he wrote as follows:

> There can be no doubt that the Esquimaux dogs are reclaimed or domesticated wolves. All wolves, if taken young and reared by man, are tame, playful, and exhibit a fondness for those who feed and attend to them. The same may be said of all the species of jackals.
>
> I have found no difficulty in crossing wolves and jackals with domestic dogs, when suitably matched. It is a well-known fact that the Esquimaux frequently allows his dogs to breed with wolves, in order to keep up the strength, the power of endurance and the courage of the race.
>
> Domestic dogs exhibit many of the habits of wolves and jackals, such as the scratching up of earth with the front feet, and the pushing back of it with the hind feet, in order to cover up the droppings.
>
> The whining, growling and howling of wolves, jackals and dogs are so much alike as to be undistinguishable; but the barking of dogs is undoubtedly an acquired habit, and doubtless due to domestication. Wolves and jackals in a wild state never bark, nor do Esquimaux dogs or dingos, but if kept associated with barking dogs, these and other wild dogs in many instances acquire the habit of barking.
>
> A well-known instance of this occurred under my notice. A wild Antarctic wolf, after a few months, hearing the barking of dogs in the immediate neighborhood, began to bark, and succeeded admirably. The same thing has happened to my knowledge in the case of pure-bred Esquimaux dogs and dingos.

The utility of the Esquimaux dog in the frozen regions of the North is well known. Without its aid, locomotion and life itself would be impracticable in these snow-covered regions. Its power and capability of endurance are most remarkable. In proportion to its size, there is no animal that has so great a power of draught as the dog, nor has any other the capability of such violent and long continued exertion. The dog is of all animals that which draws most willingly. Those who have witnessed its employment in Belgium and other parts of the continent must be fully aware of the readiness with which it throws itself into the collar, and pulls with a force which is marvelous for so small an animal. In this country, however, its use for this purpose has been for many years forbidden by an act of Parliament, which was passed at the instigation of maudlin sentimentalists, who thought that because the dog is a domesticated animal it should not be employed in the way in which it was of great service to man. Much ridiculous nonsense was said and written respecting its being unfitted as a beast of draught, and that its feet were incapable of enduring the strain put upon them and the friction of the roads—a statement which is disproved by an examination of the Belgian dogs, and which, if true, would be a reflection upon the design of its structure. The prohibition of the utilization of the dog as a draught animal, because in some instances it had been overtasked by brutal owners, is as absurd as the prohibition of the use of donkeys and horses would be because in some cases there are masters who overtask and ill use them. Into the power and endurance of the dog as a sledge drawer it is unnecessary to enter, as it is familiar to all readers of works on Arctic travel and exploration.

The dogs now in the Gardens are the first installment of those that are designed for use in the proposed Antarctic exploring expedition which is to start in September next. This expedition, according to a statement of Mr. Bowick, the chairman of the executive committee, will consist of a whaling vessel of about 300 tons, to be accompanied by a small steamer of about 70 tons. The party is expected to leave in September, and, after calling at Melbourne, to proceed direct to Cape Adair, Victoria Land, which under favorable circumstances should be reached in about fourteen days. There the specialists will be landed with their instruments and outfit for one year. Provisions for a considerably longer period will, however, be taken ashore.—*W. B. Tegetmeier in London Field.*

THE TYPE OF ENGLISH SETTERS.

PITTSBURG.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I am an admirer of the English setter, concerning both as he is of interest on the bench and useful in the field, though I am somewhat the more partial to him as a working dog. This is not strange at all when it is considered that my greatest pleasure is shooting over the dog afield. Of course the matter of type is a secondary affair in the consideration of a field dog, though by that I do not mean that it is not an important consideration. I wish it understood that the critical scrutiny from the bench show standpoint is not in evidence. Though chiefly admiring the setter for his real usefulness afield, I have my own ideas of type, as nearly every sportsman has. To be frank on this matter, I think that there is very little real type in the English setter of to-day. It is the rarest thing in the setter classes at shows to see two dogs which are at all near a standard. They all differ from each other and from the standard. Judges are censured by the disappointed exhibitor and the virtue of the standard is invoked by the latter to show that he is correct, and it would seem that each disappointed exhibitor had in mind that the standard exactly fitted his own dog, and only in part could any others find any of it which would fit them.

In bringing such a miscellaneous assortment of setters before a judge, the most that could be expected of him in reason would be to award the prizes accordingly as the dogs more or less came up to the requirements of the standard. It would be manifestly unjust to censure the judge for placing a dog first which did not meet the requirements of the standard when there were no dogs in the class which could meet such requirements.

I am firmly convinced that the past few years have done more for the degeneration of the breed of English

setters than all the preceding years have improved them. How exceedingly unjust it is then to find fault with the judge for the absence of type in his awards when there is no uniformity of type for him to pass upon. This state of affairs is brought about by the breeders themselves, not by the judges.

Contrast the light, weedy specimens of the English setter to-day, which may be seen about Pittsburg and in the South at the trials, with the well-developed dogs of ten or twenty years ago, and then contrast the dogs of to-day one with another. It will be found that they differ greatly from the dogs of the years gone by and from each other as they are supposed to represent the breed to-day.

Note the manner in which the pointers have steadily overtaken the setters in the competition in the trials, and to-day are admittedly the superior of the long-haired rival which so proudly and so boastfully held the supremacy a few years ago. Far be it from me to insinuate that the ascendency of the pointer is due to the decline of the setter. The pointer has greatly improved and deserves much praise for it and for the persistent pluck which accomplished so much in the face of such discouragements as were his in the struggle for victory; but I do claim that the ascendency of the pointer is in a measure due to the degeneration of the setter. It made a speedier and an easier task for him that his rival degenerated as he improved himself. The bench show and the field trials alike are a witness to the decline of the English setter.

Each interest is inclined to blame the other. The advocates of the bench show claim that the field trials have harmed the type of the breed, and the field men reply that the bench shows have developed a type worthless in the field for shooting purposes. And for the unfortunate results it seems to me each in his own field is to blame, the field men for the field dogs and the showmen for the show dogs. There are no two types, no distinct field type and bench type. If a lot of dogs were turned loose together, no one could tell which was the field and which the workers, for some handsome dogs are good field dogs, and *vice versa* some homely ones are excellent in the field, and some of both sorts are worthless, yet few are near the standard.

FIELD TRIALER.

The Toronto Show.

THE following specials have been offered by the American Dachshund Club, to be competed for at the Toronto Industrial Exhibition Association's Dog Show, beginning Sept. 7.

1. The Venlo Challenge Cup, value $100, for best dog or bitch in the show, the property of a member, to be won three times, a diploma also being given with each win.

2. The Klein Breeders' Trophy, value $50, for the best dog or bitch puppy, bred, owned and exhibited by a club member, to be won by three different dogs bred by same exhibitor, diploma given with each win.

Also $5, club special, for best black and tan dog, same for bitch. $5, Arthur Froembling special, for best red dog, same for bitch. $5, by a friend of the breed, for best brace (dog and bitch) black and tan, open to all. $5, by a friend of the breed, for best brace (dog and bitch), reds, open to all. $10, to the owner of the best sire, represented by two or more of his get out of two or more bitches, open to all. Silver medal, to the best American bred dog or bitch.

The secretary is holding the prize list back on account of the number of special prizes that are rapidly coming in. All those desirous of donating specials please to notify the secretary at once, so that they may appear in the prize list. The judges so far appointed are Messrs. James Mortimer, of New York city, and J. F. Kirk, of Toronto.

C. A. STONE, Sec'y.

Queens County Agricultural Society.

HEMPSTEAD, L. I.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The following gentlemen have been invited to judge at the above forthcoming show:

Dr. Richard H. Derby, mastiffs; Mr. W. H. Joeckel, St. Bernards; Mr. Charles D. Bernheimer, Great Danes and poodles; Mr. H. W. Huntington, greyhounds, deerhounds and Russian wolfhounds; Mr. A. C. Pickhardt, pointers; Dr. H. Clay Glover, English, Irish and Gordon setters; Mr. A. Belmont Purdy, foxhounds; Mr. A. Clinton Wilmerding, field, cocker, Clumber and Irish water spaniels; Mr. A. D. Lewis, collies; Mr. George B. Post, Jr., beagles; Mr. C. G. Hopton, bull dogs; Mr. Perry Tiffany, bull terriers; Mr. C. F. Leland, Boston terriers; Mr. German Hopkins, fox terriers; Mr. Lawrence Timpson, Basset hounds, dachshunde, Irish, Scottish, Skye and Dandie Dinmont terriers; Mr. R. F. Mayhew, bloodhounds, Newfoundlands, old English sheep dogs, Bedlington terriers, black and tan, white English and Yorkshire terriers, pugs, Italian greyhounds, schipperkes, King Charles, Blenheim, Ruby, Prince Charles and Japanese spaniels and miscellaneous.

JAMES MORTIMER, Sec'y and Supt.

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

We have received a copy of the following circular from Mr. John Wootton, the Hon. Secretary-Treasurer of the Manitoba Field Trials Club, which in itself shows the activity of the club and its earnest endeavor to remove all obstructions to American patrons and make competition in Canada as easily obtained as if it were in the United States. Much praise is due the club for its work in behalf of American patrons, and they should manifest their appreciation of it by a liberal entry. The circular is as follows: "The Manitoba Field Trials Club have made arrangements with the customs authorities so that all American dogs entered in either the Derby or All-Age stakes will be admitted free of duty and without a bond or deposit of any kind at either Gretna or Winnipeg. But in order to obtain the benefit of this arrangement handlers or owners must make their entries with the secretary in time for him to communicate with the club's customs brokers at these ports of entry. Mr. M. Long is the club's broker at Gretna and Mr. S. T. Hanscombe at Winnipeg. In consequence of the delay in perfecting these arrangements the club have found it expedient to extend the time for receiving entries for their Derby till Aug. 1, at which date the entries for both stakes will positively close."

A Minneapolis exchange is very sanguine that a successful bench show could be held in that city, and indeed there is no valid reason why such a show should not be held; but its standard of successful shows is entirely too high. At Milwaukee it estimates there will be 1,500 blue-blooded dogs. A circuit meet of the coursing associations, to follow the bench shows, it predicts would bring to Minneapolis 500 greyhounds. Here is indirectly the old, old question, whether the greatest pleasure is in the anticipation or the reality.

There seems to be much misapprehension concerning the status of a suspended club and its members in their relations with the A. K. C. The suspended club is deprived of A. K. C. privileges. The individual standing of the members is not affected in the least, except in such case as they were officers. Of course, the Bull Terrier Club of America's suspension is the matter under consideration. The suspension clause concerning this matter is as follows: "Ordered, that the Bull Terrier Club of America be and is hereby granted fifteen days in which to comply with the resolution of this committee, adopted at its meeting April 1, 1896, in default of which said club and its officers, holding office on Jan. 13, 1896, shall be suspended." The officers of the club not in the official capacity but as individuals are suspended, and the club as an organization is deprived of A. K. C. privileges.

Science Siftings this week contains an account of interesting—albeit cruel—experiments with regard to the brains of dogs, the result being to show that where dogs are trained to do things which require mental effort or the exercise of a special sense, such as the color sense or the sense of number, extraordinary development of certain portions of their brain ensues. This suggests the conclusion that training through many generations would enable the brains of dogs to approximate in some spheres of mental activity to those of men.—*British Fancier.*

Mr. H. B. Donovan, Secretary-Treasurer of the Canadian Kennel Club, announces that a nomination and executive meeting of the club will be held at Queen's Hotel, Toronto, on Friday, Aug. 7, at 8 P. M. The business to come before the meeting is to receive nominations for officers for the ensuing year, incorporation, reception of new members and other business.

On July 26 Thomas Atwater Jerome died at New Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y., of acute gastritis. He was conspicuous in canine interests in the beginning of bench shows and field trials. For many years he held a position in the Custom House of New York, which ill health forced him to resign about four years ago. He was born in 1810.

Wheeling.

Communications for this department are requested. Anything on the bicycle in its relation to the sportsman is particularly desirable.

SQUIRREL SHOOTING WITH A BICYCLE.

[Concluded from page 74.]

FOR half an hour I listened to the sounds of the woods, the faint rustling of the leaves that every now and then suggested the scamper of a squirrel, the notes of the migrating robins in the treetops or the strident cawing of suspicious crows.

From time to time I could hear shots that betokened others were afield already, and I knew that my time for hunting was short, for soon the woods would be full of a medley assembly from city and country, and the game that wasn't killed would all be in hiding. So as I saw nothing I began to grow a trifle nervous, and consider the advisability of moving on.

A gun fired a short distance ahead deterred me, and presently my patience was rewarded, for I sighted squirrel number two coming through the trees in my direction. This squirrel, however, was of a capricious temper, and descended to the ground at frequent intervals, while at other times he made side excursions to various small hickories that as far as I could see contained no nuts. He was barely out of range during these maneuvers, and his conduct was highly exasperating considering the rapid approach of daylight and the consequent termination of my hunt.

After thirty minutes or so of such meaningless action, the squirrel at last appeared on the trunk of a fallen tree 50yds. away, and I risked a shot with the result of scoring a miss. I ran to the spot as fast as I could, knowing my action would rattle the squirrel and prevent him finding a good hiding place, and when I got to the log I stopped and sat down.

I scanned the neighboring trees without moving more than I could help, and presently detected a movement in the top of a large oak that grew on higher ground to my left. A little later the squirrel ran out on a dead branch and began cussing at the mortal who had given his nerves such a shock a moment before. This was my opportunity. So taking a very careful sight at the white chest which showed plainly over the small branch upon which the squirrel perched, I fired. The shot struck fair, but instead of falling the squirrel caught the branch by one hindfoot and hung, his body gently swaying backward and forward. I sat and watched him for several minutes, thinking he would fall, but though he showed no signs of life he still hung there supported by the involuntary grasp of his scimiter claws. Finally I dislodged him by another shot, and then I moved on to a corner where intersecting fences met.

I had seen squirrels before in this neighborhood, and an old and shattered chestnut of enormous proportions bore evidence of being a den tree by thousands of claw marks on its heavy trunk. The rail fence which ran past it, too, was literally covered with these hieroglyphics which are so full of meaning to the hunter of small game.

At this spot I did not have long to wait, for presently, right over toward the sun, I saw a gray approaching. He was a long distance off and looked very small as he ran along a branch outlined against the sky or down a tree trunk, but later he proved to be a particularly large squirrel. While watching this squirrel I suddenly spied a second following exactly the same path the first was taking. The route through the treetops was no doubt a well-known runway, for the second squirrel duplicated each crook and turn made by the first even to the minutest detail, though he was, as a rule, several trees behind. As the squirrels approached they passed a region where the trees, which were large oaks, grew very sparsely, and here it was interesting to watch their knowledge of the route.

At many points it seemed impossible that they could advance further without descending to the ground, but every time they conquered the difficulty without hesitation. Sometimes they would enter an apparently isolated tree, run up the trunk or down, as the case might be, and then almost doubling back on their track pass into some neighboring tree by the only available branch.

When the first squirrel was almost within range he executed a very peculiar maneuver, which, strangely enough, was exactly duplicated by the second. A large oak had one of its main branches near the top shattered either by lightning or the wind, and when this tree was reached both squirrels in succession ran out this branch to its very end and seemed to sink their bodies in some cavity. They remained here for some moments and then retraced their course to leave the tree, showing that this had been a detour with a purpose. What it meant I have no idea.

By the time the second squirrel had left the scared limb the first was in the act of crossing into the big chestnut near which I stood. For an instant both squirrels were lost to sight, and taking advantage of the opportunity offered I raised my rifle and held it ready to fire. A moment later the first gray came in sight, but I waited a little longer to give the second a chance to catch up.

The first squirrel ran up the side of the chestnut till he came near the top, and then fearing he would go into a hole and be lost I made a slight movement that caught his eye and gave me the chance for a shot. A better mark could not be desired than he made as he paused, outlined against the sky, and when I fired he came down, turning convulsive somersaults as he fell.

The same instant squirrel number two, who had meanwhile gained the chestnut, jumped around to my side of the tree to see what the trouble was, and I dropped him with the second shot immediately beside his partner. They fell so close to each other in fact that a handkerchief would have touched each as they lay.

This was destined to be my last game for the day, for as I moved on I began meeting parties of boys and men armed with shotguns every little distance, and soon the woods were full of hunters. These hunters made a practice of shooting every nest they came too, but they picked up very few squirrels in this way, and in fact it was only very occasionally that they could boast of any game at all.

It went against the grain to see the nests fired into, for undoubtedly squirrels were killed or wounded in some of them that could not be disloged, and it was a waste of breeding stock for another year. It was also a matter of some danger to be in the woods in company with so many reckless shooters, so I pushed my bicycle ahead rapidly, aiming for the Richmond road, a mile south of the point where I had left it in the morning. Once as I passed through a corner of the woods where there were less hunters than elsewhere I saw a gray on the ground 200yds. ahead, but he had treed or holed before I got there and I left him in peace.

After I reached the road it was all smooth sailing. The grade is down hill and one can coast most of the distance from the woods to the railroad. Though it was a holiday, large gangs of Italian laborers were at work on the street railway line, rushing it toward completion, and as I passed these the squirrels hanging from my handle bars were the cynosure of all eyes. Several times some swarthy workman rushed out in my path and asked to examine the game, and as I humored them knots of gesticulating, jabbering Dagos would cluster around and stroke and examine the squirrels. The instinct of the chase seems to be strong in these Italians, but I have never had the pleasure of seeing one that knew how to shoot, though one runs across them frequently in the woods about New York armed with all kinds of antiquated weapons.

I reached the Rapid Transit R. R. by 9 o'clock and was back in New York at 10, having enjoyed the pleasures of hunting and cycling combined. To my mind cycling is made doubly attractive if it has some object. It has never been any satisfaction to me to pedal off the miles without regard to circumstances or surroundings. If I can add a little exploration for signs of small game during the summer and a little hunting during the open season the pleasure is more than doubled. With the aid of the bicycle one can visit out-of-the-way nooks that are not easily accessible either by rail or on foot, and the weight of a small caliber repeater strapped to the wheel detracts in no way from its running qualities.

J. B. BURNHAM.

A New Record.

AN hour and twenty minutes for a distance of ten miles does not look like much of a record for a bicycle rider, yet when it is known that this was accomplished riding backward the time for the performance seems very creditable. A Frenchman named Paupart is the hero of this so-called record. The fact that he rode from Paris to Versailles over a crowded course and at the risk of constant collision with passing vehicles does add to one's appreciation of the quality of this crab-like rider's brains.

Swift Justice.

A YOUNG cyclist rushing along the Grosse Frankfurter Strasse at racing pace knocked down an old lady who was crossing the road. Without troubling himself about the result of the collision, he sprang on his machine and was rushing off, when, in his hurry, he himself came into violent contact with a beer wagon, one of the wheels of which passed over his right leg, breaking it above the ankle.—*Berliner Tageblatt.*

Egg Races.

IN Paris they have adapted the idea of potato races to bicycling by placing five eggs at different points in the course and requiring the bicycle riders to break them with their front wheels. Egg races are said to be highly amusing, for it is not as easy as it looks to break the eggs and finish in good time.

Night Effects.

On the other side of the Atlantic they have a pretty custom of carrying paper lanterns at the handle bars of their bicycles instead of the conventional light. If one happens to be caught out late without his lamp all he has to do is to go to some convenient shop and buy a Chinese lantern, which costs but a few cents. Once in a while in New York one sees parties of cyclists so equipped, but here the idea seems mostly to be confined to the feminine element, which is quick to appreciate the attractive effect. Looking up the Boulevard these summer nights at the gliding lights of the hundreds of firefly bicyclists, the occasional parti-colored lights of the paper lanterns furnish pleasing contrasts in what *Life* has termed "The charge of the Light Brigade."

For the Chain.

BICYCLISTS who have not yet found a chain prescription that suits them might try the following, always bearing in mind the fact that gasoline is a bad thing to have in the neighborhood of a light. Clean the chain in kerosene to cut stiff grease; then cleanse with gasoline. Next immerse in a pan containing a mixture of hot vaseline and graphite, the graphite being added till the combination is nearly black. Work the chain around till the mixture enters all the joints, and when cold wipe the chain clean of all surplus grease. This treatment is said to last a long time, and it undoubtedly has good points; but the plan of mixing lubricants designed to act on the surface of the chain with those intended to penetrate the joints is of doubtful utility.

Yachting.

FIXTURES.

S indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Union of L. I. Sound.
M indicates races sailed by the Yacht Racing Ass'n of Massachusetts.

AUGUST.

1. Beverly, 3d cham., Buzzard's Bay.
S 1. Indian Harbor, An., Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
1. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
1. Waterside, special.
1. Squantum, cham , Squantum, Mass.
M 1. Savin Hill, open, Savin Hill, Boston Harbor.
1. Chicago, dinghy race, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
New York Y. C. cruise—
3. Rendezvous, Glen Cove.
3-6. Interlake Y. R. A. regattas, Put-in-Bay, Lake Erie.
4. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
4. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
S 5. Huntington, An., Huntington, L. I. Sound.
5. Plymouth, ladies' day, Plymouth Harbor.
6. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
6. Fox Lake, club, Fox Lake, Ill.
S 8. Hempstead Harbor, An , Glen Cove, L. I, Sound.
8. Beverly, open, Marblehead.
S 8. New Rochelle, special, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
8. Winthrop, race to Marblehead, cruise, Massachusetts Bay.
8. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
8. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
8-9. Interlake Y. R. A. cruise, Put-in Bay to Cleveland, Lake Erie.
M 10-11. Manchester, open, Manchester, Mass.
12-14. Corinthian, summer series, Marblehead.
15. Corinthian, club, Marblehead.
S 15. Corinthian fleet, An., New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
15-20. Erie, open regattas, Erie, Lake Erie.
15. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
S 15. American, special, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
15. Roy. St. Lawrence, cruise, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 15. Stamford, Hoyt cups, Stamford, L. I. Sound.
15. Cor. Atlantic City, ocean race, catboats, Atlantic City.
15. Chicago, race and run, Menominee, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
S. Eastern, Vineyard Haven to Marblehead.
17-20. Hempstead, An. cruise.
M 17-18. American, open, Newburyport.
18. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
18. Winthrop, evening race, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
18. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special knockabout, Marblehead.
19. Eastern, 30ft. regular and special, Marblehead.
M 20. American, open, Portsmouth, N. H.
21. Kennebunkport, open, Kennebunkport, Me.]
M 21-22. Wollaston, open, Wollaston.
22. Beverly, 4th cham , Buzzard's Bay.
M 22. Revere, open, Revere, Lynn Bay.
22. Roy. St. Lawrence, Hamilton trophy, Montreal, St. Lawrence River.
S 22. Horseshoe Harbor, An., Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 22. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
22. Hull, open, Hull, Boston Harbor.
24-26. International races, Toledo, Lake Erie.
M 25. Duxbury, Plymouth Harbor.
M 26. Plymouth, inside race, Plymouth Harbor.
M 27. Kingston, open, Plymouth Harbor.
27. Rochester, club, Lake Ontario.
29. Winthrop, club, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
29. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
M 29. Cape Cod, open, Provincetown.
S 29. Huguenot, open, New Rochelle, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Huntington, open, Huntington, L. I. Sound.
S 29. Seawanhaka, special, Oyster Bay, L. I. Sound.

SEPTEMBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
S 5. Stamford, An , Stamford, L. I. Sound.
5. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 5. South Boston, open, City Point, Boston Harbor.
5. Beverly, 4th open sweeps, Buzzard's Bay.
6. Winthrop, sail, Great Head, Boston Harbor.
7. New York Y. R. A., An , New York Bay.
7. Beverly, open, Buzzard's Bay.
7. Larchmont, fall regatta, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
M 7. Lynn, open, Lynn, Boston Harbor.
M 7. Old Colony, open, Nahant.
S 7. Norwalk, open, Norwalk, L. I. Sound.
7. Hempstead, open.
7. Toledo, open, Toledo, Lake Erie.
10-13. Cleveland, open regattas, Cleveland, Lake Erie.
12. Beverly, 5th cham., Buzzard's Bay.
12. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 12. Indian Harbor, special, Greenwich, L. I. Sound.
12. Larchmont, special, Larchmont, L. I. Sound.
S 12. Sea Cliff, special, Sea Cliff, L. I. Sound.
12. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.
12. Chicago, open, Chicago, Lake Michigan.
16. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.
18. Hempstead, closing day.
19. Eastern, knockabout class, Marblehead.
S 19. American, fall regatta, Milton Point, L. I. Sound.
26. Hull, club, Hull, Boston Harbor.
S 26. Riverside, special, Riverside, L. I. Sound.
26. Squantum, Burkhardt cup, Squantum, Mass.

OCTOBER.

3. Cor. Atlantic City, mosquito class, Atlantic City.

Canarsie Y. C. Special Race.

THE Canarsie Y. C. sailed a special race on July 19 for cups presented by Com. C. O. Herz and Vice-Com. F. V. McGeehan, the course being a 10-mile triangle. The wind was fresh from the south. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Siren	2 52 01	4 52 47	2 00 46	1 50 35
So So	2 52 40	4 47 51	1 55 08	1 55 30
Caddie	2 52 46	4 53 02	2 00 16	2 00 09
Lochinvar	2 53 00	4 54 02	2 01 02	1 56 32
Peach	2 53 05	Did not finish.		
Anna	2 54 08	Did not finish.		
Meteor	2 54 29	4 50 25	1 55 57	1 54 02

The 30ft. Class at Newport.

AFTER the regular Sound regattas of the early part of July, the 30ft. fleet divided, a number of them going to Newport, where their owners reside. To keep the sport going in the class, Messrs. Duryea, Ellis and several others arranged a series of sweepstake races, to be sailed off Newport, the first of which took place on July 14. The starters were Asahi, sailed by Capt. Nat Watson; Hera, sailed by Mr. C. Burd; Vaquero III., sailed by Mr. Duryea, and Esperanza, sailed by Capt. Aubrey Crocker. The course was from off Brenton's Cove around Dyer's Island Buoy and return, keeping to the westward of Rose Island, 18 miles. There was a fresh S.W. wind and a sea in Narragansett Bay when the race was started at 2:35. Hera led on the reach to Rose Island, then they squared away and set spinakers for the lee mark, where the times were:

	Turn.	Elapsed.
Asahi	3 30 15	1 00 15
Esperanza	3 30 26	1 00 26
Vaquero	3 30 34	1 00 34
Hera	3 30 50	1 00 50

On the beat home Hera lost her mast, the stick breaking just below the head; she was towed home by a steam yacht. Asahi sailed out in the channel, where the breeze was stronger than inshore, though the water was rougher, and easily distanced the others which held to the shore. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Asahi	2 30 00	4 44 30	2 14 30	
Esperanza	2 30 00	4 47 15	2 17 15	
Vaquero	2 30 00	Did not finish.		
Hera	2 30 00	Did not finish.		

Only three boats started on July 15, Hera not having a new mast. Mr. Bayard Thayer, owner of Asahi, sailed her, the other two being handled as on the previous day. The wind was still from the S.W., with rough water, the course being direct to Dyer's Island and return, 16 miles. Vaquero was first over the line, with a reef in her mainsail. After a start at 2:35, the turn was timed:

Vaquero	3 19 00	Esperanza	3 19 04
Asahi	3 19 08		

In beating home Mr. Duryea steered the best course and won very cleverly, the final times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Vaquero III.	2 33 00	4 30 36	1 57 36
Esperanza	2 33 00	4 33 23	2 00 45
Asahi	2 33 00	4 33 45	2 00 23

In the third race, on July 17, a new course was chosen, down the Bay from Brenton's Cove and around the Brig Ledge Buoy, off Wickford, 17 miles. There was a moderate S.E. breeze. Asahi won, the times being:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	2 35 00	5 11 55	2 36 55
Esperanza	2 35 00	5 13 10	2 38 10
Vaquero III	2 35 00	5 16 30	2 41 30

On July 18 the Dyer's Island course was sailed again, a S.E. wind of moderate force making a run up and beat back. Hera was in trim again and made up the quartette. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Esperanza	2 25 00	4 59 19	2 34 19
Vaquero III	2 25 00	5 04 25	2 39 25
Hera	2 25 00	5 04 47	2 39 47
Asahi	2 25 00	5 06 07	2 41 07

The fifth race was sailed on July 22 under different conditions, a light S.W. wind and rain. A triangular course, from off Brenton's Cove around a mark off Jamestown and the Bishop's Rock Buoy, two rounds, making 14 miles. The start was made at 2:15, Asahi leading over the line and around the course, the times being:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	5 48 15	2 33 15
Esperanza	5 49 50	2 34 50
Vaquero III	5 50 45	2 35 45
Hera	5 51 40	2 36 40

On July 24 a race was sailed over the Jamestown and Bishop's Rock Buoy triangle, starting in a very light wind that increased to a fresh breeze during the race, the day being rainy. Hera got a good lead early in the race, and finally won, though Asahi was a close second. The times were:

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.
Hera	2 35 00	5 21 55	2 46 55
Asahi	2 35 00	5 22 05	2 47 05
Esperanza	2 35 00	5 22 45	2 47 45
Vaquero	2 35 00	5 24 48	2 49 48

Another race was sailed next day over the 18-mile course around Brig Ledge Buoy, the wind being very light and favorable. The times were:

	Finish.	Elapsed.
Asahi	7 04 09	4 29 09
Vaquero	7 12 20	4 37 20
Hera	7 12 30	4 37 30
Wawa	7 16 20	4 41 30

Seawanhaka Corinthian Y. C.—Roosevelt Cup.

OYSTER BAY, L. I.

Saturday, July 18.

THE Seawanhaka C. Y. C sailed a club race for the Alfred Roosevelt Memorial cup on July 18, open to yachts under 50ft racing length. The day was fair, with a light breeze; the course was on Cold Spring and Oyster Bay harbors, starting and finishing off the club house. The times were:

	Length.	Allowance.	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Nameless	34.00	16 28	3 20 49	5 41 58	2 21 58	2 05 35
Bogie	19.00	26 50	3 20 57	5 42 11	2 22 11	1 55 21
El Heirie	14.93	27 31	3 20 15	5 41 15	2 21 15	1 43 44
Dodo	25.00	16 15	3 21 02	5 43 51	2 23 51	2 07 36
Meteor	34.00	17 44	3 20 30	5 48 13	2 28 31	2 10 29
Mirth	41.70	Allows.	3 21 35	6 00 22	2 40 22	2 40 22
Indolent	37.00	3 26	3 21 21	5 37 29	2 17 29	2 14 03

El Heirie won very easily, defeating all but Indolent on elapsed time and with a big allowance to spare. A race for the club cats was also sailed, resulting as follows:

Start 3.30.

	Finish.
L. L. Brewer	5 31 57
C. A. Sherman	5 30 24
D. Burnham	5 33 47
Jacob Smith	5 30 53

LADIES' RACE.

The Seawanhaka C. Y. C. sailed a ladies' race on July 25, the conditions being: Each boat must be steered by a lady of the family of a member of the club or a lady, his guest. Crews shall be limited to three in number and must be ladies of the families of members or ladies, their guests. A "life guard," in the form of a man, who must be a competent sailor, shall be carried on board each boat. He shall refrain from assisting by word or act in the management of the boat during the race, except in case of danger. Should he find it necessary to thus interfere, his boat shall be disqualified and must immediately withdraw from the race. A signed declaration that this condition has been strictly complied with will be required from the life guard on the winning boat. A life guard may warn his crew if in danger of physical injury and may inform the skipper as to right of way when approaching another boat.

One catboat was manned by Mrs. D. Leroy Dresser, with C. A. Sherman as life guard; the other by Miss Bisland, the former being the winner. The prize, offered by Com. Rouse, was a silk belt with gold clasp bearing the club burgee in enamel.

Ogdensburgh Y. C. Regatta.

THE first regatta of the Ogdensburgh Y. C. on July 28 has attracted the sailing men of the St. Lawrence, and a very large attendance of spectators is promised. The principal event will be the race of the 15-footers for the handsome trophy already described. The course will be a 4-mile triangle on the river off Ogdensburgh, sailed three times. The first event, to start at 11 A. M., will be the open race for the Bell challenge cup, open only to yachts enrolled in the Ogdensburgh Y. C., the cup to be won three times by a yacht in order to be held permanently. It has been won twice by the catboat Gether. Some of the 15-footers will probably start in this race, receiving time from the catboats and sloops.

The 15-footers will start at 2 P. M., the entries being:

Club.	Skipper.	Crew.
Sothis, Royal St. Lawrence	G. H. Duggan	
Missie, Royal St. Lawrence	Mr. Kitson	V. Pelletier.
Anita, Royal St. Lawrence	S. Davidson	H. G. Eadie.
Mischief, Royal St. Lawrence	W. A. C. Hamilton	Arthur Hamilton.
Peggy, Ogdensburgh	W. L Zerega	C. A. Hayden.
Gold Bug	O. Dorwin	J. Leair.
Vesper, Vesper	Paul Butler	Butler Ames.

Sothis is the younger sister of Glencairn, the models being practically identical. She has the Scarecrow rig, of large area.

Missie, Mischief and Anita are also of the Montreal fleet, the latter with a gaffsail. The three with the leg-o'-mutton sails have a very light jackstay, a single strip of steel. All have large steel centerboards. Peggy is an exact duplicate of the original Ethelwynn in model and rig. Gold Bug was built surreptitiously by one of the workmen who was employed on Ethelwynn when she was built at the Clayton shops last year, and who availed himself of the opportunity to make a copy of the design. She is rigged with a gaffsail. Vesper is in the same trim as in the Seawanhaka trial races, but has a new sail, boom and gaff by Wilson & Silsby, and a new centerboard, a single plate of steel. With a good breeze a close and exciting race is probable. After the 15ft. race four crews from Brockville will compete in four-oared shells. In the evening a reception will be tendered to the visitors by the Century Club, of Ogdensburgh.

The City of the Straits Trophy.

THE silver ship offered in 1887 by Detroit yachtsmen as a permanent trophy for any yacht winning it three times, and won by the City of the Straits, has just been redonated as a permanent challenge trophy under the following conditions:

Whereas, The City of the Straits Yacht Racing Association on the 20th day of May, 1892, made and executed a certain deed of trust of the Mabley & Co. silver ship—a trophy won by said association—to the undersigned as trustees, to be preserved as a perpetual challenge cup to be competed for by sailing yachts under certain rules, conditions and regulations;

Whereas, It has been found impossible to comply in all respects with the literal terms of said deed and secure the competition desired and intended by the grantor; now,

Therefore, We, the trustees named in said deed of trust, in order to carry out the intent of the grantors in said deed and by virtue of the power granted us therein, do make the following terms and conditions under which said trophy shall be sailed for, to wit:

1. This ship shall be designated and offered as a challenge prize to be awarded under the conditions herein following to the yacht club represented by the winner of the international race to be sailed at the head of Lake Erie on Aug. 24, 25 and 26, between the yachts Canada, of Hamilton, Ont., and Vencedor, of Chicago.

2. This ship shall always remain as a perpetual international challenge trophy for friendly competition between organized yacht clubs on the chain of lakes.

3. The winner of this silver ship in the races above mentioned shall give a bond for its safekeeping and delivery under the conditions following to the trustees herein named, and shall hold the same subject to the conditions following:

4. Any organized yacht club on said chain of lakes, either in the United States or Canada, shall always be entitled to the right of sailing a match for this silver ship with a yacht or vessel propelled by sails only against any yacht or vessel belonging to or enrolled in the club holding the ship.

5. Any club challenging for this silver ship shall give three months' notice in writing to the club holding the same, naming the dates for the proposed races, but no race shall be sailed on any of the days intervening between Nov. 1 and May 30. Accompanying the three months' notice of challenge there must be sent the name of the owner and a certificate of name, rig and the following dimensions of the challenging vessel, viz.: Length on the load waterline; beam at load waterline; extreme beam, and draft of water.

6. All challenge races for this silver ship shall be sailed in the open lake, as follows: The first race, 10 nautical miles to windward and return; the second race, an equilateral triangle of 21 nautical miles, the first side of which shall be a dead to windward; the third race, if necessary, shall be 10 nautical miles to windward and return. One week day shall intervene between the conclusion of the first and the start of the next race. These courses shall be practicable in all parts for vessels of 12ft. draft of water, and shall be selected by the club defending the silver ship. These races shall be sailed subject to the rules and sailing regulations of the New York Y. C. as far as the same do not conflict with the provisions of this deed of gift.

7. The challenged club shall not be required to name its representative vessel until the time agreed upon for the start, but the vessel, when named, must compete in all races, and each of such races must be completed within five hours or no race.

8. Should the club holding the silver ship be for any cause dissolved, the custody of said ship shall at once revert to the trustees herein named, as successors or assigns.

9. It is distinctly understood that said ship is to be the property of the club, subject to the provisions of this deed, and not the property of the owner or owners of the vessel winning the match.

10. When a challenge from the club fulfilling all the conditions required by this instrument has been received, no other challenge shall be considered until the pending event has been decided.

(Signed) ALEXANDER I. MCLEOD,
C. D. JOSLIN,
BRUCE GOODFELLOW.

YACHTING NEWS NOTES.

A special meeting of the New York Y. C. was held on July 16, at which the following amendment to the racing rules was finally adopted: Amend rule 1, section 3, as follows: Class IV.—Not over 60 and over 51ft. racing length. Class V.—Not over 51 and over 43ft. racing length. Class VI.—Not over 43 and over 36ft. racing length. Class VII.—Not over 36ft. racing length. This classification is in accord with that of the other leading New York clubs in and out of the Yacht Racing Union, and is a decided improvement upon the old one of the New York Y. C., both in evening up the limits of the classes and in including the smaller yachts. The following members were elected: Leroy Taylor, Jr., William H. Hampton, George G. Tyson, Lieut. M. A. Anderson, U. S. N.; Paymaster Charles Webster Littlefield, U. S. N.; Lieut. William Veazie Pratt, U. S. N.; George R. Thorne, Francis Peabody Magoun, Augustus C. Tyler, Capt. R. D. Evans, U. S. N.; Ensign H. K. Hines, U. S. N.; G. K. Clarke, Jr., Nathaniel L. Francis, Dr. George L. Peabody, John E. Wayland, George W. Merrihew, J. Langeloth, Thomas McCaleb, Lieut. Henry P. Huse, U. S. N.; J. Joseph Albright, George P. Andrews, Robert H. McCurdy, Frederick Berg, Jr., J. Murray Mitchell, Past Assistant Engineer Martin Bevington, U. S. N.; Edward F. Cole, Charles Raoul Duval, Harry L. Kennedy and James M. Hoghart.

Something novel in the way of a steam launch is now on the ways at Ayers' shops, Nyack, designed by C. D. Mosher for F. P. Magoun, of New York. She is 40ft. over all, with a beam of under 5ft. and intended to carry 200 H. P., a single screw, quadruple expansion engine. The frames are of aluminum angles ¾ × ¾ × ⅛in., spaced 6in; the keelsons, stringers and other members are of aluminum, and the planking is double, the outer skin of ¼in. mahogany. There are six bulkheads of aluminum. In model she is unlike the Feiseen and Nada type, with a deep U section and round bilge more like a rowing gig, but the stern is a modification of the hourglass pattern. A speed of thirty miles is looked for. Messrs Mosher and Magoun have been at work for a long time experimenting with models, perfect working models of hull and engines to a scale of 1½in. having been constructed and run in the baths of the Produce Exchange, New York.

An interesting novelty among our exchanges is the special fiftieth anniversary number of the *Scientific American*, a publication in every way worthy of the event it is designed to commemorate, the half century anniversary of this great technical journal. The marvelous progress of invention during this period is ably described in a series of special articles on such subjects as the Trans-Atlantic Steamship, Railroads and Bridges, Physics and Chemistry, Progress of Printing, Iron and Steel, Phonograph, Telephone, Naval and Coast Defense, the Sewing Machine, Electric Engineering, the Locomotive, Photography, Telegraph, Telescopes, the Bicycle. A special feature of the number is the $250 prize essay on "The Progress of Invention During the Past Fifty Years." Apart from any transient interest, the number is well worthy of preservation as a comprehensive and reliable record of progress in the arts and sciences.

On Tuesday, Aug. 4, a regatta will be held at Port Dover, Ontario, on the north shore of Lake Erie, preceded by a rendezvous and reception on Monday, with a dance in the evening for the visiting yachtsmen. The regatta will be open to yachts in three classes, 40ft. and over, 30 to 40ft., and under 30ft., and will be sailed under the rules of the Interlake Y. A. Particulars may be obtained of J. E. Itter, Port Dover, Ontario.

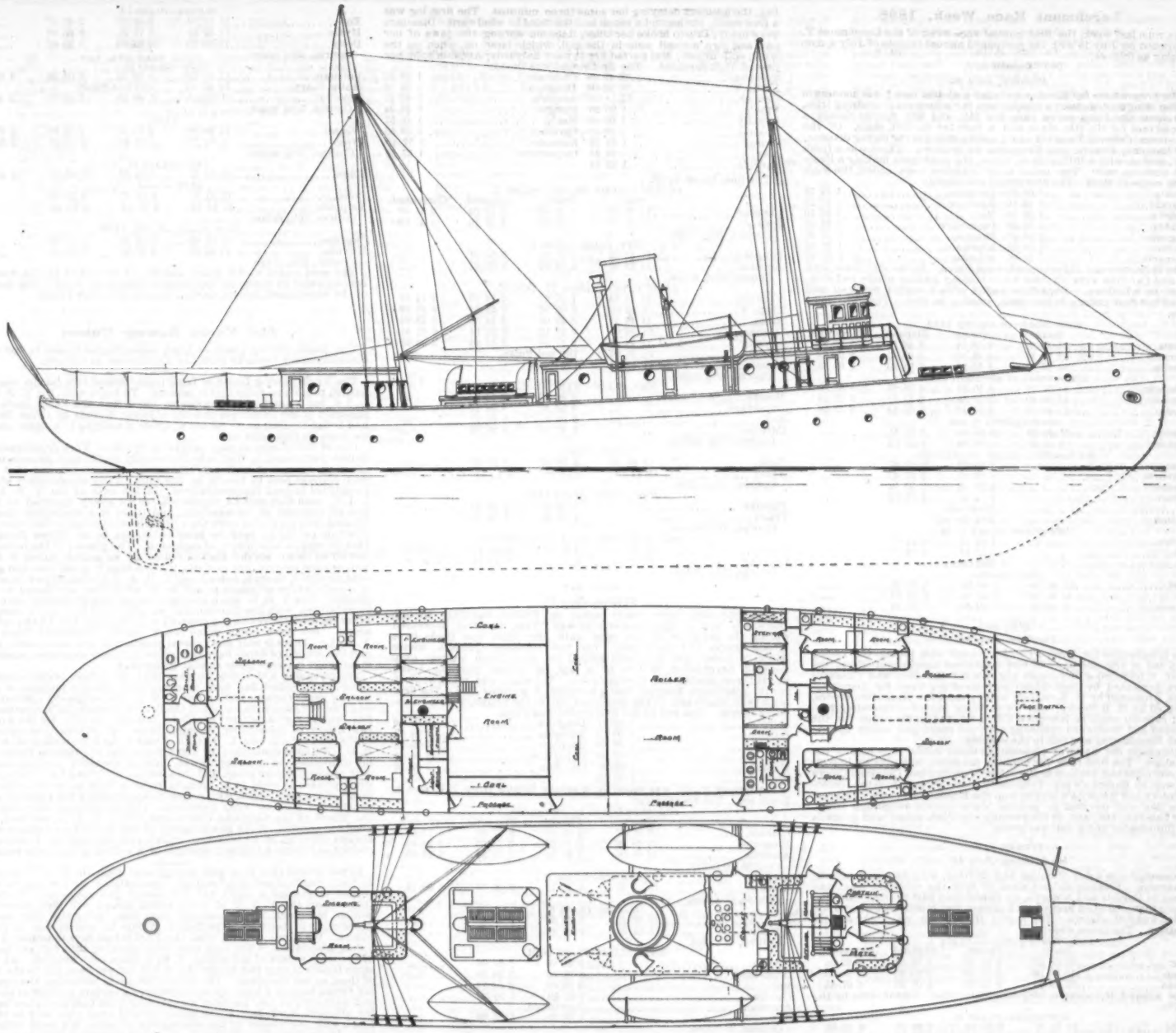
The 1896 edition of "Kiley's Yachtsman's Guide and Nautical Calendar," compiled and published by M. J. Kiley, Boston, still holds its place as one of the most convenient and useful aids to the yachtsman. The information in the form of charts and sailing directions has been revised to date, new illustrations have been added, and everything possible has been done to improve it; the price remaining at the same low figure.

The annual regatta of the Riverside Y. C. will be sailed on Aug. 1 over the club course off Riverside, Conn. Prizes will be offered in all regular and special classes of the Y. R. U., whose rules will govern. Entries must be made in writing to George E. Gartland, 11 Wall street, New York.

A handsome cup has been offered by Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont for a series of races for the 15ft. class off Newport this month, her son, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., owning one of the yachts, the handsome bulb-fin built by the Herreshoffs last year.

On July 23 the Royal St. Lawrence Y. C., of Montreal, gave a warm reception at its Dorval quarters to Messrs. Duggan and Shearwood, a very large number of members and guests being present.

Alberak, the Paine 40-footer of 1891, has been put in commission and will be used by John G. Paine this season. Gen. Paine still owns Jubilee, but has no yacht in commission.



DESIGN FOR STEAM PILOT BOAT FOR NEW YORK HARBOR, BY A CARY SMITH, 1896.

New York Y. C. Cruise.

THE following complete programme of the annual cruise of the New York Y. C. has been issued by the regatta committee:

THE AUGUST CRUISE, 1896.

RENDEZVOUS, Glen Cove, L. I., Aug. 3.—In conformity with General Orders No. 2, the regatta committee announce the following details with regard to the racing events and other incidents of the cruise:

General Directions.—By invitation of the Commodore, the committee will make the cruise on the Sylvia. Yachts entered for any racing event will display their private signals and numbers as directed in Rule IX., section 3. They will show no other colors. Club rules will govern all events unless otherwise directed. The course will be signaled before the preparatory signal is made. Should a signal gun miss fire, a prolonged blast of the whistle will be given. At the finish of each race the Sylvia will display a large club signal at the fore and show a red ball by day, and after dark she will show four white lights, hung vertically, and will burn club signals at ten minute intervals. Yacht numbers, extra copies of this circular and detailed sailing directions for the Goelet cups can be obtained at the club house and on the Sylvia.

Cruising Trim.—Anchors on the bow and at least one cable bent; cruising complement of boats carried (launches optional); cruising deck, cabin and galley fittings and fixtures in place; topsails extending above the truck and beyond the end of the gaff barred. Water can be taken into the tanks up to 8 A. M.

N. B.—The tug Edward Luckenback, which has been chartered as a general utility boat, will accompany the squadron. When she takes the Sylvia's place at the finish of a race she will be distinguished by the same signals as those directed for the Sylvia. Members wishing to proceed on her from port to port will notify the superintendent of the club, who will be on board. On Aug. 3 she will leave N. Y. Y. C. station No. 3 for Glen Cove at 9 A. M.

GLEN COVE, Aug. 3.—The Commodore offers a cup for schooners and a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls. This event will be open to yachts belonging to the club, in cruising trim; and it will not be restricted to yachts intending to make the cruise. Special prizes—The Commodore also offers a cup for 30-footers owned by members of the club, two or more to start, and a cup for second, if four or more start.

The start will be off Glen Cove at such time in the afternoon as the meeting on the flagship shall decide. The finish will be off Huntington Harbor.

STARTING SIGNALS.

No. 1. Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2. Start for 30-footers (one-gun start.)—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired and the blue peter lowered.

No. 3. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a red ball hoisted.

No. 4 Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.).—Five minutes later a fourth gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 5. Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

COURSES.

No. 1. Letter C.—Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point Buoy, to and around a mark 10 miles E.N.E. from the point of starting, leaving it to port; thence 5 miles west to and around a mark, leaving it to port, and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat 1 mile west from Eaton's Point light, 21 miles.

No. 2. Letter D.—Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point Buoy, to and around a mark 1 mile north of Lloyd's Point Buoy, leaving it to port; to and around a mark 1¾ miles E. by S. from Great Captain's Island light, leaving it to port, and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat 1 mile west from Eaton's Point light, 21 miles.

No. 3. Letter F.—Start over a line between the committee boat and Matinicock Point Buoy, to and around a mark 1 mile S. by W. from bell buoy on Green's Ledge, Norwalk Islands, leaving it to port; return 5 miles over the same course, to and around a mark, leaving it to port, and finish over a line between the committee boat and a stakeboat 1 mile west from Eaton's Point light, 21 miles.

N. B.—The marks will be fleets displaying red flag with white stripe. The stakeboat will display a large club signal.

NEWPORT, Aug. 7.—For schooners, a $1,000 cup. For single-masted vessels and yawls, a $500 cup; offered by Capt. Ogden Goelet, N. Y. Y. C., and open to yachts belonging to the club that have not hauled out to clean since the commencement of the cruise. Capt. Goelet reserves the privilege of inviting foreign yachts that may be in American waters to enter the race.

Course.—The course will be triangular, 10 miles to a leg, from Brenton's Reef Lightship.

Start.—Half-past ten A. M., off Brenton's Reef Lightship. Entries, which must be in writing, will be received at the club house, New York, up to 10 P. M., Aug. 2, and on board the Sylvia up to 8 A. M., Aug. 7.

There will be the customary runs from port to port in cruising trim.

Entries.—Crossing the line will be regarded as an entry, unless otherwise directed.

Prizes.—In each class (including mixed class, Rule II.) there will be a prize for first if two or more start, and a prize for second if four or more start.

Special Prizes.—The vice-commodore offers a cup for the schooner winning the greatest number of runs, all schooners sailing as one class. The rear-commodore offers a cup for single-masted vessels and yawls upon similar terms. The fleet captain will offer a cup for 30-footers owned by members of the club, to be sailed for at Newport during the cruise.

STARTING SIGNALS.

No. 1. Preparatory.—A gun will be fired and the blue peter hoisted.

No. 2. Start for single-masted vessels and yawls.—Ten minutes later a second gun will be fired, the blue peter lowered and a red ball hoisted.

No. 3. Start for schooners (handicap time for single-masted vessels, etc.)—Five minutes later a third gun will be fired and a second red ball hoisted.

No. 4. Handicap time for schooners.—Five minutes later a fifth gun will be fired and both balls will drop.

COURSES.

After the commodore has ordered the squadron under way, the committee will establish the start lines, which, like the finish lines, will be between the committee boat and the points indicated below.

Huntington Bay to New London.—From Eaton's Point Buoy to New London Light, leaving Cornfield Shoal L. S., and Bartlett's Reef L. S. to port; 54 miles.

Huntington Bay to Morris Cove.—From Eaton's Point Buoy to a mark displaying red flag with white stripe, one mile south from Luddington Rock; 38 miles.

Morris Cove to New London.—From a mark displaying red flag with white stripe, off breakwater, to New London Light, leaving Bartlett's Reef Lightship on port hand; 40 miles.

New London to Newport.—From Sarah's Ledge Buoy to Castle Hill Light, leaving Race Rock on port hand; 40 miles.

Newport to Vineyard Haven.—From Brenton's Reef Lightship to West Chop Buoy (red No. 2), leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on port hand; 37 miles.

Vineyard Haven to New Bedford.—From West Chop Buoy to Clark's Point, through Quick's Hole; 21 miles.

New Bedford to Newport.—From Clark's Point Light to Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Hen and Chickens Lightship on starboard hand; 27 miles.

Vineyard Haven to Newport.—From West Chop Buoy to Brenton's Reef Lightship, leaving Vineyard Sound Lightship on starboard hand; 37 miles.

Owl and Gamecock Colors.—To be rowed for at such port as the commodore shall decide, under the management of the fleet captain. Entries: Gamecock, $10; Owl, $5; dinghies, $2; launches, $10. The club will add $5 an oar and $10 for launches.

Aug. 3.—Rendezvous and cups offered by the commodore: The Sam Sloan (Starin Transportation Lines) will leave N. Y. Y. C., Station No. 3 (foot of East Twenty-sixth street) at 10 A. M., and will make a landing at Glen Cove. She will touch at Glen Cove returning, and will reach Station No. 3 at about 7 P. M. Tickets (which can be obtained from the superintendent at the club house, and which will include lunch, exclusive of wines, etc.) for members and their friends, $2 each. Ladies tickets, $1.

NEWPORT, Aug. 7.—The Goelet cups. The ocean going tug, E. L. Luckenback, will leave the foot of Long Wharf (Old Colony Dock) at 9:45 A. M. Members can obtain tickets, $3 each, including lunch, but exclusive of wines, etc., and also extra tickets at the same price from the superintendent at the New York club house, on or before Aug. 3; or from Captain F. P. Sands, N. Y. Y. C., Station No. 6, Newport, on or before the morning of the race.

S. NICHOLSON KANE,
ARCHIBALD ROGERS,
GOUVERNEUR KORTRIGHT,
Regatta Committee.

Steam in the Pilot Service.

THE present year has witnessed a radical change in the pilot service of New York in the abandonment of the fleet of sailing vessels so long used and so famous, in favor of a smaller number of steam vessels. As conducted from the earliest days, in sailing vessels of fifty to eighty tons, the fleet has of late years included over twenty pilot boats owned by New York pilots and about ten by New Jersey pilots. Some dozen years back an attempt was made to substitute steam for sail, the large, sea-going tug Hercules being used by a party of pilots; but it met with violent opposition and was soon abandoned. This year, however, the experiment has been made by common consent, the entire fleet of over twenty schooners has been offered for sale, and a tug chartered to take their place. This temporary vessel will shortly be replaced by a new steam pilot boat specially designed by Mr. A. Cary Smith, the designer of Lasca, Iroquois, Ariel and the Sound steamers Peck and Lowell. The accompanying plans show the proposed vessel, the contracts for which have not yet been awarded. The dimensions are: over all 155ft., l.w.l. 141ft., beam 28ft., draft 14ft. She will be built of steel and fitted with powerful engines. The design is specially planned for the hard service off the coast in all weathers, to make a fast and eminently seaworthy vessel.

The Halifax River Y. C.

THE Halifax River Y.C., of Daytona, east coast of Florida, was organized in the winter of 1896, and has a club house now building on the beautiful Halifax, Daytona. The club started with forty members. The club consists mostly of Northerners who spend the winter by the Halifax, escaping the rigor of the Northern winter climate. V. Vuillaume, the commodore, is one of the old Jersey City Y. C. members who has been located for some fifteen years on the Halifax in the orange culture.

The following yachts are enrolled in the club: Sultana, 18ft., Carl Knapp, Port Orange; Tritan, 17ft., C. Ruell, Chicago; Omia, 18ft., J. H. Dimon, Brooklyn; Ah-Ah, 18ft., C. Merrill, Maine; Wantag, 19ft., M. Edsell, Brooklyn; Belle, 18ft., Jerome Maley, Daytona; Long Nose, 23ft., W. Brom, Port Orange; Arrow, 16ft., W. Readsley, Connecticut; Winkie, 16, Robert Maley, Daytona; Weasel, 16ft., R. Stan, Wisconsin; Unknown, 18ft., Charles Frossard, Port Orange; Spray, 20ft., John F. Mumm, Brooklyn.

The club has sailed two races, February and March, course 5 miles to windward and return, each won by Sultana.

Larchmont Race Week, 1896.

As TOLD last week, the first annual race week of the Larchmont Y. C. opened on July 18 with the postponed annual regatta of July 4, continuing as follows:

SECOND DAY.

Monday, July 20.

The programme for Monday included a special race for schooners in racing trim, in one class; a special race for schooners in cruising trim, one class; the third series race for 34ft. and 30ft. special classes; a special race for the 21ft. class, and a race for the 15ft. class. Of the schooners, Colonia, Emerald and Amorita sailed in the racing division, and Ramona, Atlantic and Elsemarie as cruisers. There was a fresh S.W. breeze, with a little rain at times, the conditions making a lively and exciting race. The usual club triangles were sailed, the start being made at 11:30. The first round was timed:

Colonia	1 06 55	Carolina	1 22 53
Emerald	1 12 46	Raccoon	1 22 59
Amorita	1 20 08	Mal	1 23 10
Acushla	1 26 35	Departure	1 23 34
Dragoon	1 26 47	Musme	1 26 20
Ramona	1 28 33	Argonaut	1 26 38
Elsemarie	1 31 05	Atlantic	1 38 46

The 21-footers and 15-footers were not timed. In the 30ft. class both Mal and Carolina were disabled while holding leading places and compelled to withdraw. Departure sailed with a reefed mainsail and scored her first victory in the class, coming in first. The full times were:

SCHOONERS—IN RACING TRIM.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	11 35 39	2 38 31	3 02 59	3 02 59
Emerald	11 36 28	2 46 04	3 09 41	3 07 58
Amorita	11 36 38	2 57 58	3 21 20	3 08 16

SCHOONERS—IN CRUISING TRIM.

Elsemarie	11 37 35	3 15 54	3 38 09	3 38 09
Ramona	11 38 00	3 17 58	3 39 58	3 32 58
Atlantic	11 38 00	3 19 12	3 41 12	3 39 56

SPECIAL 34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	11 44 54	3 06 33	3 21 41	. .. ..
Acushla	11 45 49	3 06 05	3 20 16	. .. ..

SPECIAL 30FT. CLASS—START 11:51.

Musme	3 13 27	3 22 27	. .. ..
Departure	3 12 42	3 21 42	. .. ..
Argonaut	3 21 18	3 30 18	. .. ..
Raccoon	3 12 52	3 21 52	. .. ..
Mal	Disabled.		
Carolina	Not timed.		

15FT. CLASS—START 11:56.

Paprika	1 57 41	2 01 41	. .. ..
Hope	2 15 57	2 19 57	. .. ..
Yola	Not timed.		

21FT. CLASS.

Houri	11 44 53	1 40 08	1 55 15	. .. ..
Celia	11 44 12	1 41 01	1 56 48	. .. ..
Vaquero	11 45 15	1 42 58	1 57 43	. .. ..

THIRD DAY.

Tuesday, July 21.

The programme for Tuesday was a varied one, giving the racing men a day of rest and more or less boisterous amusement about the harbor; it included a four-cared gig race for the Hen and Chickens Colors, presented by Com. Gillig; pair-cared gig race, for Dauntless Colors, presented by H. B. Seeley; dinghy race, for Execution Colors, presented by H. B. Seeley; race for naphtha launches exceeding 21ft. l.w.l.; race for naphtha launches 21ft. l.w.l and under; race for the Eastward and Westward challenge cup; tub races and water sports, and an illumination and ball in the evening.

Fortunately the day was pleasant, as many ladies were among the spectators. The first race, for naphtha launches, was won by Republic in one class and Sachem in the other. The Hen and Chickens Colors were won by Ramona's gig. Crusader's pair-cared gig won the Dauntless Colors and Amorita's dinghy won the Execution Colors. The rest of the day was devoted to general water sports, swimming races, water baseball, etc., and in the evening the club house and grounds were illuminated and a ball was given.

FOURTH DAY.

Wednesday, July 22.

Wednesday was a day of calms and drifting, with rain and mist in the morning. Emerald did not start, so that the schooner class was reduced to Colonia and Amorita, an ill-matched pair in size. The programme included open races for all classes and fourth series races for the 34ft. and 30ft. classes. The racing throughout was fluky and inconclusive. The times were:

SCHOONERS—SPECIAL—CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Viator	12 08 00	3 30 04	3 22 04	3 22 04
Sachem	12 08 00	5 11 22	5 03 22	4 58 22
Ramona	12 08 00	6 15 33	6 07 33	6 07 33

Once around the course, 10¾ nautical miles. Viator wins by 1h. 35m. 18s.

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.

Colonia	12 06 07	6 45 10	6 39 03	6 39 03
Amorita	12 06 11	6 49 30	6 43 19	6 33 57

Twice around the course, 21½ nautical miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

Wasp	12 13 53	7 07 46	6 53 54	6 53 54
Carmita	12 13 46	Did not finish.		

Twice around the course, 21½ nautical miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 5.

Uvira	12 16 00	Did not finish.
Choctaw	12 16 00	Did not finish.

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

Norota	12 16 00	Did not finish.

CUTTERS—CLASS 7.

Infanta	12 16 00	5 01 45	4 45 45	4 41 21
Cymbra	12 14 15	3 54 14	3 39 59	3 39 59

Twice around the course, 21½ nautical miles.

34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	12 16 00	Did not finish.
Acushla	12 15 58	Did not finish.

SPECIAL CLASS—30-FOOTERS START 12:31

Musme	4 17 07	3 46 07	. .. ..
Departure	4 24 45	3 53 45	. .. ..
Mal	4 30 52	3 59 52	. .. ..
Carolina	4 22 29	3 51 29	. .. ..
Argonaut	4 16 47	3 45 44	. .. ..
Raccoon	4 44 06	4 13 06	. .. ..

Once around the course, 10¾ nautical miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 9.

Ninita	12 24 46	Did not finish.	
Goblin	12 25 16	4 39 18	4 16 02	4 15 32
Quantuck	12 25 25	4 34 54	4 09 29	4 06 56

Twice around the course, 11 nautical miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 10.

Hyale	12 22 00	Did not finish.
Dolly	12 21 51	Did not finish.

CATS—CLASS 11.

Dorcas	12 23 53	3 32 49	3 08 56	3 08 56
Volsung	12 22 16	3 26 04	3 13 48	3 13 11
Lizzie V	12 23 00	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

CATS—CLASS 12.

Presto	12 21 10	3 49 10	3 28 00	3 28 00
St. Elmo II.	12 21 10	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

CATS—CLASS 13.

Edna	12 24 39	4 09 08	3 44 29	3 44 29

Twice around, 11 miles

21-FOOTERS.

Celia	12 21 35	Withdrew.		
Houri	12 22 40	3 33 58	3 11 18	. .. ..
Vaquero	12 21 35	3 31 56	3 10 21	. .. ..
Maysie	12 26 00	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

15FT. CLASS.

Hope	12 26 00	5 21 59	4 45 59	. .. ..
Gnome	12 26 00	Did not finish.		
Paprika	12 26 00	5 07 06	4 31 06	. .. ..
Ideal	12 26 00	5 07 30	4 31 30	. .. ..
Yola	12 26 00	5 22 04	4 46 04	. .. ..
Moneoon	12 26 00	Did not finish.		

Twice around, 11 miles.

The Wistringham 30-footer Argonaut won her first race.

FIFTH DAY.

Thursday, July 23.

Wednesday night brought a change of weather, the rain and dampness disappeared before a fresh N.W. breeze, making fine racing weather. None of the larger boats came to the line, however, for one of the best days of the season. The course for the larger yachts was the Parsonage Point and Red Springs triangle, sailed twice, 21½ miles. The start was made at 11:35, all but the 51-footers being reefed, many carrying two tucks. Apart from the regular classes, Uvira and Choctaw sailed a private match. The first incident of the day was the knocking down of Acushla before the start, her cockpit filling, the accident delaying her some three minutes. The first leg was a free reach, the second a reach and the third to windward. Disasters were many: Presto broke her tiller, Raccoon sprung the jaws of her gaff and tore a small hole in the sail, which later on, when on the wind, split in two; Mal parted her thwart halyards; Acushla split her jib and Yola capsized. The first round was timed:

Volsung	12 49 06	Choctaw	1 26 22
Lizzie V	12 53 04	Dragoon	1 36 56
Oconee	12 53 39	Acushla	1 40 47
Ethel	1 00 30	Musme	1 48 24
Loyalty	1 00 42	Mal	1 49 57
Dosoris	1 02 01	Carolina	1 50 55
Uvira	1 21 16	Raccoon	1 57 40
Awa	1 24 34	Departure	1 57 56
Paprika	1 25 13		

The final times were:

CUTTERS—CABIN TRUNKS—CLASS 5.

	Start	Finish	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Choctaw	11 36 44	3 18 48	3 42 04	3 41 27
Awa	11 35 59	3 13 09	3 37 10	3 37 10

Course, 21½ miles.

34FT. CLASS—CLASS 8.

Dragoon	11 35 59	3 27 57	3 52 01	. .. ..
Acushla	11 38 00	3 33 21	3 55 21	. .. ..

Course, 21½ miles.

CABIN CATS—CLASSES 11 AND 12.

Volsung	11 44 54	1 57 27	2 12 33	2 11 56
Lizzie V	11 46 00	2 09 32	2 23 32	2 23 32
Ethel	11 45 11	2 20 06	2 34 55	2 33 24
Oconee	11 46 00	2 11 12	2 25 12	2 21 41
Loyalty	11 44 55	2 17 40	2 32 45	2 32 45
Dosoris	11 46 00	Did not finish.		
Presto	11 44 48	Disabled.		

Course, 10½ miles.

30FT. CLASS—START 11:51.

Musme	.. .. ..	3 39 20	3 48 20	. .. ..
Departure	.. .. ..	3 55 18	4 04 18	. .. ..
Mal	.. .. ..	3 54 11	4 03 11	. .. ..
Carolina	.. .. ..	3 41 12	3 50 12	. .. ..

Course, 21½ miles.

21FT. CLASS.

Celia	11 46 00	2 16 02	2 30 02	. .. ..
Houri	11 44 19	1 59 36	2 15 17	. .. ..

Course, 10½ miles.

15FT. CLASS—START 11:56.

Paprika	.. .. ..	2 44 20	2 48 20	. .. ..
Trilby	.. .. ..	2 54 46	2 58 46	. .. ..

Course, 10½ miles.

CUTTERS—POSTPONED RACE OF WEDNESDAY.

Uvira	11 37 08	3 07 20	3 30 12	3 30 12
Choctaw	11 36 44	3 18 48	3 42 04	3 36 04

Course, 21½ miles.

SIXTH DAY.

Friday, July 24.

The schooners were ready again on Friday morning, though there was but a light easterly breeze. This, however, increased during the progress of the race until the finish was made in a strong breeze and nasty sea. The new schooner Quisetta, whose début in these races had been looked for with much interest, only reached Larchmont, in tow of a tug, on Friday morning, being about three months late in completion. The start was made at 12:05 for the schooners, Emerald being a couple of minutes late. The first leg was to windward, to the markboat out in the Sound, with a freshening breeze. The end of the first round was timed:

Norota	1 59 21	Dragoon	2 08 56
Colonia	2 00 13	Amorita	2 04 23
Acushla	2 00 50	Raccoon	2 05 24
Mal	2 02 00	Departure	2 06 44
Musme	2 02 05	Carolina	2 07 10
Emerald	2 02 53		

The second round was sailed in a strong breeze from N.E. and a nasty sea. The times were:

SCHOONERS—ALL IN ONE CLASS.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Colonia	12 07 57	3 25 48	3 17 51	3 17 51
Emerald	12 08 00	3 31 06	3 23 06	3 21 33
Amorita	12 08 00	3 37 30	3 29 30	3 16 26

Course, 30 miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 6.

Norota	12 14 08	3 20 15	3 06 12	3 06 12

Course, 22 miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 8.

Dragoon	12 15 46	3 29 32	3 13 46	. .. ..
Acushla	12 15 59	3 26 42	3 10 43	. .. ..

Course, 22 miles.

30FT. CLASS—START 12:21.

Musme	3 26 06	3 07 06	. .. ..
Departure	3 35 26	3 14 26	. .. ..
Mal	3 25 53	3 04 53	. .. ..
Carolina	3 37 58	3 16 58	. .. ..
Argonaut	Not timed.		
Raccoon	3 34 30	3 13 30	. .. ..

Course, 22 miles.

21FT. CLASS.

Celia	12 13 54	2 18 45	1 59 51	. .. ..
Houri	12 13 33	2 14 52	2 01 19	. .. ..
Vaquero	12 13 40	2 14 10	2 00 30	. .. ..

Course, 22 miles.

15FT. CLASS—START, 12:26.

Hope	2 41 29	2 15 29	. .. ..
Paprika	2 32 30	2 06 30	. .. ..
Ideal	Not timed.		
Trilby	2 40 58	2 14 58	. .. ..
Yola	Not timed.		

Course, 11 miles.

SEVENTH DAY.

Saturday, July 25.

The last day of the race week was by far the best in the matter o weather, the wind being strong from N.W., making a rattling race The only drawback was the absence of yachts, the fleet, though a comparatively large one, being broken up into pairs and trios, only one out of fifteen classes having more than three starters. Ramona and Elsemarie were put together, with a handicap of 5m. in favor of the latter. Wasp allowed Norota an arbitrary handicap of 20m. Uvira allowed Liris 8m. The new schooner Quisetta was under way, but did not start. The only new boat was the 30-footer Eos, designed by Chas. Olmstead for P. F. Dodge and sailed by F. B. Jones, winning easily in her class. The start was made at 11:35, Colonia going over promptly, while Emerald was handicapped. The schooners carried working topsails, but the smaller craft had one and two reefs in. All but the 15-footers sailed the Parsonage Point and Red Springs triangle. The yachts traveled at a high speed through the first two rounds, but the wind fell on the last round. Amorita had no competitor and gave up, while Norota also withdrew, having no chance beside Wasp. The times were:

SCHOONERS—SPECIAL—CLASS A.

	Start.	Finish.	Elapsed.	Corrected.
Ramona	11 58 37	5 10 45	5 12 16	5 57 16
Elsemarie	11 59 01	4 57 23	4 58 22	4 58 22

Course, 3½ miles.

SCHOONERS—CLASS B.

Colonia	11 35 25	3 38 41	4 03 16	4 03 16
Emerald	11 36 00	3 57 59	4 19 59	4 18 09

Course, 22¼ miles.

SCHOONERS—CLASS D.

Amorita	11 36 26	Withdrew.

Course, 22¼ miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 4.

Wasp	11 43 39	2 45 49	3 02 10	3 02 10
Norota	11 44 44	Withdrew.		

Course, 21½ miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 5—PLUSH DECKS.

Uvira	11 44 55	3 15 40	3 30 42	3 30 42
Liris	11 46 00	3 32 58	3 46 58	3 38 38

Course, 21½ miles.

CUTTERS—CLASS 7.

Infanta	11 44 51	3 37 58	3 53 22	3 48 56
Cymbra	11 44 06	3 47 06	4 03 00	4 03 00

Course, 21½ miles.

34FT. CLASS.

Dragoon	11 45 35	3 37 17	3 51 42	. .. ..
Acushla	11 45 22	3 42 08	3 56 46	. .. ..

Course, 21½ miles.

30FT. CLASS—START 12:01.

Musme	3 49 50	3 48 50	. .. ..
Departure	3 55 05	3 54 05	. .. ..
Mal	3 46 14	3 45 14	. .. ..
Carolina	3 58 06	3 51 06	. .. ..
Raccoon	.. .. ..	.. .. ..	.. .. ..

Course, 21½ miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 9.

Ninita	11 51 51	2 18 11	2 26 20	2 26 20
Quantuck	11 55 12	Did not finish.		
Goblin	11 56 15	3 19 59	3 27 44	3 27 12

Course, 10½ miles.

SLOOPS—CLASS 10.

Eos	11 52 14	2 41 31	2 49 17	. .. ..
Hyale	11 52 03	3 17 31	3 25 28	. .. ..
Dolly	11 55 13	3 34 20	3 39 07	. .. ..

Course, 10½ miles.

CATS—CLASS 11.

Volsung	11 52 00	2 00 28	2 08 28	2 06 35
Molly Rawns	11 53 15	Did not finish.		
Loyalty	11 52 38	2 40 58	2 48 20	2 48 20

Course, 10½ miles.

CATS.

Weasel	11 52 20	2 29 43	2 37 23	2 37 23
Presto	11 52 12	2 28 43	2 36 31	2 34 00

Course, 10½ miles.

CATS—CLASS 13.

Edna	11 52 27	2 39 06	2 46 39	2 46 39

21FT. CLASS.

Celia	11 51 27	2 08 27	2 17 00	. .. ..
Vaquero	11 52 24	2 21 14	2 28 50	. .. ..

Course, 10½ miles.

15FT. CLASS—START, 12:05

Paprika	12 06 00	2 53 38	2 47 38	. .. ..
Microbe	12 06 00	2 57 27	2 51 27	. .. ..

Course, 10½ miles.

The week ended with a grand display of fireworks in the evening, accompanied by music by the Seventh Regiment band. The success of the experiment insures its continuance in future years.

The Yacht Racing Union.

THE Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound comes in for some complimentary remarks from the *Yachtsman*, as follows:

The Yacht Racing Union of Long Island Sound bids fair to teach its British prototype some useful lessons. To begin with, the Y. R. U. of L. I. S. has a much more impressive name than the Yacht Racing Association of the Cumbraes and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland. But, as we all know, there is nothing in a name and so we must let this point pass.

One of the lessons already taught by the New York organization to British yachtsmen is, that to be thoroughly useful such an association must be formed of club representatives exclusively, and that only such clubs as seek to benefit by the rules of the organization should be entitled to send representatives. In the case of the Y. R. U. of L. I. S., each club sends a representative for every hundred or fraction of hundred of its members, and there is a restriction that no bloated club may send more than five representatives to the union—all of whom (so far as may be practicable) are to be chosen from the race or regatta committee of each club. The powers of the union are merely advisory, and no club is bound by its action unless it likes. This sounds modest, but modesty is often seen in great men and great organizations, though, indeed, our Y. R. A. is a conspicuous example of a body whose influence is not to be altogether attributed to this quality. The Y. R. U. has a council of seven (selected from club representatives, with the proviso that no club shall have more than one of its representatives on the council) who manage the affairs of the union. But here come some weak points, borrowed from our Y. R. A.: There is only one general meeting of the union each year, and the council of seven have the power to fill any vacancies occurring in its ranks between these annual gatherings.

The foregoing will suffice to show that the infant organization of Long Island Sound has been launched with the sole purpose of promoting yacht racing—just as our Y. R. A. was originally instituted—and that the grotesque nature of the British Association's constitution has been to a great extent avoided. It would be well for the American Union to take fuller warning from our British Association's faults, and for our own Y. R. A. to consider the constitution of the Y. R. U. We have contended for many years that any central yacht racing committee, to be authoritative, must of necessity be composed of club representatives alone, and that instead of giving its council such great powers as seem to be thought right, a little more use might be made of the penny post, with a view to ascertaining the views of each constituent club on vital questions. This we suggest now only for the benefit of the American Union—our own Y. R. A. is, we fear, beyond redemption. It will go struggling on and on in its own simple way, always oblivious of its professed object, and ever content to allow its council to remain a brilliant example of a mutual admiration society.

In the matter of a long and complicated title, the Y. R. U. is quite as badly handicapped as all similar organizations; no one has yet succeeded in coining a short and sufficiently definite name. We hope that in time the Y. R. U. of Long Island Sound will give place to a similar but much larger national body that, being the only one in America, will need no superfluous initials to distinguish it from others. We agree with all that the *Yachtsman* says in praise of the young association, it has been most ably managed thus far, and many of the weak points of the British Y. R. A. have been avoided. At the same time it is only fair to say that it has not yet been put to the test of time, as has the other. The task of properly balancing the opposing forces in such a body, so as to preserve a certain amount of power and authority in the hands of a governing body that is not too large for efficient work, and at the same time to keep this body in close touch with the wishes of the association at large, is a most difficult one. In the case of the British Y. R. A. the governing body is at once weak and strong, it possesses and exercises certain autocratic powers and at the same time has not the power to enforce its decrees in the face of objection from any club. There are still many hard problems ahead of the Y. R. U., but with a continuance of the same good sense and moderation that has thus far marked its work, no serious trouble is to be feared from them.

Canoeing.

AMERICAN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895.

Commodore, Wm. R. Huntington, Rome, N. Y.
Sec'y-Treas., Thos. H. Stryker, Rome, N. Y.
Librarian, W. P. Stephens, Bayonne, N. J.

PURSERS.

Atlantic Division, H. M. Dater, 307 Adelphi street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Central Division, Geo. J. Keyes, 193 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.
Eastern Division, R. H. Hammond, Worcester, Mass.
Northern Division, Douglas H. McDougal, Toronto, Canada.
Annual dues, $1; initiation fee, $1.
Annual meet, Aug. 14-28, Grindstone Island, St. Lawrence River.

WESTERN CANOE ASSOCIATION, 1895-96.

Commodore, C. F. Pennewell, Detroit, Mich.
Vice-Commodore, Nat. H. Cook, Chicago, Ill.
Rear-Commodore, E. H. Holmes, Milwaukee, Wis.
Sec'y-Treas., W. D. Stearns, Detroit, Mich.
Executive Committee: R. M. Lamp, Madison, Wis.; C. J. Steadman, Cincinnati, O.; F. W. Dickens, Milwaukee, Wis.

New York C. C.

In its present location the New York C. C. offers to the owners of small craft such facilities as they have long needed about New York, and which they can obtain through no yacht club. The club's station at Bensonhurst fronts on Gravesend Bay and is close to the waters of the Upper and Lower Bays and the Shrewsbury, the sailing and cruising ground of many New York yachtsmen. The club has now a large house with every facility for the comfort of its members, among whom are owners not only of canoes, but of all types of small craft and yachts. The dues are far less than those of the regular yacht clubs. The following notice has recently been sent out:

To the Members of the New York C. C.:

Arrangements have been completed providing comfortable lodgings at the club house for members who wish to remain over night or for a few days. The regular rooms have all been taken for the season, but there may be a few vacancies during August, when some of the regular lodgers are away on vacations. Cot or bed, over night, 50 cents. Dinner, 50 cents; breakfast, 35 cents; lunch, 35 cents.

A locker room in the club house has been fitted up, opening off the bathroom, for the convenience of those members who ride wheels and do not live in the house. There are twenty lockers in all. Price, $1 for the season. Send application to chairman of house committee, Mr. I. A. Brownell.

The locker room in the boat house on the pier has been put in order and lockers built, and as there is a great demand for the limited number thus far constructed, an early application will be necessary to secure one. Price, $2 for the season. Send application to Capt. H. H. Smythe.

A fresh-water shower bath is now being constructed in the boat house, and it will be ready in a few days. The small boat house on shore is now available to members as a repair and storage shop and varnishing room.

The W. C. A. Meet.

[Special to Forest and Stream.]

W. C. A. CAMP, Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake, Mich., July 21.—The W. C. A. has here the best place for a canoe meet it ever had and will probably never find a better anywhere in the United States, but it is a shame that a location so ideal and hospitality so princely as that tendered by the Dodge's Point Club of Cheboygan are enjoyed by less than a dozen men out of the entire Association. Not an officer of the Association is here except the chairman of the regatta committee, and if the W. C. A. were utterly dead there could not be a worse fact apparent. The names of those present are O. A. Woodruff and W. H. Crawford, Ruckawa C. C., and W. H. Kemper, of Dayton, O.; N. B. Cook, Kenwood C. C., Chicago; W. H. Yardley, St. Paul, Minn.; T. S. Gates, Columbus, O.; S. B. Mettler, Harry Chafin and W. W. Todd, Whoo-Whoo C. C., Jackson, Mich.; C. H. Gould and W. C. Noack, Detroit C. C.; Geo. L. Alexander, Grayling, Mich. Of course with so meager a representation the meet is not really a meet at all, and not even a quorum can be obtained for the election of officers. This is simply deplorable, for the members never in their history had so perfect a chance for a delightful time. Even the confirmed Ballastites call this point superior to anything they have ever seen. Wind and water are fine for sailing and swimming, the scenery is lovely and the arrangements the best ever known. The local gentlemen and their families are pleasant and hospitable to a degree and not one element is lacking for a successful meet except attendance.

The regatta is, of course, hardly entitled to the name. The Longworth cup race will not be sailed, for there is not a Class C canoe in camp—here on the finest cruising grounds the association ever saw.

The Class B race, for the Gardner cup, was won by W. W. Todd, of Detroit, in two straight heats, untimed; T. S. Gates, second. Five entries.

The Class A races, for the W. C. A. trophy, had five entries in the first heat. The wind was hard and squally. Canoe Wood broke her steering gear and was over four times in spite of all her veteran skipper, O. A. Woodruff, could do. The heat was won by that old sailor and Association standby, N. B. Cook, of Chicago, in canoe Carrier Pigeon, which he has decked in with washboards until he has near a bath-tub cockpit. He has also on a bulb keel and 100lbs. of ballast. In this heat Mr. Todd, of Detroit, was second.

The second heat of the trophy race was a pretty affair between Carrier Pigeon and Wood, the only entries. Wood was never passed from the first buoy and was admirably handled; the entire race sailed without a tack on any leg, and the buoys shaved by near jibes time after time. The wind was light and steady. The boats kept well together, Wood ahead, however, by some distance at the finish.

Paddling, for the Minnehaha cup (a new and handsome trophy offered by Minnehaha Club, of Detroit), called out but two entries: Noack, of Detroit, and Yardley, of St. Paul, the former winning by one-third the course.

Paddling, class 1, was also won by Noack; Yardley second.

Paddling, class 2, was won by Yardley; S. B. Mettler, of Jackson, Mich., second. No other races have been run. No cruising has yet been done. Residents have offered many invitations, and those present are delighted with Mullet Lake as a place for a meet, and simply pity those who did not come.

W. C. A. CAMP, Dodge's Point, Mullet Lake, Wis., July 22.—No more lovely summer country lies out of doors than that of the upper portion of the Michigan south peninsula, and no part of that favored section surpasses in point of general attractions the beautiful body of water which bears the unpoetic name of Mullet Lake. The grounds committee of the W. C. A., who visited this region last September, were well content as soon as they found this spot, and their decision would receive the indorsement of the entire membership of the W. C. A were it here. The Madison and Oshkosh and Milwaukee men, if any of them were present, would admit that their local attractions could claim small degree in comparison with those of this northern country. Even the most devout admirers of Ballast Island stick their flags to Mullet Lake. Mr. Woodruff, who still ruffles up at word of disparagement of Ballast or reference to the diary of the Ballast Island Summer Girl, frankly says that he does not think Mullet can be surpassed in the entire country as a site for a canoe meet. The water is very bright and pleasant, and free from the stagnant quality of inland lakes, such as those of Madison or Winnebago, and yet it has been found quite warm enough for comfortable swimming, which is not the case at the Snow Islands, above here, where it was once thought the camp might be located. The winds have proven steady, yet not violent, and a racing or a cruising breeze has marked almost every day. The weather has been ideal, the nights cool and the days temperate. There are no mosquitoes at all at this season, even on the trout creeks of the region, and indeed there can hardly be anything unpleasant urged against the locality, which has so many things to recommend it. A canoe meet here can be really a meeting of canoeists and not a summer resort party. There is something to see and something to do and somewhere to go. The flavor of the forest and the waters is about it all, and the small craft do not seem purposeless and merely accessory, but essential and primary. Not that this country is rude or that it is inaccessible. The tenderest canoeist can reach Cheboygan, 6 miles away, by palatial steamer or by palace car, and thence ship by steamer, carriage or bicycle direct to Dodge's Point, the superb and commanding site of of the W. C. A. camp. From Chicago or Milwaukee boat can be taken for Mackinaw City, or if one cares to vary his journey he can land at Traverse City and thus work north to this point, passing a dozen summer places of great degree of popularity. He can come via the Grand Rapids & Indiana line to Petoskey or take the same line a little further to Oden-Oden. The latter is perhaps the best way to go in to Mullet Lake, though not the most direct. It takes one over half a day of steamer travel (by small boats built for the route) over the lovely and circuitous route known as the Inland Route, from Oden-Oden through Crooked Lake, Crooked River, Burt Lake, Indian River and Mullet Lake. The first boat stops for dinner at Topinabe, at the upper end of Mullet Lake, and the concluding eight miles to Dodge's Point is made by the second little steamer, which runs down over the Cheboygan end of the line. Thus one may navigate delightfully fifty miles of the waters which cut off the upper cap of the Michigan south peninsula. He will be all the time in the great pine wilderness. He will be at the shores of such trout and grayling streams as the Maple, the Pigeon, the Sturgeon, the Carp, and even at the camp will have a trout stream (Nigger Creek) within five miles of him, where the trout average over 10in. and go up to 2lbs., as the writer hereof knows. In all this country the irredeemable wildness of the northern pine wilderness preserves it from the civilized hand of man. It is left for the canoeist and the angler and the traveler. This is the place to go, and not to a land of hotels, peanut stands and beer gardens. Mullet Lake is not the only place in the region for a canoe camp. There may be sites almost equally good near Traverse City, and it would seem desirable that one or two more sites should be tried. By that time it can be determined whether canoeing is really going to be anything in the West. If it is, it can surely be best developed by going into a canoeing country in canoeing fashion. If it is not, then the lovers of Ballast should have their wishes received with absolute respect, for they would indeed be almost the majority and the minority also, after the fashion of that ancient mariner who was the cook and the captain bold and the crew of the captain's gig. But even did those regulars, the old guard of the W. C. A., who have really held it together, have offered to them another year the choice between Ballast, Winnebago, Madison, Mullet Lake, and one or two other points of this region, it is no certain thing that they would ever again vote for Ballast, for the latter spot has no one point of superiority to this point, except a small one in regard to accessibility. From Cleveland, Dayton or Chicago it can be reached in a little less time, though at very much less expense. All those points, and also Detroit, Milwaukee, Madison, Davenport and St. Paul, can without trouble get into this region and for all but two or three of those cities the country is much more central and accessible than Ballast. After seeing several meets of the W. C. A. I would not think it best to go again to Madison or Oshkosh; but I think the Western boys should be willing to go as far east as this and the Ballast boys be willing to go as far north. It is asking too much of Wisconsin or Illinois or Minnesota men to go to Ballast, which has almost nothing of further interest to offer, and whose sole claim is that of accessibility, and of accessibility for only a few. FOREST AND STREAM has fought the Ballast idea and begs to take upon itself some credit for the fact of a Northern meet. In this it has acted upon the notion that the sport was to grow. If it is to stand still FOREST AND STREAM has no further word to say against Ballast. The members of the W. C. A. will be the ones to decide the policy and the belief of the association. Perhaps their course will largely determine the future of the W. C. A. Viewed from the standpoint of the present meet, the future is not bright; yet this may be no criterion at all, for the country is passing through an era of unprecedentedly depressed business feeling, and other sports are just now springing up. Those of the W. C. A. who stayed away from the twelfth annual meet perhaps did so for business reasons largely. Perhaps they will come out another year. There seems no definite reason that the end of the world has come for canoeing in the West, and indeed it is the amateur sports of the rod, the gun, the paddle, which find their source and support in the deepest and most constant impulses of human nature, and which are therefore most likely to survive, even at the expense of others more mushroom and expansive. If the sport does flourish in the West, it will be the firm belief of FOREST AND STREAM that this journal has pointed to its representative body a way better than the old way. Of all the meets of the W. C. A. which FOREST AND STREAM has reported it is prouder of this Mullet Lake meet than of any or all the others, small and meager though it be. It is a step in the right direction. There is a song of a gentleman who never cared to wander from his own fireside, but history does not state that he was a canoeist. FOREST AND STREAM has a warm affection for the W. C. A., and all FOREST AND STREAM has cared to do is to show that there is more than one place on this wide earth. Mullet Lake is not the only place, either. There is a volume of wisdom in the slang expression, "There are others." Just at present, in the enjoyment of the many pleasant features of this place, it seems difficult to realize this. Next year let us hope that all the boys may meet at some such place as this, and if it be Mullet Lake again there will be no cause for tears.

The Dodge's Point Club, of Cheboygan, under whose auspices the meet is held here, is a country club of forty-four members, owning one of the handsomest bits of property, in the State. They have only recently purchased their property, upon which they erected a handsome three-story club house last August, the latter known as the Waldemere. Here the W. C. A. men have been privileged to take their meals, and have sat at the best table they have known in at least six years or probably at all. The site of the club house is fine, crowning a gentle eminence running out into the long sheet of water called Mullet Lake. There is a grand open esplanade which might serve as parade ground for a four-company post of cavalry, all this hedged and backed by a lovely native forest. Prime bits and views offer at every hand. A railroad station and post office and telegraph office are within ¼ mile, and there is a telephone to Cheboygan, which is distant only six miles, over a good and pleasant road. So the wildness is well tempered for any shorn lambs who fear the tooth of the actual wilderness. The circular driveway of the club house is well lined with large house tents, where many of the club members live at times for several weeks, and one member, Mr. C. E. Mould, has erected a woods cottage of handsome design and equipment. The Whoo-Whoo Club, of Jackson, Mich., also own property and have up a large house tent. These temporary homes all front upon an incomparable beach, and lie among thick virgin forest. In front of the club house is a grand lawn, fronted by a large boat house and fine dock. A canoe dock, 96ft. long, adds the only thing needed to make this an ideal place for the W. C. A. meet. But good as it all is naturally, the half is not told until one mentions the generous hospitality and warm-hearted courtesy of the club members, of which enough can really not be said. They have done everything possible to make the visit of the W. C. A. a pleasant one, and not the least of the privileges of the meet will be rated the new acquaintances and friendships formed. It was a great disappointment to the members of the Dodge's Point Club, as well as to the W. C. A., that so few were present at the meet. There was talk here of an attendance of 100 to 150, and that a scant dozen of men should represent the total seems too bad. The club put up the new boat house in preparation for this meet, and when the canoeists stepped from the dock the first thing to meet their eyes was the banner bearing the legend "Welcome, W. C. A." And the W. C. A. was made welcome and royally entertained. The ladies of the club have left no effort unmade by way of hospitality, and the gentlemen have been equally careful and kind. The canoe camp made such return for this as is possible in the unique canoe methods There were camp-fires, well attended and enjoyable, fireworks, music, sailing and paddling parties, Welsh rabbit parties, etc., the festivities sometimes prolonged into the small hours. Mr. E. O. Penny, manager of the Waldemere, and Mrs. Jos. McKie, stewardess, added more than a little to the comfort of the boys. In such entertainment as the W. C. A. could offer the big tent of that standard and reliable club, the Ruckawa C. C., of Dayton, O., was foremost, indeed the only one. Messrs. Crawford and Woodruff, of the Ruckawa, represented camp life as it should be done by a dozen clubs at this meet, and the Association should thank them for sustaining its credit so thoroughly. When the W. C. A. meet comes to be held without the Ruckawa Club and the presence of W. H. Crawford and O. A. Woodruff it will be time for it to adjourn *sine die*. Mr. Yardley, solus, made a good aid.

Mrs. Crawford was present a few days, coming down from the Crawford cottage at the Snow Islands. Many young ladies from Cheboygan and other points visited friends at the club house or cottages and incidentally learned of the fascinations of a canoe camp, adding much to the fascinations of the same in the manly hearts of the sailor men there present. Those who did not come will never know what they missed. The gentlemen from St. Paul, Detroit and other points are practically certain to wish to return to a place where every prospect pleases, and only man is unbeautiful.

The W. C. A. trophy tables at the Waldemere made a pretty display, including the three old-time cups, the Gardner, Trophy and Longworth cups, and the new and handsome cup offered by the Minnehaha Club, of Detroit, for paddling competition. There was a fine barometer offered for race No. 1 by Chase S. Osborn, State game warden, and for the other races a choice assortment of kodaks, pennants, fishing rods, compasses, knives, belts, golf hose, mugs, flasks, etc., etc., among which one must not forget the quaint sampler design offered by Mrs. Turrill, mother of John Turrill, who for once in his life overlooked a good thing and stayed away.

CONCLUSION OF THE RACES.

It will be noted that the present meet of the W. C. A. can hardly be called an official one, and it will have been observed that the races were not timed; therefore it would be bootless to go into much description of them. Three races remain to be mentioned after those already reported. The hurry-scurry was won by Noack, of Detroit Boat Club; Yardley, of St. Paul, second. The third heat of the trophy was sailed very late in the evening of Monday with a light breeze. The racing programme as usual lagged and was tardy in getting off, but it was really undesirable to sail a race so nearly in the dark that the winning boat could barely be distinguished as she crossed the line. Two only entered for this, Carrier Pigeon and Wood. Mr. Cook had relieved the former of some ballast, and though the wind was light, he got a puff that laid him over at the third buoy, though he righted and came in all right. Mr. Woodruff sailed as usual a brainy race, and wasted no time or space at the buoys. Mr. Woodruff won by a big lead, Mr. Cook not giving him so hard a bout as before. Mr. Woodruff having thus taken the last two heats won the trophy. The second prize was a handsome kodak. The passenger race had work to fill, though there were only four entries, Carrier Pigeon, Wood, Psyche and Isabel. These having at length taken in crews, got away under almost a dead calm late Tuesday morning. This was to the liking of Carrier Pigeon, N. B. Cook skipper, who won with ease. Woodruff was a good second, and Isabel, Grandpa Gates skipper, an exceedingly bad third, for which he won the "Ruckawa cup," a vast tin loving cup, larger than a wash boiler, and decorated with the legend, "The Ruckawa Cup, July, 1896." Psyche, Todd skipper, withdrew on the first leg, seeing no sailing ahead in so faint a breeze. Race untimed. The consolation race, sailing and paddling, had two entries, T. S. Gates and W. H. Yardley, the former winning handsomely. This closed the regatta.

Mr. Alexander, attorney for the Michigan Central R. R., extended an invitation to the angling members of the W. C. A. to fish on the preserve of the Fontinalis Club, near Vanderbilt, in the Sturgeon River, of which a few members availed themselves for Wednesday. One of the best angling countries of the West lies immediately about Mullet Lake. As has been earlier stated, the attractions for cruising are not surpassed by any region of the West. Perhaps enough has been added by way of local description to certify all canoeing readers that Mullet Lake this year had every requisite for a gloriously successful canoe meet, except the canoeists. Wherever the meet may fall for next year, it is earnestly to be hoped that the faithful ones of this year will again be on hand, and that their ranks will be filled, as they should always be, with numbers from Wisconsin, Illinois, Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and Ohio. No more gentlemanly sport exists, and none more attractive to spectators. No pastime is better or more restful or more healthful than that of a week in camp. The experience of this year, while it may seem to indicate disaster in the ranks of the W. C. A., may very well be the forerunner of a better day, for the added knowledge of localities may lead to a reconciliation of the different beliefs in regard to the proper spot for holding the annual meets.

It was a matter of regret that Mr. Stearns, the able secretary who got out the best year book the Association ever printed, was detained away by the recent death of his brother. Com. Pennewell was also absent. No quorum being possible for election of officers, the present officers will hold over. E. HOUGH.

1206 BOYCE BUILDING, Chicago.

Canoeing in England.

THERE is no disguising the fact that the outlook for canoeing in this country is most discouraging; while there are many canoe clubs in fairly prosperous financial condition, with good club houses and large fleets of canoes, there is no life or activity in either cruising or racing. Not only have no new canoes been built this year, but there have thus far been no races, and the division meets have failed to bring out even a fair attendance in spite of earnest efforts on the part of its officers. We hope, from what we hear, that the Grindstone meet will show a marked revival of interest, though it should be but temporary; and that the discouraging state of affairs reported at the W. C. A. meet may not be duplicated. The condition of the sport in England is discussed as follows in the *Field* of July 18; the cable has already reported briefly that Mr. Howard has won the challenge cup:

The canoe sailing races of the year, which have taken place this week at Burnham-on-Crouch, in Essex, may usefully be compared with the racing in years gone by, so that we may form a fairly practical view as to whether the sport is being run on the best lines. Unfortunately, at the time these notes go into type only two days' racing out of five has been accomplished, and the most important event, the £50 challenge cup race, sailed on the 17th, of course, cannot be reported in the *Field* until next Saturday, the 25th.

We say above the "races of the year," because in these races, as competitors, we find representative men picked from the leading clubs round the coast. Of course, there are some well-known sailors who, in recent days and for many years, have shown in the front rank of canoe sailing, and who are not competing this year at Burnham; but it is morally certain that, should the cup be won by a challenging club, the old blood of the Royal C. C. would be at once stirred up, and the best men again put themselves forward to retrieve the cup next season.

To take the cup at the present time, though it can only be accomplished by a first-rate man and boat, is by no means the same thing as holding the cup when the club and clubs have been roused by an actual win away from the old senior club. The common cry of "wolf" has been so repeated in the last few years, with no real appearance of the fabulous animal, that members in early spring, hearing vague rumors that "Stars and Stripes" will come and take the cup, treat the matter on the basis that "we have had two seasons of that and no race," and so they let things drift or they do not put themselves to expense and inconvenience to take up what has been, and may be, a fool's errand, owing to the foreign challenger at the last moment crying off from competition. This, we say, is all changed when a foreigner or another English club holds *pro tem.* the challenge cup; then it must be won back.

This time there is no international competition, the American canoeman, Mr. Howard, being merely representative of an English club, the British Canoe Association. It would, from a racing point of view, have been more satisfactory had some American club backed Mr. Howard's challenge; but no matter now, the title "International" is sure to be clapped on to the race by those across the water, even if it does not rise to "Championship of the World."

Turning now to Burnham-on-Crouch and the doings of canoemen there, the water is all that any one could wish as a racing place, but the conveniences for "tuning up," for fitting, rigging and hauling out, are a long way from even fairly comfortable; the getting there is long and stupid, the forty-one miles take close on two hours by train and the trains are few. Owing to the tidal nature of the place, those canoes which do not take the shore near about high water have to be moored away out in the stream among the yachts, consequently there is none of the old-time inspection of each other's gear and novelties, none of that concentration of men, canoes and ideas as there used to be on the club raft at Hendon Lake, or even at Bourne End on the Thames. Burnham as at present fitted is a splendid place for small yachts, or even for canoe-yawls, but by no means is it perfection for canoes, except just as to the sailing course.

Among some of the competing craft there is much room for improvement as to condition of both rig, fitting and state of hull. One would have reasonably expected that, for a week's important racing, including the challenge cup, each canoe would be spick and span with new gear and new sails, and the latest finish in varnish, etc. We were sorry, however, to see mildewed old sails all out of shape on one, tanned sails on another; rotten played out rope running gear, and a want of varnish or paint. Well, it is not the way racing yachts are kept, nor is it the way racing canoes used to be kept, and it is decidedly the way to have mishaps during a race; but no commiseration should be extended to slovenly-fitted craft for such mishaps.

Of canoe model there is really nothing novel. The American canoe Yankee is simply a racing machine, 16ft.×30in., of shallow V section, the lightest possible displacement. She is balanced entirely and only by her man hiking out on a long sliding plank seat, but for which he could not sail her. She differs from others to some extent in her rig, which is of main and mizzen form, the mizzen, however, being nearly as large in area as the mainsail. She reaches along extremely fast, but is comparatively poor at windward work. However, by the time this is published we shall know just how much she is better or worse than the English canoes. The Pruces is practically a Sharpie model, or, more correctly speaking, just about on the lines of the old-fashioned duck-punts for sailing on to fowl with a big gun in winter time. She is rigged with batter main and mizzen; she also is 16ft.×30in., and fitted with a light centerplate and a long sliding plank seat. The Dragon is a more shapely form, but yet quite the machine type; she was designed by Mr. Linton Hope two years ago for Mr. de Quincey, and now owned by and is being sailed in the very able hands of Mr. Lawson. She carries her allowance of sail all in one balance lug, and she has a bulb-ballasted centerplate and a very small "bucket well," and a long sliding seat. Serpent is of semi-Sharpie type, but is fitted with a heavy bulb-ballasted centerplate, and is of the narrow or 30in. racing class. In the canoe-yawl class there are two of racing breed, semi-Sharpies, shallow things, nice enough to sail for an hour or so in a race, but not comfortable enough nor roomy enough for long cruising or much rough-water work. They are the Rogue and Meryl. Slaney is a bold and somewhat tubby hulled canoe-yawl, fitted with bulb-fin and sloop rig, a craft which should be able to stand a considerable dusting, and would travel fast in a strong breeze if put to it nicely.

Of new boats, the Vanessa and Solitaire are built to the new cruising canoe definition, and as they are but turning up at this time, it were better to see further performances before judging their merits.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New Jersey State Rifle Association.

THE sixth annual meeting of the New Jersey State Rifle Association will be held at Sea Girt, N. J., Aug. 31 to Sept. 5. The matches will be:

No. 1. Members' match, 7 shots at 200yds.

No. 2. The Kuser match, 7 shots at 500yds.

No. 3. All-comers' military match, 7 shots at 200 and 300yds.

No. 4. The Schuetzen match, 7 shots at 200yds. on standard American target.

No. 5. Hayes medal match, 7 shots at 500 and 600yds.

No. 6. The Perrine memorial match, 7 shots at 200 and 300yds.

No. 7. The Gen. E. P. Meany match, 10 shots at 500 and 600yds.

No. 8. Department of Rifle Practice match, open only to inspectors of rifle practice of U. S. Army and National Guard, 25 shots at 500 and 600yds.

No. 9. New Jersey Rifle Association trophy match, 7 shots at 500 and 600yds.

No. 10. President's match for the military championship of the United States of America; divided into two stages; first stage, 10 shots at 200 and 300yds.; second stage, 10 shots at 500 and 600yds.

No. 11. Trenton Interstate Fair match, 7 shots at 200 and 300yds.

No. 12. The Sumner match, 10 shots at 200 and 300yds.

No. 13. The carbine team match, open to teams of five from any regiment, squadron, or troop of cavalry of the U. S. Army and National Guard; 7 shots at 200 and 500yds.

No. 14. Company team match, open to teams of five from any company of the National Guard of any State or the U. S. Army; 10 shots at 200 and 500yds.

No. 15. Military revolver match, scores 6 shots each, one minute time limit.

No. 16. Revolver match, 5 shots at 30yds. on American standard target (reduced).

No. 17. Pool matches, to be shot in groups of ten, all distances, 10 shots.

No. 18. Prizes for individual skirmish.

No. 19. Prizes for the best aggregate score; prizes: First, to the competitor making highest total; second, to the competitor making second highest total; third, to the competitor making third highest total.

No. 20. Regimental team match (interstate), open to teams of six from the regimental battalion and separate company organizations of the National Guard and Naval Reserve and the U. S. Army or Navy; 10 shots at 200 and 500yds., and two skirmish runs of 20 shots each.

No. 21. New Jersey National Guard match, open to teams of six from each regiment of National Guard or Naval Reserves of New Jersey. Condions the same as in No. 20.

No. 22. The Columbia trophy match, open to teams of six from the National Guard of New Jersey; 7 shots at 200, 300 and 500yds., and two skirmish runs of 20 shots each.

Bullseye targets will be open all the time during the meeting; 50 per cent. of the receipts will be divided among the holders of bullseye targets.

MATCHES OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION.

No. 1. Wimbledon cup match, open to everybody; 30 shots at 1,000yds.; prize, the Wimbledon cup, value $500.

No. 2. Hilton trophy match, open to teams of 12 from U. S. Army and National Guard organizations, and any other country; prizes, the Hilton trophy, valued at $3,000, and a medal to each member of team.

No. 3. Interstate military match, open to teams of 12 from U. S. Army and National Guard organizations; prizes, bronze "Soldier of Marathon," value $250, and a medal to each member of the winner's team.

The FOREST AND STREAM *is put to press each week on Tuesday. Correspondence intended for publication should reach us at the latest by Monday, and as much earlier as practicable.*

Presque Isle Rifle Club.

JULY 25.—Regular practice shoot. Conditions: 200yds., off-hand, standard American target, 7-ring, black. Scores:

J G Germans	10	8	7	8	7	9	7	10	9	7—82
	7	8	7	6	7	9	10	8	7	6—78
	5	7	7	7	10	8	6	8	6	9—72
W F Treiber	7	9	7	8	6	6	8	7	8	10—76
	8	9	8	8	8	6	8	9	7	6—78
	4	7	10	5	7	9	8	6	8	9—73
J Stidham	7	10	7	5	10	7	5	6	8	9—78
	10	8	4	7	8	5	4	10	7	9—72
	5	6	6	5	7	5	9	5	8	8—66
Geo Shafer	6	9	10	7	8	7	9	5	5	9—75
	8	7	6	6	9	6	5	7	5	4—63
	8	3	6	7	7	10	5	5	6	5—62
Chas Van Etten	6	10	5	6	9	5	7	7	7	9—72
	9	5	7	4	8	7	4	10	6	3—63
	6	8	7	8	7	3	4	6	5	8—62
G E Rahn	10	7	5	8	7	6	8	3	3	9—66
	6	5	7	5	4	4	8	7	10	9—65
	6	6	6	6	6	8	7	7	8	7—65
Dr Wheeler	7	5	7	6	7	9	9	9	4	7—70
	8	6	5	7	7	4	5	6	9	10—67
	8	4	9	5	9	6	5	8	8	8—60
W B Patton	4	7	7	6	5	9	4	5	9	9—65
	8	7	5	7	4	5	6	4	9	9—65
	5	10	4	4	4	7	7	5	9	6—61
Chas Curry	5	5	10	9	6	9	8	5	5	8—70
	6	7	4	3	6	8	7	9	4	8—62
	3	8	6	6	7	6	4	5	10	9—69
Chas Froese	4	6	7	5	10	8	6	5	7	8—66
	6	4	4	5	5	8	10	8	6	7—63
	10	6	6	8	4	4	4	3	6	7—58

America Ahead at Bisley.

MR. WALTER WINANS has again carried off the honors at the Bisley revolver competitions, using for the military series a .45cal. Smith & Wesson, with his patent military front sight, and U. M. C. smokeless powder ammunition; and for the "Any," or target revolver series, a .44cal. Russian model Smith & Wesson, with U. M. C. gallery ammunition. He won first in the military series: sliding target, disappearing target, rapid firing, and advancing target matches, and second in the limited entry and the 50yd. target matches. In the "Any" series he won first on sliding target, on disappearing target, in rapid firing, on 50yd. target, advancing, and the military and "Any" revolver aggregates; with second in the "Any" limited entry.

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 4, 5.—AUBURN, N. Y.—The Auburn Gun Club will hold a blue-rock tournament, using the "Maugatrap" for the first time in New York State; programs will be out in a few days. Mr. Paul North will have entire charge of the shoot.

Aug. 5.—SANDUSKY, Ohio.—Annual tournament of the Sandusky Gun Club; $100 added money and $100 in merchandise prizes.

Aug. 5-6.—GREENVILLE, Texas.—North Texas Gun Club League. Two days. Targets. Will L. Sargent, Sec'y.

Aug. 11.—ALBANY, N. Y.—Tournament of the West End Gun Club. Bluerock traps and targets. Horace B. Derby, Sec'y.

Aug. 11-14.—DETROIT, Mich.—Jack Parker's sixth annual international tournament. Fuller details later.

Aug 12-13.—DULUTH, Minn.—Central Gun Club, fourth annual tournament; excellent programme.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Aug. 26-27.—KALAMAZOO, Mich.—Tournament of the Celery City Gun Club, in connection with Michigan Trap-Shooters' League.

Aug. 31-Sept. 2.—ST. PAUL, Minn.—Annual tournament of the St. Paul Gun Club, at State Fair Grounds. B. F. Schurmeier, Sec'y.

Sept. 2-4.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Tournament at Audubon Park. Targets and live birds. B. F. Smith, Manager.

Sept. 7.—MARION, N. J.—Sixth annual tournament of the Endeavor Gun Club. Targets. J. A. Creveling, Sec'y.

Sept. 8-10.—GALT, Ont.—First annual tournament of the Ontario Rod and Gun Club; $800 to $1,000 added money.

Sept. 10.—WEST LEBANON, N. H.—All-day shoot of the West Lebanon Gun Club.

Sept. 15-16.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Third annual tournament of the Schmelzer Arms Company; $750 added money.

Sept. 29.-Oct. 2.—HARRISBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pennsylvania State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Harrisburg Shooting Association. First three days, targets; fourth day, live birds.

Oct. 6-8.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Autumn tournament of the Limited Gun Club. Open to amateurs only. Two days, targets; one day, pigeons and sparrows. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds added money announced later.

1897.

March 23-25.—NEW YORK CITY.—The Interstate Association's fifth annual Grand American Handicap at live birds.

June (third week).—CLEVELAND, O.—Fourth annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

The Thomaston Gun Club was organized last week with the following officers: President, Chas. W. Sherwood; Vice-President, W. R. Taylor, Jr.; Secretary and Treasurer, Chas. B. Onderdonk; Field Captain, R. C. Warren. The club will hold shoots every other Saturday afternoon on the grounds at Thomaston, L. I., commencing Aug. 1. Any person wishing to receive notice of open sweepstake days will send their names to the secretary.

The second annual tournament of the Monroe Gun Club will be held at Monroe, La., Aug. 19, 20, 21 and 22. The two first days' shooting will be at inanimate targets, ten events each day, 20 birds to an event; $15 will be added per event by the club. The two last days will be given up to the shooting of 1,000 live pigeons; entrance per 10-bird match $7.50, all surplus to be added. A. S. A. rules to govern, except black powder and 10 gauge guns will be barred. Open to the world; no handicaps, five moneys. For further information, address the secretary, Harry Wm. Stevenson.

Next week should witness the gathering together of a large crowd of live-bird shooters at Watson's Park, Chicago, Ill. The tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company, under the management of Mr. E. S. Rice, Messrs. Du Pont de Nemours's Western agent, will be the attraction. The contest for the Du Pont Smokeless Powder handicap trophy, now held by Fred Gilbert, is the main event, with a team contest a close second. Live birds only will be used during the tournament.

On Aug. 4-5 the Auburn, N. Y., Gun Club will hold a target tournament with Paul North and his magautrap as the special features. As there has been no target-shooting in New York State to amount to much since the State shoot at Buffalo the first week in June, with the sole exception of the Syracuse shoot, the Auburn Gun Club should have a good shoot. All who attend will have a thoroughly pleasant time; Messrs. George Corning, Jr., Charlie Tuttle, Carr, Brigden, etc., will certainly see to that part of the programme being satisfactorily carried out.

Jack Parker has, as usual, gotten out an interesting programme for his shoot at Detroit, Aug. 11-14. A special point of interest is the fact that all purses will be divided on the Rose system. There will be five moneys with ratio points of 5, 3, 3, 2 and 1.

Phil Daly, Jr., will no doubt see to it that there will be plenty of shooting this fall at Elkwood Park. Leander Campbell and his blackbirds will be heard of at that popular shooting resort many times before the winter's frosts and snow drive the blackbirds from their roosts in the reed beds of New Jersey. Mr. Daly won the main event at the Hollywood grounds on Saturday last, July 25, by scoring his 15 live birds without a skip.

The New Jersey Amateur Trap-Shooters' League held its second shoot on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Gun Club, Rutherford, N. J., on July 25. All five clubs forming this new organization were represented by teams, the winners in the team race being the Bergen County Gun Club, who beat the Endeavors, of Jersey City, by the narrow margin of 2 breaks.

The next tournament of the Interstate Association will be held at Burlington, Vt., on Aug. 26-27. The tournament will be held under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club of that city. There are several good gun clubs in Vermont, and these clubs can boast of many excellent shots. The gun clubs of Montreal and others located along the border can also be looked upon as likely to furnish some competitors at this tournament. Those who attend will be able to take away with them a pointer or two on running tournaments. The Interstate Association's mission is to instruct, and during its career, both this season and in past years, it has done much to boom trap-shooting in all parts of this country.

The Rose system is making new friends every day. A simple explanation of its workings, like that which we gave in our issue of July 11 and which we repeat in this issue, does much to help on the work of familiarizing shooters with its capabilities. The Rose system is a good thing and should be pushed along.

The boys have had lots to say during the past week in regard to the coming championship race between Heikes and Gilbert for the World's Championship cup, presented by the American E. C. Powder Co., emblematic of the championship of the world at inanimate targets. As some of the boys say, "There's going to be a tight race between the Bald Eagle of the Ohio Valley and The Houlihan of Spirit Lake!"

B. F. Smith, of Audubon Park, Buffalo, N. Y., announces a three-days' tournament at live birds and targets for Sept. 2-4. "Buffalo" Smith has good grounds at his command; they are easily reached by electric cars from the center of the city. With the support of the shooters of Buffalo city—and Smith certainly can reckon on that—the September shoot at Audubon Park ought to be a very pleasant affair.

We have received the following telegram from E. S. Rice, representative of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Co., and manager of their tournament, to be held at Chicago, Aug. 4, 5 and 6: "Please announce to shooting public the refusal of Eastern and Southern associations to reduce rates to our tournament. Western and Southwestern roads promptly granted round trip for one and a third fare."

On the New Utrecht's Grounds.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 18.—Capt. A. W. Money and A. A. Hegeman shot a match at 50 singles and 10 pairs to-day on the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, on Dyker Meadow. The match was for the New Utrecht challenge plate, which Capt. Money won on Dec. 7, 1895, and has since held, defeating in turn Dr. Littlefield, Deacon and Hegeman. After the match a number of 10-target sweeps were shot. Scores:

Capt Money	11	11	10	11	11	11	10	01	10	10—18—36	
	01	00	11	10	00	10	11	00	10	11—10—30	
A A Hegeman	00	11	11	00	11	10	01	11	10	11—10—30	
Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
D Deacon	8	8	7	8	..	..	..	8	8	9	8
Capt Money	8	9	9	8	7	8	9	8	7	8	9
B Adams	8	8	8	9	8	9	10	10	9	8	4
A A Hegeman	3	6	8	7	4	7	..	8	5	4	6

July 25.—The regular weekly shoot of the New Utrecht Gun Club was held on Dyker Meadow to-day. In the club shoot Hegeman won the Class A medal with 21 kills, while Pool and O'Brien won Class B and Class C medals respectively, because they had nobody to shoot against. Adams and O'Brien shot a 15-target match which O'Brien won, 14 to 12. The sweeps were all at 10 targets; Nos. 1 and 2, known angles; No. 3, expert rules; No 4, 5 pairs; and No 6, reversed angles. Scores:

Club shoot, 25 targets, known angles:

A A Hegeman (A)	0111110111111110101111111—21
P Adams (A)	1110111010011111101011111—19
D C Bennett (A)	1100111111101111101110011—19
Dr. O'Brien (C)	0011101111111111010001111—18
G E Pool (B)	0011111011111101001011111—18
M Van Brunt (A)	0001101111010101000110000—12

Hegeman badge shoot, 15 targets, known angles:

Adams	111111111101111—14	O'Brien	111001111101101—11
Bennett	111111101011101—12	Van Brunt	101011001111111—11
Hegeman	110101111110111—13	Pool	110010001010111— 9

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	Events:	1	2	3	4	5
Adams	9	9	9	8	9	Pool	8	9	7	6	..
Hegeman	8	6	6	8	4	Adams	8	7	7	2	5
Bennett	8	9	6	8	8	O'Brien	..	..	7	2	6
Van Brunt	7	4	5	5	6						

The Rose System.

It is with great pleasure that we note Jack Parker's intention of giving the Rose system of dividing purses a trial at his annual tournament in Detroit, Mich., Aug. 11-14. These annual affairs at Detroit are always very popular, chiefly on account of the personal friendship entertained by trap-shooters in general for the manager and promoter of the tournaments. The attendance at the Detroit gatherings is always satisfactory, so that there at least is an excellent chance for what may be termed a public trial of the system we think so highly of.

During the past year and a half we have repeatedly called attention to the many excellent features of this system, and it appears as if the trap-shooting public was at length beginning to awaken to the benefits likely to accrue to its favorite sport by a general adoption of this system. The fact that the system absolutely prevents the dropping for place and the pooling of issues incident to the old system is in itself a great thing. Its best feature, however, is that it is an equitable system, paying a man strictly according to his deserts.

In a comparatively recent issue of a certain sportsmen's paper, a correspondent, writing on the subject of handicapping the expert, closes his remarks with the following: "Use the Rose system instead of class shooting * * *." The above shows that even as yet some enthusiasts who are in favor of the Rose system do not thoroughly grasp what the system really is. The Rose system was devised specially to preserve *class shooting*, and to do away with the injustices that are necessarily a part of the division of the purses when the old system is in use.

In our issue of July 11 we gave a very full explanation of the workings of this system, and also gave an example showing how very simple it is when one comes down to practical work in a cashier's office at a tournament. With the idea of thoroughly familiarizing shooters with the system, we again give the explanation of it that appears in the programmes issued by the Interstate Association, together with the example quoted above:

(1) Decide upon the number of moneys into which the purse is to be divided, and then find the ratio into which it will be divided from the following table:

If into
2 moneys—at the ratio of 5 to 3.
3 moneys—at the ratio of 5 and 3 to 2.
4 moneys—at the ratio of 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
5 moneys—at the ratio of 5, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.
6 moneys - at the ratio of 15, 8, 5, 3 and 2 to 1.

(2) For the sake of example in working out this system, let us take a 15-target event, $1.50 entrance, 4 moneys, 24 entries, $10 added to the purses, targets at 5 cents each. This will give us a net purse of $35.50, targets taking $10.80 out of the total purse. Suppose when the event has been shot there are three straight scores: one 14, four 13s and one 12. Under the old percentage system of 40, 30, 20 and 10 per cent. class shooting, it is manifest that the single 14 would have the best of the four men with straight scores, while the man with 12 would also be better off financially than either of the four men who broke one more target than he did. Under the Rose system this temptation to drop for place is done away with. Proof of this is given below:

The ratio points are 5, 3 and 2 to 1. Therefore,

No. of ties for 1st money	3×5=15
No. of ties for 2d money	1×3= 3
No. of ties for 3d money	4×2= 8
No. of ties for 4th money	1×1= 1

27)$35.90($1.30
27 per ratio point.
82
81
10 cents over.

Therefore,
each man with 15 receives $1.30×5=$6.50
each man with 14 receives 1.30×3= 3.90
each man with 13 receives 1.30×2= 2.60
each man with 12 receives 1.30×1= 1.30

Under the system usually adopted at tournaments, the three men in for first money would have received $4.69 each; the man with 14 alone taking second money, $10.56; the four men in for third money would have drawn down $1.76 each, but the shooter who had the luck to drop one more target would have received fourth money, $3. 85, or just double their share.

It may seem from the above that the system is a complicated one, and would involve a great deal of work in the cashier's department. To disabuse one of this idea, we give an example of an event, the third event on the second day of the Iowa State tournament, working out the example by a system learned from the cashier at the Binghamton, N. Y., tournament. It will be noticed that he rules each page off into five columns; in the first he enters the names of the shooters: in the second he places their respective scores. He then ascertains the place obtained by each man and puts in the third column the number of points due to him. At the bottom of this column he figures up the total number of points, dividing the net purse by that sum. In the fourth column he places the amount due each man, checks it off as soon as the amount is paid, or the cash equivalent placed in the pay envelope. The fifth column is used for figuring the net purse and for finding the value of each point.

Event No. 3. 15 targets. Entrance $1.50. Added money ——. No. of entries, 27. Price of targets, 2 cents. No. of moneys, 4.

	Score.	Points.	Amount due.
Grimm	15	5	3.35
Hoffman	11		
Gilbert	12	1	.67
Schricker	15	5	3.35
Raisch	13	2	1.34
Wehrend	14	3	2.01
Minard	13	1	.67
Avery	10		
Webster	13	1	.67
Budd	15	5	3.35
Trotter	13	2	1.34
Miller	10		
Harbaugh	9		
Couger	9		
Tucker	14	3	2.01
VBoltenstern	11		
Jones	11		
Northrup	11		
Bosworth	10		
MBoltenst'rn	13	1	.67
Henry	13	1	.67
Cook	15	5	3.35
Agard	13	2	1.34
Foley	15	5	3.35
HBoltenst'rn	13	1	.67
Lewis	13	5	3.35
Samuelson	10		
		48	
Add amount over			.34
			$37.40

48¢ per point.
3
13
24 c over.

entries at $1.50 ..... =$40.5
Deduct for targets at 3cts. each = 3.1
Net purse ..... =$32.4

* Divide net purse by sum of the points.

Under the older system each man who broke 15 would have received $2.16; each 14 would have drawn down $4.86, while the 13s would have received exactly the same amount as the straights—$2.16; each 12 would have been paid 54 cents.

It is a simple matter for anybody to take a copy of FOREST AND STREAM and work out any number of similar examples. It looks to us as if the duties of a cashier's office were lightened rather than rendered more arduous by the introduction of the Rose system.

CINCINNATI.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I cannot recall the time when I have read anything else with so much interest as your editorial explanation of the Rose system, and I am sure I never read anything of more profit concerning the equity of trap-shooting. All combinations of winnings, after the ratios are once determined, adjust themselves with such admirable, mathematical nicety and justness that the only strange feature of the whole matter is that it was not adopted sooner.

FOREST AND STREAM is deserving of great credit for advocating this system and so forcibly presenting its merits. It is fair to the amateur and expert alike, all those who are expert enough to enter into consideration in arranging the winnings and honors of the competition. If a shooter has no skill he is entitled to no consideration in the awards.

The entire absence of any uniformity in the working of the older system, and the constantly recurring circumstance of a shooter winning more money by breaking less or killing less birds than some other competitor, should have condemned that system long ago. It had nothing to commend it and much to condemn it. Owing to the uncertainty of its working and its entire inefficiency in evoking even and honest competition, it was unworthy the name of a system. Nothing is a system which has not settled procedure in it which will in an orderly manner end in certain desired results. The older system (let us call it that for the want of a better term) so constantly miscarried and offered such numberless opportunities for a man to reap greater reward by shooting, not to do his utmost, but to govern his score by the opportunities which the defects of the system presented, that it is not strange that "dropping for place" became almost a recognized feature of trap-shooting. It was a natural product of the system. Shooters have been blamed for taking advantage of the system, when the system honestly followed was an insult to their intelligence and a defeat of skill, for the better a man shot so that he was in the best class, the less he received, and it was not an infrequent happening that the expert did not receive enough to pay for his ammunition. Yet in the face of the fact that a faulty system was forced on the public, one which rarely ever produced fair results, it was a difficult matter to induce the trial of other systems, so firmly do habit and tradition enslave the masses. Considering the constant unfairness of the old system and the premium it offered on "dropping for place," it is a most extraordinary feature of the trap-shooting world that so many kept on shooting straight under a system which so palpably worked an injustice to them. In the many arguments against the "dropper" and denunciations of him, I never noted any denunciation of a dishonest system, for if it was dishonest for the "dropper" to shoot for the place which resulted in the most profit and not shoot at his best, it was equally dishonest to force a shooter to compete under a system which beat him out of his just rewards. The competition professed to be founded on a principle of skill, and the skillful shooter found in the result that his skill was quite likely to accomplish his defeat. The older system militated against skill. Not infrequently did the men in second place win more than the men in first, and not infrequently did the third men win more than either, as has been most clearly shown in your admirable article, to which I referred in the beginning of this letter.

Thus, with a system (the Rose system) which works with absolute mathematical precision, with its incentive to every man to shoot at his best with the full knowledge that he will be rewarded according to his skill, and with the incidental elimination of all the abuses and odium which were inseparable under the old system, there should not be any hesitation in deciding between the two systems. With the adoption of the Rose system, aside from its justness, there would be detached so much of stigma of the old system that the trap world would be purified and start on a future whose great prosperity and good fellowship no one can forecast.

PUSH IT.

Walsrode Gun Club.

GUILFORD, N. Y., July 20.—Inclosed find a sample of the clay-smashing work at practice of the Walsrode Gun Club, of Guilford, N. Y.:

Chase	1000111111111101111111—16	G Hyatt	1001001001110111111011—13
Tiffany	0011111111110111001111—15	Kinney	1110110000101101111O—12
Godshall	1111101111010011010—14	J Hyatt	0000000100011100011O— 6
Darling	0110101011100111011—13		WADE.

The Interstate at Portland.

PORTLAND, Me., July 23.—The trip to Portland, Me., to attend the fifth tournament of the Interstate Association, given July 22 and 23, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club, was one of the most delightful I ever made. We went by water from New York via the Maine Steamship Co.'s steamer Cottage City. At Pier 38, East River, the starting point, I met Elmer E. Shaner, manager of the Interstate Association, and Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co., *en route* to Portland by the same line. The boat was crowded, and though we had hired four berths two days before, we found we were unable to secure them. However, Elmer's persuasive tongue and the almighty dollar combined got us one of the steward's staterooms, and so we were able to pity the poor beggars who passed the nights on the floor and chairs of the saloon. We had such a jolly, cool trip, the sea air made us all very hungry and very sleepy. I don't believe old U. M. C. Thomas would have ever waked up at all if he had been with us. It did us all good, and Noel Money, who had come on purpose to get rid of malaria, said he had not felt so well for months.

We left our dock just above Brooklyn Bridge at 5 P. M., and steamed up against the tide, which was running like a mill race, past the Navy Yard and Blackwell's Island, through Hell Gate, sitting on deck until we came to Fort Schuyler and darkness began to close in. And then to bed with three blankets, and a sleepiness nothing could disturb.

Next day was deliciously cool, with hardly a ripple on the water—though an ocean roll or two made Elmer Shaner rather green about the gills.

The only place we stopped at was Cottage City, Mass., and after a most delightful trip we passed Portland Head, and steaming up the magnificent harbor, which is one of the finest in the world, arrived at our dock exactly on time—6 P. M. Mr. Darton, Mr. Adams and some other members of the gun club met us, and after supper took us driving behind a pair of good horses, and showed us Deering Park and the fine old city of Portland.

Everyone you meet here talks of game, shooting, fishing and camping out, so that you soon realise what a game State you are in, and soon we have invitations to shoot moose, for the fall to hunt foxes, or to go after woodcock and grouse, that are in any quantities according to all accounts; while every other man presses you to come with him for a week after bass, trout or landlocked salmon. On Tuesday Elmer had the traps and everything all ready, and practice shooting was carried on all the afternoon. The grounds were in first-rate condition and everything promised well for a first-class tournament.

First Day, July 22.

Wednesday morning, the first day of the tournament, was gloriously fine, and the opening event had 40 entries. Event No. 2 showed 42 entries. The Rose system of dividing purses was in force at this tournament, and was voted by every one to be a great success. True, there were no big winners, but the number of shooters who participated in the division of the purses and left the tournament satisfied with their winnings and that they had had a fair show for their "white alley" has seldom been equaled at any tournament. Justus von Lengerke, Noel Money, Louis Schortemeier (Schorty) and many others were loud in their praise of this system. I firmly believe it is only a matter of time until the Rose system will be generally adopted at all tournaments.

The rule allowing any one to shoot for targets only was received with favor, although not many availed themselves of it.

Everything ran smoothly, as they always do, with Elmer E. Shaner at the helm (we have become nautical), and every one agreed it was one of the best shoots they had ever attended.

The trade was represented by S. A. Tucker and O. R. Dickey, of Parker Bros.; U. M. C. Thomas, of Union Metallic Cartridge Co.; Justus von Lengerke, of Von Lengerke & Detmold; Noel E. Money, of the American E. C. Powder Co.; H. P. Collins, of Hazard Powder Co., and W. L. Colville and J. Fanning, of Gold Dust Powder Co.

The local shooters turned out in force and there was a good delegation from Massachusetts. In the evening the club entertained the visitors and took them to Riverton and Deering Parks and over to the Islands in the bay.

The first day, Noel E. Money, using E. C. powder and smokeless shells; Schorty, E. C. powder and smokeless shells, and Fanning, Gold Dust powder and Acme shells, tied for first average with 90 per cent. The second day, O. R. Dickey, E. C. powder and Rapid shells, won first average with 90.9 per cent. High average for both days was won by Dickey, with 89 5 per cent. Second high average for both days was won by Money with 88 per cent., and third high average by Von Lengerke with 87.7 per cent. Scores:

Scores of First Day, July 22.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Eager	12	10	19	13	13	19	12	15	14	15	170	142	83.5
Allison	12	14	18	13	11	20	14	13	14	16	170	144	84.7
Leroy	10	14	18	12	14	20	14	17	10	16	170	145	85.2
Schorty	14	12	18	13	15	18	15	16	12	20	170	153	90
Thorndyke	11	10	15	9	9	13	10	11	12	11	170	111	65.9
Herbert	13	14	19	13	13	17	13	17	13	18	170	150	88.2
C Randall	13	15	18	11	14	18	13	18	13	17	170	143	84.1
Jordan	13	11	19	7	12	19	13	19	13	14	170	141	82.9
Adams	15	15	17	14	13	14	13	15	12	17	170	144	84.7
Archer	13	13	17	14	11	17	15	19	14	18	170	150	88.2
Darton	14	10	15	13	18	16	14	17	13	14	170	139	81.7
Thompson	11	15	17	13	14	19	9	14	10	15	170	140	82.3
Tucker	12	14	19	14	15	15	13	18	15	..	150	135	90
Collins	5	10	13	6	11	11	6	15	12	13	170	132	77.6
Von Lengerke	12	14	17	13	13	16	15	19	13	16	170	148	87
Money	13	15	16	15	13	18	14	20	13	16	170	153	90
U M C	12	10	15	12	11	13	12	16	14	17	170	132	77.6
Rounds	11	7	18	..	..	..	11	17	14	9	120	87	72.5
Cain	13	6	14	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	10	85	50	58.8
Whittin	10	12	18	9	12	15	14	15	11	16	170	142	83.5
Walls	15	9	13	11	6	8	11	..	..	..	115	173	68.4
Henderson	11	14	18	13	15	16	13	16	13	19	170	143	84.1
Taylor	7	10	11	10	7	10	11	13	..	..	135	79	58.5
Gray	8	10	11	8	10	14	..	..	..	..	100	61	61
Wilkes	13	13	19	13	11	14	12	18	12	..	150	118	78.6
Sawyer	13	12	..	11	12	..	12	..	10	..	90	70	77.7
Edwards	13	13	16	11	15	16	14	17	18	..	150	128	85.6
Howe	12	13	15	10	13	9	12	13	11	15	170	133	78.2
Verrill	9	5	11	..	..	17	..	..	..	..	70	42	60
Hunnewell	12	14	19	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	70	60	85.7
Stront	10	11	..	..	10	..	8	..	..	..	60	39	65
Goude	10	10	..	..	7	..	10	..	..	..	60	37	61.6
Cobb	10	13	16	..	..	..	..	16	..	..	70	55	78.5
Josiyn	9	5	11	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	70	39	55.5
Berry	12	10	18	..	..	..	..	14	..	..	70	54	77.1
Dickey	15	12	18	8	15	16	13	18	15	16	170	150	88.2
Puck	13	14	16	10	10	19	10	15	11	12	170	123	72.3
Fanning	13	15	18	12	14	18	15	17	15	15	170	153	90
Swiveller	11	12	18	13	11	15	13	19	11	14	170	134	78.8
Giddins	..	8	15	7	12	..	..	..	..	..	85	42	64.6
Dow	..	8	13	..	7	12	11	15	..	9	125	75	60
Bales	12	..	..	10	..	..	..	..	11	..	45	33	73.3
Smith	..	..	10	10	13	14	12	..	..	..	85	59	69.4
Beane	..	..	9	..	..	..	14	..	..	..	40	23	57.5
Chisholm	..	..	..	10	13	10	11	14	..	..	85	58	68.2

George shot in events Nos. 1 and 8, making 11 out of 15 and 13 out of 20 respectively. Stevens shot in No. 9, 15 targets, and broke 5; and Peterson shot at 30 targets in event No. 8 and broke 14.

Scores of Second Day, July 23.

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	15	15	15	20	15	15	20	15	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Dickey	14	15	13	13	18	13	14	20	14	16	165	150	90.3
Puck	12	12	11	12	15	10	10	17	8	14	165	121	73.3
Money	14	14	13	14	16	13	12	17	11	16	165	142	86
Von Lengerke	15	15	14	13	20	11	11	17	14	15	165	146	88.4
Tucker	14	14	13	11	17	10	12	16	14	..	145	120	82.7
Schorty	15	13	14	13	18	12	10	16	13	19	165	133	80.6
Eager	14	12	13	11	12	11	14	12	14	15	165	128	77.5
Herbert	12	13	11	11	15	7	10	..	..	..	100	79	79
Allison	14	13	15	11	15	10	13	15	11	12	165	127	76.9
Henderson	13	12	14	12	12	10	10	14	11	17	165	125	75.7
Walls	10	12	9	9	12	11	11	14	13	11	165	112	67.8
Howe	11	11	12	9	12	13	9	15	10	16	165	118	71.5
U M C	11	11	11	11	16	11	10	15	12	14	165	122	73.9
Whittin	12	13	11	12	16	9	13	17	8	13	165	129	78.1
Fanning	14	13	14	9	17	11	9	12	15	17	165	130	78.7
Swiveller	6	11	12	13	13	13	11	16	13	13	165	124	75.1
Sawyer	7	13	11	11	..	11	10	..	11	..	105	74	70.4
Randall	12	14	14	14	16	6	14	14	9	12	165	126	76.3
Jordan	9	13	9	12	13	9	12	17	12	11	165	124	75.1
Thorndyke	14	13	12	10	16	10	11	19	11	14	165	130	78.7
Arthur	13	12	14	12	17	14	13	18	12	16	165	138	83.6
Darton	14	13	10	13	15	9	11	17	11	17	165	130	78.7
Thompson	11	13	12	11	15	6	10	13	11	13	165	115	69.6
Rounds	15	11	8	8	16	11	9	13	9	15	165	115	69.6
Edwards	12	13	11	13	..	..	..	14	9	..	95	71	74.7
Cain	6	9	..	..	..	9	..	..	..	..	45	34	58.3
Gray	10	8	10	11	13	9	..	12	..	..	115	73	63.2
Leroy	11	14	9	12	13	10	13	13	13	13	165	135	81.8
George	..	..	7	10	11	..	6	..	..	..	60	34	56.6
Taylor	..	..	..	9	9	..	..	..	..	..	6	13	65	86	85.3
Langley	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	12	9	14	13	15	105	74	70.4
Adams	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	11	15	..	..	..	50	38	76
Carson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	12	10	11	..	..	70	42	60
Wilkes	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	17	12	15	..	..	70	56	80
Collins	7	7	7	7	11	7	9	10	5	10	165	80	48.4

The following men shot in two events only: Fisher broke 6 in No. 9 and 15 in No. 10, Trunday 13 in No. 3 and 7 in No. 6, Merrill 8 in No. 9 and 16 in No. 10.

Following are the scores of the men who shot in one event only: Chisholm 8 in No. 9, Hall 3 in No. 1, Jones 5 in No. 5, Peterson 9 in No. 10.

NOTES.

Ask Noel Money how he can shoot wooden targets.

Elmer Shaner had his hands full with "the awkward squad."

Portland is a great place for drug stores, cold nights, sportsmen and good fellows.

Justus von Lengerke talked ruffed grouse and Noel Money fox hunting the whole time; it made V. L.'s mouth water to hear that most anywhere within half an hour's ride of the city you could flush 50 to 100 grouse in a day. GOTHAM.

Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association.

HOT SPRINGS, Ark., July 23.—The sixth annual tournament of the Arkansas State Sportsmen's Association, although the attendance was rather light, was in every sense a decided success. The Association really derived more benefit from this meeting than some of its predecessors, which can alone be attributed to the manner of dividing the purses. The system used was the equitable one, and this gave universal satisfaction and was conducive of much good; for when the tournament was over few were out of pocket, and, of course, there were no big winners, yet those who shot well won enough to pay expenses and a few dollars over.

In a number of events everybody got in for a place and each received more than their entrance money. This, of course, is only possible where the added money exceeds the cost of the birds, which it did in every event here, there being $10 added to all of them but the trophy contests. As stated above, the equitable system is an excellent one to use where money is added; but when nothing is added and the birds are charged for, it would be very unsatisfactory, as no matter how well one shot, it would be a difficult matter to keep even, to say nothing of the cost of shells, hotel bill and traveling expenses. Nor do I think it would prove practical at large tournaments.

The tournament was held at Whittington Park, a convenient place and easy of access, though with a very trying background—a nice, big mountain covered with trees. The ground inside the park, which is of white clay, also added to the difficulties of the shooter. The glare of the sun on this had the same dazzling effect on the eyes as though it shone on snow. This handicap, and the fact that all of the shooters were somewhat rusty from lack of practice, accounts for the very low averages made.

Trap-shooting in this State has reached its very lowest ebb, and it is safe to assert that the effect of this tournament will be very rejuvenating to the sport. At Pine Bluff trap-shooting has been in a dormant state for three years, but recently it has taken on new life and is now flourishing again. The weekly shoots of this club are always well attended; therefore the association acted very discreetly when it chose Pine Bluff as the place for holding the next annual tournament.

Right here I wish to assure the shooters of the country that we will be doing business again next year, and that, too, on a somewhat larger scale.

There were present, aside from the local shooters: John M. Pemberton, farmer Dave T. Alexander and W. R. Duley, Little Rock; J. T. Lloyd, W. A. Leach and J. B. Spears, Pine Bluff; Wallace Miller, Austin, Texas, and Herbert Taylor, St. Louis, Mo., representing the Du Pont Powder Co.

First Day, July 21.

The first day was an extremely sultry one, and the bright glare of the sun was also very trying on the shooter. The principal event of the day was the individual championship contest. This was won by G. W. Hughes on the fine score of 47 out of 50. He and Lloyd also tied on the high average with a percentage of 85 2. The others follow in the order of merit. There was $90 added to the purses, $10 to all but the championship event:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10			
Targets:	15	20	15	20	50	15	20	15	20	20	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	15	16	9	16	41	14	17	15	19	17	210	179	85.2
Hughes	14	16	14	15	47	11	16	13	18	15	210	179	85.2
Taylor	..	..	16	15	18	..	9	16	13	14	145	119	82
Sumpter	11	17	13	16	..	..	..	..	..	..	70	57	81.4
W R Miller	12	17	11	16	..	18	16	19	17	15	160	129	80.6
Alexander	..	17	9	17	45	13	13	14	11	16	195	153	78.4
Rix	13	14	11	..	39	7	14	11	14	..	170	133	78.3
Little	..	..	..	10	16	49	..	11	13	20	19	160	124	77.5
Pemberton	13	14	13	12	19	40	14	14	13	14	16	210	161	76.6
Spears	11	13	13	13	..	11	15	14	15	17	160	120	75
Williams	..	..	..	13	..	39	13	13	10	14	14	155	115	74.1
Wood	10	14	13	14	34	11	19	13	14	14	210	153	73.8
Woodcock	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13	13	10	..	55	40	72.7
Duley	..	9	14	10	18	38	10	17	10	13	16	210	150	71.6
Collings	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	10	14	13	16	17	140	100	71.4
Leach	11	15	9	14	30	10	11	10	14	16	210	140	66.6
Smith	..	..	..	8	..	..	..	14	11	13	..	75	45	60
Frazier	..	..	..	..	..	30	..	..	9	..	..	65	39	60

Championship contest, 50 targets, unknown angles:

Hughes	11011111111111111111101011—23 11111101111111111111111111—24	47
Alexander	11011111110111011100111111—20 11111101101111111111111111—23	43
Little	11111111000101111111111001—16 11111111111111111111101111—24	40
Lloyd	11111110111000101111111110—19 11111111110011111111101111—22	41
Pemberton	10111101111111101011111110—20 10111010110111111111110101—20	40
Rix	00111101110011101111111101—16 11111111100111010111111101—21	39
Williams	11001110111011111011110111—19 01111110111111011111011101—20	39
Duley	11111001111100101110000011—16 11111110000011111001011111—17	33
Wood	11111000110111111110111011—19 10110111100010001011001111—18	32
Collings	11011000011101001111100011—15 10111000100111101011110—16	31
Leach	10111111101111011001100001—16 11000110011100011011100111—14	30
Frazier	10001010111110011110110111—16 01000101111000110011110111—14	30

Second Day, July 22.

The scores on the second day were not much of an improvement over those of the previous day. The weather was again very hot, though a heavy shower about noon cooled the atmosphere some. The team race for the Keeley cup created some little interest, and this was won by the local club on a very ordinary score. J. T. Lloyd led in the sweepstake events with an average of 90.3. There was $10 added to each of these events:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7			
Targets:	20	20	20	15	15	20	25	Shot at.	Broke.	Av.
Lloyd	15	18	19	15	13	19	23	135	122	90.3
Hughes	14	14	19	15	14	17	21	135	114	84.4
Taylor	16	16	11	13	12	19	22	135	109	80.7
W R Miller	16	16	18	11	14	15	22	135	107	79.2
Spears	17	16	17	11	18	13	..	110	87	79
Wood	16	15	18	10	11	13	21	135	104	77
Williams	..	..	..	..	10	11	..	21	35	46	76.3
Pemberton	18	15	16	10	11	15	18	135	103	76.2
Rix	..	..	..	..	9	18	13	22	75	57	76
Alexander	16	14	16	8	12	16	16	135	100	74
Duley	14	18	12	12	11	14	17	135	98	72.6
Smith	16	14	..	9	..	16	16	100	71	71
Little	..	..	..	14	13	10	15	16	95	68	70.5

Team shoot, Keeley cup, 15 targets, unknown angles:

Hot Springs No. 1.		Little Rock.	
Hughes	111110110111111—13	Duley	111101110101000— 9
Williams	111111001011110—12	Pemberton	101111111101111—13
Wood	011111010101110—10—35	Alexander	011111100111101—11—33
	Hot Springs No. 2.		
Rix	110011011111110—11	Smith	100100001000111— 6—28
Collings	111110111001101—11		

NOTES.

J. T. Lloyd shot in something like his old-time form, especially on the last day, when he reached 90 per cent., he being the only shooter to accomplish this feat.

G. W. Hughes, "Old Man Hughes," as he is familiarly called, in addition to winning the championship, also captured the $5 for the longest run, 85 straight was the extent of it.

John J. Sumpter, Jr. (the only Arkansas traveler), was unfortunately taken very ill on the morning of the first day of the shoot, and this accounts for his taking part in only a few of the opening events. His genial countenance was decidedly missed. John is a good jovial fellow and his presence always adds much zest to a shoot.

W. R. Duley was shooting two kinds of cornshellers, a Winchester and a Burgess, neither, however, seemed to be the proper thing. Lack of practice, Duley, like a number of others, is what your indifferent showing can be attributed to.

Herbert Taylor, the Du Pont's representative, as usual, made a host of friends for his company and himself. His shooting too has improved wonderfully. When I first met him at the Atchison shoot he was making about 60 per cent., while here his average was a trifle over 80 per cent.

At the annual meeting of the association, Pine Bluff was chosen as the place for holding the next annual meeting and tournament, and the following officers were elected to serve for the ensuing year: J. T. Lloyd, Pine Bluff, President; John M. Pemberton, Little Rock, Vice-President; Paul R. Litake, Little Rock, Secretary, and C. N. Rix, Hot Springs, Treasurer. PAUL R. LITAKE.

Shooting at Wopsononock.

ALTOONA, Pa., July 25.—The second all-day shoot of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club for this season was held at Wopsononock to-day. The meeting did not have as large an attendance of shooting men as the club had looked for, but as the day was fine and the large crowd of ladies and gentlemen who visit this beautiful resort on every Saturday during the summer months gathered at the shooting grounds and watched the boys "break 'em" throughout the entire programme, the occasion was rendered most pleasant. Eleven events were decided, and, had it not been for a shabby trick played on the club management by the dealer who furnishes the shells to the shooters, at least half a dozen more events would have been pulled off. At 4 o'clock everybody was out of shells, necessitating a close of the sport at the time in the day when the conditions are the most favorable for target shooting on these grounds.

This condition of affairs, however, will not occur again, as the club intends in the near future to handle its own shells, and thus avoid a recurrence of the predicament in which they were placed to-day.

The greatest interest was taken in the medal contest, a 25-bird affair, for the club's gold and silver medals and a small entrance fee from each contestant. Booky and Clover tied for the gold medal in this race with 24 breaks out of 25, and in the shoot off at 10 birds in the next event they each scored 10 straight, making a total of 34 out of 35 shot at, when on account of the scarcity of shells they agreed to decide it at the next club shoot in August. Houck, a member of the Huntingdon Gun Club, and also a member of the Altoona Club, won the silver medal with a score of 20 out of 25. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11
Targets:	10	10	15	15	10	20	25	10	10	10	10
Sands	7	7	7	13	7	16	19	9	5	8	8
Kotty	7	5	14	12	6	14	17	7	..	..	..
Booky	8	8	13	13	7	15	24	10	7	..	8
Houck	8	4	8	10	5	13	20	8	7	9	8
Killette	8	6	11	9	6	12	14	6	6	5	7
Forney	..	..	..	..	..	..	12	12	8	..	..
Clover	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	24	10	10	6
Kolleaker	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..
Bell	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	15	..	..
Patterson	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	17	..	..	..
House	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	..

W. S. B.

Dedham Defeats Hingham.

BOSTON, Mass., July 18.—The Dedham Sportsmen's Club held its regular weekly shoot to-day. There were 12 shooters present. The feature of the afternoon was a team race between the Dedham Gun Club and the Hingham Gun Club. Hingham was represented by Henderson, Allison, Howe, Waldo and Lincoln, while Smith, Cole, Gordon, Rapid and Herbert held up Dedham's end. The conditions were 20 targets per man, 10 at known and 10 at unknown angles. Dedham won, 83 to 76. The Dedham Gun Club will hold its first annual handicap tournament on Saturday, Aug. 8. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
B Smith	9	9	8	6	10	8	7	8	..	..
Bliss	4	8	6	4	9	10	8	7	7	8
Cole	9	8	8	8	9	9	10	9	10	7
Livermett	7	6	7	6	6	7	9	5	9	9
Gordon	9	8	7	6	8	9	10	..	..	..
Greener	6	8	6	8	7	9	7	8	8	..
McQuillan	4	5	6	6	7	8	5	7	7	9
Henderson	7	10	8	7	7	10	9	10	10	9
Rapid	8	8	7	9	9	9	7	9	..	..
Woodruff	6	10	6	6	7	9	5	10	9	7
Howard	8	8	8	9	6	6	6	8	5	7
Herbert	7	8	8	7	6	6	8	..	..	..
Martin	9	8	9	6	7	9	10	8	10	8
Colburn	8	6	4	6	7	5	5	7	5	7
Hollis	4	5	5	6	8	7	3	6	6	5
Allison	..	..	..	8	10	9	8	6	9	10
Howe	..	..	..	10	9	8	8	7	8	8
Waldo	..	..	..	7	8	9	7	9	4	7
Lincoln	..	..	..	5	10	9	6	7	7	4
Miskay	..	..	..	..	8	8	8	9	8	9
Adams	..	..	..	..	10	6	4	6	4	..
McIntosh	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..

ROBT. SMITH.

Gilbert Accepts Heikes's Challenge.

OAKLAND, N. J., July 22.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I inclose herewith copy of Mr. Fred Gilbert's acceptance of Mr. Heikes's challenge for the American E. C. cup and championship of the world at inanimate targets. Yours truly, THE AMERICAN E. C. POWDER CO., LTD.
(Albert W. Money).

CHICAGO, Ill., July 24.—*Noel E. Money, Secretary the American E. C. Powder Co., Ltd.:* DEAR SIR—Your valued favor of the 15th inst. addressed to me at Spirit Lake is forwarded to me at this city, arriving in this morning's mail.

I note deposit of check in your hands in the sum of $50 by Mr. Rolla O. Heikes, of Dayton, O., together with challenge to me for the E. C. cup and the championship of the world at inanimate targets.

I am under obligation to you for copy of conditions governing holder of cup, and I am especially obliged to you for placing with these conditions no restriction upon me as to make of powder contestants shall use.

I cheerfully accept the challenge of Mr. Heikes, and will name Thursday, Aug. 20, 2 o'clock P. M., Watson's Park, Burnside, Ill., as grounds. Very respectfully yours, FRED GILBERT.

Jacksonville Gun Club.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 24.—In all probability Jacksonville will soon be able to boast of an "up-to-date" gun club, and from the material now in sight there will be nothing in the State, or in sister States either, that can touch it. Some years ago Jacksonville had a club and some crack shots were developed, but after a while the interest waned and it was allowed to die out. Since then many improvements have been made in trap-shooting paraphernalia, which greatly add to the enjoyment, and it is the intention to organize a first-class club and to purchase all the modern improvements, which, in themselves, are sufficient to excite an interest in the hearts of all lovers of the gun.

One of our leading sportsmen, who is deeply interested in this new club, has generously offered to donate a handsome solid gold medal for the members to compete for. If the local sportsmen will but show the proper spirit in coming forward without being coaxed, it will cost the individual member but very little.

It is requested that all those interested either call on or drop a card to Dr. W. T. S. Vincent, 317 Main street, and they will be notified of place of first meeting and time set for election of officers and organization.

Brunswick Gun Club.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., July 25.—Inclosed are the scores made this afternoon at the club's regular monthly shoot:

Stevens	1110001111111111111110111—21
Hoagland	1101111111111001101101111—20
Iredell	1110110110101101101111101—18
McDowell	1101011101110101110110011—17
Nicholas	1111100011001111011111001—17
Allen	1010000011111001111111100—15
Smith	1000010011101000001111011—13
Howell	1001010001101100001100111—12
Randall	0001100000111111010000011—12
Reynolds	1011110101011010100000000—12
Hilsh	0001010100101010100101010—10

HENRY E. STEVENS, Sec'y.

Cook County Trap-Shooters' League.

Oak Park, Ill.—The fourth contest of the Cook County Trap-Shooters' League was held on the grounds of the Cicero Gun Club. A light rain fell throughout the entire day and made it very disagreeable for the shooters; however, quite a number participated in the events, which were as follows:

Set traps No. 1, five traps, targets, sweepstakes, targets extra.

No. 1, 10 targets, known traps and angles, 50 cents entry, three moneys: S. Palmer 5, McDonald 2, Lowrey 4, Grubbs 7, Church 8, Adams 7, Von Platen 4, Williams 2.

No. 2, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles, 75 cents entry, two moneys: McDonald 4, Lowrey 5, Williams 8, Von Platen 1, S. Palmer 7, Barnard 4.

No. 3, 10 targets, unknown traps and angles, entry 50 cents, three moneys: S. Palmer 3, Church 6, Barnard 2, Williams 2, A. Cheesman 6, Lowrey 7.

No. 4, same: Williams 7, Stannard 8, Liddy 7, Church 7, Adams 8, Grubbs 6.

No. 5, same: Stannard 7, Adams 9, Bingham 10, Gilbert 9, Hicks 8, Steck 10, Barto 9, W. D. Stannard 3, Head 7, Church 8, Shaw 6, Wright 7, Glover 6, S. Goodrich 8, Smith 10, Ruble 8, Webster 7, S. Palmer 7, Einfeldt 6, Wilcox 6, Grubbs 7, Liddy 6, W. Palmer 3.

No. 6, 15 targets, known traps, unknown angles, 75 cents entry, three moneys: Hicks 10, Adams 11, Stannard 12, Wright 9, Bingham 12, Barto 10, Gilbert 10, Church 14, Shaw 13, Murphy 4, Head 7, Johnson 5, Ruble 13, Goodrich 9, Glover 10, Smith 8, Wilcox 11, Steck 13, Grubbs 8, W. D. Stannard 11, Kuss 12, Cop 9, Patterson 9, Irwin 8.

No. 7, 20 targets, known traps, unknown angles, $1 entry, four moneys: Bingham 18, Ruble 12, Steck 12, Shaw 17, Wright 16, Hicks 18, Adams 17, Barto 14, Webber 11, Liddy 13, Church 12, Grubbs 12, Patterson 14, Kuss 14, Fehrman 16, Johnson 10, Murphy 5, Gilbert 16, Bowers 12, Goodrich 13, Glover 16, Wilcox 14, Stannard 17, W. Palmer 12, Spreyne 9, Lamphair 16, Carter 15, Wescott 14, Plitz 10, Dr. Carson 12.

No. 8, 15 targets, same, 75 cents entry, three moneys: H. F. Carson 9, Johnson 5, S. Palmer 6, Buck 8, Rich 12, Hart 8, Adams 8, Rexford 8, Antoine 8, Kuss 9.

No. 9, same: Einfeldt 9, Metcalf 3, Murphy 4, Liddy 10, R. B. Carson 6, Black 6, Petrie 5, Booth 8, Cooper 8, Cop 9, Good 2, Jones 7, Leech 8, Stiger 8, Dr. Carson 5, Levi 7, Von Platen 5, Wescott 7, Rexford 9.

No. 10, same: Young 13, Head 9, H. Carson 8, Webber 7, W. Palmer 8, Russell 5, Dr. Carson 8, Spreyne 8, Petrie 10, Johnson 7, Ruble 14, Fehrman 10, Adams 7, Kuss 13, Booth 10, Stiger 8, Von Lengerke 12, Matthews 3, Bingham 5, A. W. Adams 15, S. Palmer 6, Von Platen 6, Antoine 11.

No. 11, same: Young 9, Stiger 8, Murphy 9, Russell 8, Kettlestrings 11, Dr. Carson 10, Buck 9, Smith 5, A. W. Adams 11, Stiger 7, Sherman 2, Metcalf 9, Cooper 8, H. Carson 7, Adams 7, Fehrman 6, Goodrich 5, Dr. Wescott 11, York 3, Rexford 5, H. Carson 10, Booth 11, Wright 13, Bowers 5.

No. 12, same: Young 7, Booth 11, Murphy 9, W. D. Stannard 6, Rexford 10, Cooper 12, Russell 5, Stannard 11, Kuss 13, Goldsmith 5, Adams 10, Antoine 10.

No. 13, same: Wright 9, Steck 9, Goodrich 7, Booth 9, Murphy 5, Cooper 12, Ruble 12, Hicks 13, Young 12, Cop 11, Russell 8, Kettlestrings 11.

Set traps No. 2, five traps, targets for practice and the League contest. The following are scores of the League:

CLASS A.

Eureka Gun Club.
Adams....1111111111111111011101101—22
Steck....1111110110110111111111111—22
F P Stannard....0111111111011011110111101—20
Bingham....1001010101111011111100111—17
Wright....1110110101100111010110011—16
Patterson....0101101111111011000010100—14—111

Garfield Gun Club.
Hicks....1111101111011101001011001—17
Palmer....1001100011101110101011101—15
Cop....0101000010111101101000111—13
Plitz....1100101101001011110100010—13
J J Smith....1011001100010100110110101—13
Von Lengerke....1101010101111100001000101—13— 84

CLASS B.

Garden City Gun Club.
Ruble....1111110111111111101111011—22
Redford....1101111101001110101111111—19
Amberg....0111011011110101110110111—18
Antoine....1111010010111111011011110—18
Bissell....0101111101111111110110100—18
Wilcox....1110100010100100110101110—13—108

Eureka Gun Club No. 2.
Glover....1011111111111111111111101—23
W D Stannard....1001011111111111110101111—20
Dr Carson....1111100111001001111111111—19
H Carson....1101110100110110110101111—17
Buck....1101011000101110010101111—15
Goodrich....1110110001001110010001011—13—107

Garfield Gun Club No. 2.
Kuss....1111111101101111010011111—20
Liddy....1011010111111111100011111—19
Richards....1110110110100111001111111—18
Fehrman....1010011111111110001111100—17
Bowers....0010110101011110110100111—15
Shaw....1010101100111110010110010—14—103

Cicero Gun Club.
Kettlestrings....1111100111111110111111111—22
Cooper....1001111101100100011111101—16
Fox....0010011000111110111101111—16
Goelter....0100111111101010111011100—16
A Cheesman....1001011110110010001101101—14
Lowrey....1000100110010001101100000— 9— 93

Douglas Gun Club.
Rich....0111111111011011001111111—20
Church....1111110111111011000011001—17
Barto....1110110001110010011110111—16
Carter....1110010101010101001001100—12
Hart....0101111100100001001100001—11
Johnson....1010011000010010010000010— 8— 84

Calumet Heights Gun Club.
Lamphere....1111111111110111111110111—23
Westcott....1111101101101010011011101—17
Young....1011110111001011000110111—16
Booth....1000101111100111100110010—14
Knowles....0000000111010011100101111—12
Withdrew.

CLASS C.

Cicero Gun Club No 2.
Webber....0100111111101011011011100—16
Talbot....0001110110011011011010010—13
Von Platen....0001111101010101010001011—12
W Cheesman....1000111011010110000000110—11
Einfeldt....0001110000101110100101101—11
Barnard....1001010010001000000010100— 7— 71

Calumet Heights Gun Club No. 2.
Greely....1101010110010100001011111—14
Black....0001100011010010101001111—12
Metcalf....1001000010101100001001111—11
Harlan....0001110010011000000110110— 9
Marshall....0010000000110111101100000— 9
Withdrew.

Garfield Gun Club No. 3.
Steiger....1010010011101100010010100—11
Russell....0000011111010000100100011—10
S Palmer....0010000000001011110010110— 9
Withdrew.

Garden City Gun Club No. 2.
Levi....1110000101010111010110100—13
Goldsmith....1101010000011100011010010—11
Withdrew.

The shoot off between the low men in each club for the keg of Du Pont powder resulted as follows:

Goodrich (Eureka)	11010	01010	01110
Plitz (Garfield)	01000		
Cop (Garfield)	10000		
Levi (Garden City)	00000		
Barnard (Cicero)	01101	11000	00110
Webber (Cicero)	01001		

On set No. 3, 5 traps, English sparrows were shot. Fred Gilbert, the Du Pont powder champion, here shot at his first sparrow, killing 23 out of 25.

Following are the sparrow events:

Event 1, 5 sparrows, 5 unknown traps, set 3yds. apart and 25yds. from the score, with a 25yd. boundary, $1.50 entry, 3 moneys: S. Palmer 3, Lowrey 5, Steck 3, Ruble 4, Williams 2, Barnard 1, Von Platen 1.

No. 2, 10 sparrows, $3 entry, 3 moneys: Parker 8, Goldsmith 7, Palmer 6, Rexford 4, Levi 2, Steiger 3.

No. 3, same: Palmer 7, Webster 6, Staples 9, Gilbert 10, Mathews 8, Kuss 8, Parker 6, Von Lengerke 9, Einfeldt 6, Bingham 10.

No. 4, 5 sparrows, $1.50 entry, 3 moneys: Gilbert 4, Bingham 5, Palmer 3, Shaw 3.

No. 5, same: Wescott 0, Liddy 5, Gilbert 5, Staples 3, Webster 5, Goodrich 4, Adams 3.

No. 6, same: Russell 2, Gilbert 5, Webster 3, Bingham 4, Palmer 4.

No. 7, same: Palmer 5, Webster 5, Einfeldt 3, Staples 5.

No. 8, same: Smith 1, Pelmer 1, Einfeldt 3, Bissell 2, Webster 5.

No. 9, 10 sparrows, $3 entry, 3 moneys: Einfeldt 8, Stannard 5, Gilbert 8, Palmer 6, Webster 5, Hicks 5.

No. 10, same: Webster 10, Palmer 7, Steck 9, Goodrich 7, Wilcox 7, Hicks 9, Barto 7, Wright 10, Glover 2, Lowrey 8, Ruble 8.

As usual, the last shot was fired by starlight, and Tom Hicks was about the last one on the grounds. Gordo.

Pennsylvania and Ohio Border League.

Greenville, Pa., July 18.—The fourth tournament of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Border Gun Club League was held at Greenville to-day, and was a decided success. Paul North's magautrap was used, and few if any birds were broken by this trap. The league shoot was shot from the five traps as heretofore, as it would have been unfair to have changed traps at this stage of the tournament. Scores:

Greenville (Pa.) Gun Club.
Naylor....1111101111111111111111111—24
Dr Miller....1111011111111001111111101—21
Belton....1111101111101101011110110—19
Keck....1111110011111000111111010—18
Grausl....0111000100011011000101111—13—95

Warren (O.) Gun Club.
Sheldon....0111111111111110111111111—23
Ewalt....1101110101111011101111111—20
Scoonover....1111111011011111110110011—20
James....1101011111011101101011011—18
Nooney....1011000000111111111001000—13—94

Youngstown (O.) Gun Club.
Fry....0110110111101111111011111—20
Chapman....1111111111010011111100101—19
Whitesides....1011111110101111101110100—18
Andrews....1100111111011010101011110—17
Weakland....1001111101000111101110111—17—91

New Castle (Pa.) Gun Club.
Hill....1111101011011011101110111—19
Wilson....1111110101111110001010111—18
Hart....1011110101011111110101001—17
Shanor....1110100011001011111111011—17
Matthews....1000111101101001111010011—15—86

Meadville (Pa.) Gun Club.
Adams....1011011110111111011111110—20
Ergot....1111111110011011001110010—17
Harvey....1111111111111111100000001—17
Reisinger....1110011111100111000101010—15
Johnson....0010000001000100111111111—12—81

J. M. Reed, Sec'y.

Audubon Gun Club.

Chicago, July 18.—The events were as follows: No. 1, 25 singles, unknown angles; No. 2, 15 singles, unknown angles; No. 3, 15 singles, reverse pulls; No. 4, miss-and-out, Forrester's birthday event; No. 5, 15 singles, gun below elbow; No. 6, 15 singles, unknown angles.

This was the weekly shoot of the Audubon Gun Club, the first event being the club badge shoot, B. F. Smith winning A class badge, Tom Tidler B class and A. Coombs C class. No. 4 event was a special miss-and-out handicap, in which C. S. Burkhardt won first prize, an elegant meerschaum pipe; Norris won second, meerschaum cigar holder; Phillips third, silver matchbox; J. J. Reed fourth, cigar stand; McArthur fifth, pocket lamp. The prizes were all donated by Capt. Alex. Forrester, it being his fiftieth birthday, and in his honor the event was named:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
B F Smith	24	..	..	15	..	..	Wm Hines, Jr	14	9	9	13	6	..
J J Reid	17	10	7	18	9	..	U E Storey	14	7	7	13	..	8
Forrester	24	13	13	..	..	..	Reynolds	14	..	..	11	12	..
C S Burkhardt	23	14	10	45	15	12	Freize	21	10	..	..	..	..
Peach	20	..	10	..	..	..	Williams	14	9	4	10	9	..
J Edwards	20	13	10	11	11	10	Dr Sauer	17	9	6	13	19	..
McArthur	17	10	10	19	7	7	Howard	12	8	9	..	10	11
L W Bennett	19	12	11	9	14	..	Norris	24	12	11	48	14	..
Tom Tidler	20	11	12	15	12	..	Rossiter	..	8	9	..	..	..
A Coombs	11	..	3	..	..	..	Edmonds	..	11	8	..	..	..
Bird	14	9	5	9	10	..	S Howards	..	8	10	..	..	..
Kelsey	23	12	13	13	14	..	Beard	..	..	9	..	..	..
Phillips	15	9	6	19	..	..	Warren	..	..	9	..	..	..
J Peters	22	13	6	5	9	8							

Willmar Gun Club's Tournament.

Willmar, Minn., July 17.—The annual tournament, for amateurs only, of the Willmar Gun Club was held to-day, and proved a success. The purse of $40, to be divided equally among the six high guns, was won by Hill, Johnson, Wilson, Ahlstrom, Tallman and Peterson. Scores:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Targets:	*25*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*25*	Targets:	*20*	*15*	*25*	*10*	*20*	*15*	*25*
E S Hill	14	12	17	9	16	15	18	M Liedholm	7	7	..	5	..	7	..
L Johnson	15	12	17	6	15	14	16	H A Hanson	8	9	10	8	..	9	10
E Wilson	12	13	16	9	15	15	16	Wm See	10	6	..	..	..	..	..
A Ahlstrom	11	9	16	8	14	12	11	O Paulson	12	5	10	4	8	5	..
D N Tallman	9	12	15	7	12	9	20	S Osmundson	10	7	..	..	..	8	10
F F Peterson	12	14	12	5	16	10	14	G Byland	5	..	..	2	5	..	..
P E Hanson	11	9	14	8	13	12	14	C Orram	5	7	10	3	11	8	13
C C Selvig	13	12	15	6	13	8	11	M J O'Brien	8	8	9	1	4	5	4
B F Miller	13	8	14	6	9	12	11	M Ellofson	7	5	..	3	10	..	..
N P Nelson	12	11	16	5	12	7	14	H Croswell	6	7	9	3	9	5	11
C G Nelson	11	5	9	5	10	8	8	C A Olson	8	7	..	..	9	11	9
C Berkner	9	11	13	5	9	13	11	J H Foster	11	9	..	..	..	..	..
P J Boland	6	8	15	8	13	9	10	R Nelson	5	4	11	..	10	6	9
R B Otterness	10	6	15	5	12	8	13	P Bonde	..	..	..	..	..	9	6
F W Minton	13	7	8	4	11	9	12	C A Rice	..	..	..	..	..	9	5
J C Freese	12	9	14	4	14	11	10								

D. N. Tallman, Sec'y.

Pawtuxet Gun Club.

Pawtuxet, R. I., July 18.—The tenth weekly shoot of the Pawtuxet Gun Club was held to-day. The shooting was at 25 targets, known angles, A. S. A. rules. Scores:

Class A.
W Crandall....1011011111111111011111010—20
W H Sheldon....1111111110110111101011110—20
S F Wilson....1111011011111110111100101—18
W Mooney....0111111101011011111011100—18
S D Greene, Jr....1110011100111101111001100—16
*G T Naylor....0101110110110100110100110—14
*C H Brown....1110011101101010010010110—14
*C M Adams....0110000000110100001010010— 9

Class B.
A B Hawkins....1111111110100111111111111—22
E C Whitaker....1011111010111111111110010—19
H Badmington....1101011001011101110010111—16
W O King....1110011100110001010010001—12

Class C.
F Graves....1111110100011101101111101—18
R Rhodes....0110011110101010111010101—15
C Thunell....1101011111111010110010000—14
J Armstrong....1111001001010100000111100—12
G Cann....1110000101011011001110000—12
F Arnold....1011101101010100000010000—10
A Andrews....1000000000001100011110100— 8

* Not members. W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

Good Work at Omaha.

Omaha, Neb., July 18.—The Omaha Gun Club's regular weekly shoot was held to-day. Over 83 per cent. of the targets thrown in this event were scored "dead," and we would like to hear of some other club beating it. Scores:

Parmelee....1111111111111111111111011—24
Johannes....1110111111111111111111011—23
Whitener....1111111111101101111110111—22
Carmichael....1111101101011111111111111—22
Marsh....1011111111111111111011101—22
Brucker No 1....1101111011111111111111110—22
Dickey....1111111111011111111110110—22
Loomis....0111101111101111111111111—22
Brucker No 2....1111111101011110111111111—22
E Kalb....1111101111111111101011111—22
Smead....1111101111110110011111111—21
Hughes....1111111010110111101111111—21
Bates....0111111110111111101111010—20
Read....0011111111011011101011111—19
Raymond....1101011111110001111101011—18
Peters....1101001101111101111111001—18
Randlett....1011110101100110111101111—18
McFarlane....0010011011010101110111111—16

W. D. Kenyon, Sec'y.

Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Burlington, Vt., July 15.—The regular shoot of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club was held here to-day. At a meeting of the club, held this evening, it was decided to use the Rose system of dividing purses at our tournament, to be held Aug. 26 and 27. Scores made to-day:

No. 1, 25 targets:
Blue Rival....1110110101111111010110110—18
Blue Ribon....1111011111111110101111111—21
W L Stone....0011010011110111011010100—14
D du Pont....1111001110101010010000100—13

No. 2, same:
Blue Rival....1111101010101111111011111—20
Blue Ribon....1111011111101011111101111—21
W L Stone....1000000111110110000101111—13
D du Pont....0110000111101001111111111—17
E C Lefever....1110111111100011011110000—16

No. 3, same:
E C Lefever....1001110111101011111010110—17
Blue Ribon....1101010111110111011101101—18
D du Pont....0000011110010010110100100—10
W L Stone....1001100000100101001010010— 9
Blue Rival....0100111111100100101100111—15

No. 4, 15 pairs:
E C Lefever....00 11 10 10 10 01 11 11 11 10 10 10 10 10 11—19
D du Pont....11 11 00 10 00 10 10 11 10 10 10 11 00 10 01—16
W L Stone....10 00 11 00 01 01 10 10 01 11 10 10 01 10 10—15
Blue Rival....11 10 11 10 00 10 11 10 11 11 00 11 11 11 11—22

J. S. Denning, Sec'y.

At the Hollywood Traps.

Long Branch, N. J., July 25.—Phil Daly, Jr., won the Takanassee Cup to-day at the Hollywood grounds. The field was a small one, only eight entries being obtained. Among the number were A. L. Ivins, Bland Ballard, Leonard Finletter, E. H. Godschalk, etc. The conditions were: 15 live birds, $15 entrance, handicap rise. Daly, who shot from the 28yds. mark, killed all his birds. Ballard and Ivins, both of whom were at 30yds., and Godschalk (28yds.) tied for second place with 13 kills each. The scores were:

P Daly, Jr. (28)....222222212212221—15
Ballard (30)....222•22•22222222—13
Ivins (30)....222021•12222221—13
Godschalk (28)....2222120•1221221—13
Hooper (28)....00120•022122211—11
Branch (26)....1•2221021212100—11
Finletter (29)....02022•222222020—10
Wilson (27)....01•000 w

Proposed Syracuse Stock Company.

There is a well developed sentiment in Syracuse, and in fact elsewhere in central New York, in favor of the organization of an association to take up the work begun by the *Herald* when it fathered the recent shooting tournament held at the State Fair grounds. Local sportsmen are fully convinced that Syracuse can be made a sporting center, and that such an organization can be made self-sustaining if not profitable. Offers to take stock have been freely made to the late management, and in order that the matter may take form it is proposed that the gentlemen willing to take part in such a project write their views and state what stock they are willing to take, based on shares of $50 each, par value, the company to be stocked at $5,000 or $10,000, to be decided later on. Immediate action is necessary, as it is important that a date shall be claimed for the next meeting well in advance. Letters should be addressed to Arthur Jenkins, Chairman, *Herald* office, Syracuse. A preliminary meeting will be called shortly after Aug. 1.—*Syracuse Evening Herald.*

Pawtuxet Gun Club Wins.

Pawtuxet, R. I., July 18.—The second of a series of four matches between the Pawtuxet Gun Club and the Rhode Island Trap-Shooters' Association was shot here to-day, and resulted in a victory for Pawtuxet by the narrow margin of one bird. Each team has now won a match, but Rhode Island still leads by 6 targets, as the number of targets broken in the entire series, 500 targets, decides the winners. The scores:

Pawtuxet Gun Club.		R. I. Trap-Shooters' Association.	
Sheldon	22	Wilson	21
G J Crandall	20	Randall	20
Greene	16	Whitaker	17
W J Crandall	14	Plaisted	15
Mooney	13—85	Adams	11—84

W. H. Sheldon, Sec'y.

West Lebanon Gun Club.

West Lebanon, N. H., July 23.—The West Lebanon Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot here to-day. The following are the scores:

Bailey....1100111101111011100111011—18
Briere....0010000001110000010110001— 8
Batchelder....1110111010110111110000101—16
Dana....0000000000000000110001000— 3
Dr Allen....0000110000001110000000000— 6
King....0010110100100011001011000—10
Johnson....0010001000000111010001001— 8

Nap Brière, Sec'y.

Marietta Gun Club.

Marietta, Ga., July 23.—The Marietta Gun Club held its regular weekly shoot here to-day. Conditions: Known traps, unknown angles, A. S. A. rules. Scores:

Black....1111111111101111100101111—21
Meinet....1101111111110101110111100—19
Setze....0010010111111110111111011—18
Maury....0101111111011010011010111—17
Love....0001101101100110011110100—13
Reynolds....1111000100000111111001001—13
Mosher....1000000001011010111100111—12
Stephens....0000000111011001111110000—10

W. J. Black, Sec'y.

The Audubon Tournament.

Buffalo, N. Y., July 20.—Our arrangements for the shoot have been changed a little as to date; it will be from Sept. 2 to 5 inclusive—two days targets and two days live birds. The targets will be thrown from the celebrated magautraps. We have at present about $1,000 pledged in added money and guns, etc. Our programme has been divided into two classes—open events and amateur events—the latter open only to 75 per cent. and under shooters. The last day we will have a grand handicap at live birds, namely, the Audubon Park Handicap, for which we will give a very valuable trophy and a large guarantee.

B. F. Smith, Manager.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

Lynchburg, Va., July 21.—The regular weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day and the following scores were made:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*20*	*15*	*25*	*15*	*10*
Nelson	13	18	9	18	10	7	Moorman	14	17	10	18	12	8
Terry	11	17	12	26	11	8	Stearns	12	17	12	20	14	8
Scott	10	15	10	19	9	7	Miller	13	17	10	11	11	9
Dornin	9	15	13	21	12	8							

F. M. D.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

A New Line of Pullman Drawing Room Sleeping Cars.

The popular Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, has recently equipped its Washington and South-Western Vestibuled Limited between New York and New Orleans with Pullman's latest double drawing room, smoking room and ten-section sleeping cars. These cars were built by the Pullman Company especially for this line, and are known as the "Empire" style. They are most elegantly finished in every respect, and have all of the most modern conveniences that are necessary to give the traveling public safety, comfort, etc. The Southern Limited leaves New York daily at 4:30 P. M.—*Adv.*

Spark Deflectors in Coaches.

The Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, always looks after the comfort of its patrons. They have recently placed spark deflectors for use in their thoroughfare coaches; the use of the device will add materially to the comfort of its coach passengers.—*Adv.*